Turning Points in Successful Careers

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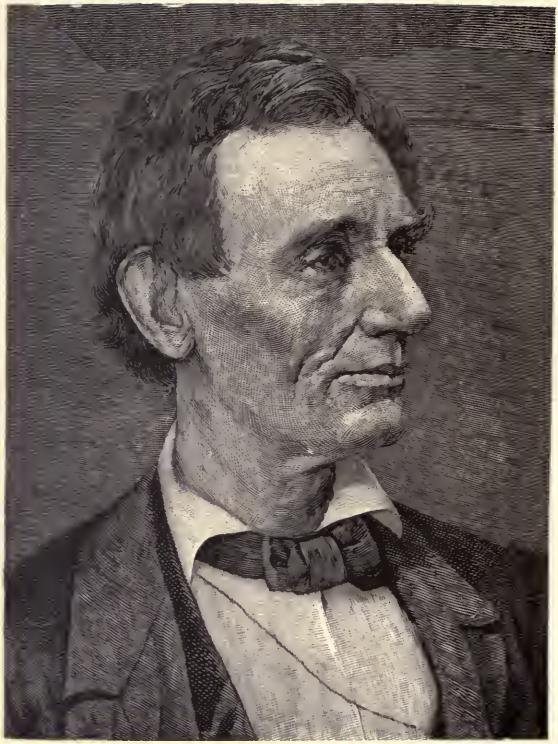

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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TURNING POINTS

IN

SUCCESSFUL CAREERS

BY

WILLIAM M. THAYER

AUTHOR OF "SUCCESS AND ITS ACHIEVERS," "TACT, PUSH, AND PRINCIPLE," ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

"The chance of a lifetime comes to every man," it is said; and it is probably true. The fact is not so conspicuous in commonplace as it is in superior lives. It is as true, however, in lives that are failures as it is in those that are a success. The favorable opportunity presents itself, and the observant and aspiring behold and seize it, and move on to fortune; while the indifferent and shiftless let it slip, and thereby invite failure. Shakespeare has it thus: —

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
> On such a full sea we are now afloat;
> And we must take the current when it serves,
> Or lose our ventures."

It is an interesting study to trace these chances in the lives of men and women, and it is instructive and assuring also. Certain traits of character are indispensable to success in all pursuits; and this study of a human life to discover what the main chance was, dis-

closes the manner in which these qualities multiply achievements.

The turning-points are different in different lives. There are no two exactly alike — a fact that magnifies the value of the study. Pliny said, "No man possesses a genius so commanding that he can attain eminence, unless a subject suited to his talents should present itself, and an *opportunity* occur for their development." Wise words, that express the importance of knowing an opportunity when one sees it!

In discussing the subject of this volume, the following facts appear. 1. The turning-point in each career studied. This is the chief aim of the author, kept at the front from beginning to end. 2. The early life of each subject is traced somewhat in detail, up to the turning-point, to make it clear to the reader *how it was done.* 3. Each life following the turning-point is briefly sketched, that the successful conclusion may be confirmed. 4. Necessarily, each career as a whole appears in abridged form. 5. While it is not the direct purpose to discuss the elements of success, these naturally reveal themselves to the reader through the method of treatment. 6. The prominence of knowledge and character in the right choice when the achiever approaches the parting of the ways. Ignorance, stupidity, and worthlessness take the wrong way. 7. The divine element in human life is notably manifest, illustrating the

sublime truth, "Man deviseth his own way, but the Lord directeth his steps." The places that the successful fill, the results they bring to pass, and the characters they establish, all becoming one mighty factor in the world's progress, are permeated with that divine, and therefore mysterious, influence which compels the belief that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

Dean Alford wrote, "There are moments which are worth more than years. A stray, unthought-of five minutes may contain the event of a life. And this all-important moment — who can tell when it will be upon us?" That is the point of observation and study.

WILLIAM M. THAYER.

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I.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT.

THE REBUKE THAT MADE HIM ADMIRAL.

Admiral Farragut was one of our most distinguished naval officers during the Civil War. He was born at Campbell's Station, near Knoxville, Tenn., July 5, 1801. His father was George Farragut, who emigrated to this country in 1776, and took part in the Revolutionary War. He became an intimate friend and companion of Andrew Jackson in the Indian campaigns of 1813–1814, and was a man of intelligence, bravery, and great force of character. He was at the head of an expedition to the Bay of Pascagoula in 1810–1811, and was foremost in securing from the Spaniards the disputed territory on that coast. The report of Dr. Flood, the commissioner, says, "At the special request of the inhabitants of Pascagoula, by whom he is greatly beloved, I prevailed on sailing-master George Farragut to accept the commission of magistrate."

His mother was Elizabeth Shine of North Carolina, a woman of sound common-sense, intelligent, affectionate, and a Christian. She was a good mother and wife, a good housekeeper and neighbor, and a true helpmeet to her husband. But she died of yellow fever in New Orleans when David was seven years old.

The loss of his mother to David was a serious one at that time, occurring just at the age when he needed a mother's tender care to restrain his wayward steps: it was not strange that he fell into evil habits. It was a frontier life that he lived, rough, wild, and perilous. He once wrote of that period as follows: —

"I remember that on one occasion, during my father's absence, a party of Indians came to our house, which was somewhat isolated, when my mother, who was a brave and energetic woman, barred the door in the most effectual manner, and sent all of us trembling little ones up into the loft of the barn, while she guarded the entrance with an axe. The savages attempted to parley with her, but she kept them at bay, until finally they departed. My father arrived shortly afterward with his command (he was a major of cavalry), and immediately pursued the Indians, and succeeded in overtaking and punishing them."

Of his first experience on the water he wrote as follows: "At eight years of age I accompanied my father in a small boat across Lake Pontchartrain during a gale. It was my first experience on the salt water, and I fervently hoped at that time it would be my last." His father was wont to take his children at an early age across this lake in bad weather, saying, "Now is the time to conquer their fears."

About this time sailing-master David Porter, father of Commodore Porter of the Essex, was at the New Orleans naval station, and he became very ill, and was taken into Farragut's home for better care. Here he died on the same day that Mrs. Farragut died, and their funeral ceremonies were performed together. This cir-

cumstance established a life-long friendship between George Farragut and David Porter. The latter offered to adopt one of Farragut's boys, and the lot fell to David. He was taken to Washington, where he was put into a school, the discipline of which he stood in sore need. Subsequently he was at school in Chester, Pa., and Newport, R.I. He was only nine and a half years old when he was made a midshipman in the navy.

For a boy of his age he did not promise well for the future. Evidently he had started on the road to ruin. He was precocious in sinful habits. He was uncouth, profane, and reckless. He was not ambitious to be honorable or wise. He was content with low associations. Such a boy seldom emerges into a creditable career.

We have now reached the crisis of his life. Fortunately for him, he came under his father's care temporarily. A few years ago Admiral Farragut gave the following account of his life, at this crisis, to a gentleman at Long Branch; and it shows how a timely rebuke and wise counsel turned him into a successful career.

"Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country?" said the admiral to his friend.

"Of course I should," answered the gentleman addressed; "I should enjoy it hugely."

"It was all owing to a resolution that I formed when I was ten years old," continued the admiral. "My father was sent to New Orleans with the little navy we had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as a cabin-boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive.

I was great at cards, and was fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of dinner one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me, —

"'David, what do you mean to be?'

"'I mean to follow the sea,' I said.

"'Follow the sea!' exclaimed father; 'yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever-hospital in a foreign clime.'

"'No, father,' I replied; 'I will tread the quarter-deck, and command, as you do.'

"'No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever-hospital!' That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and I will change it at once. I will never utter another oath, never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor, never gamble; and, as God is my witness, I have kept these three vows to this hour. Shortly after I became a Christian, and that act settled my temporal, as it settled my moral, destiny."

That father's rebuke was just in the nick of time. Later on, it might not have been of the least avail. As it was, it turned him right about face, and a bright, successful future was assured. From that time he rose rapidly in all that belongs to true manhood.

Before he was twelve years old he was on board the Essex with Captain Porter. When war with England was declared, in June, 1812, the Essex was quickly fitted for sea, and soon captured several prizes. Young Farragut was made prize-master of one of the captured vessels, though not yet thirteen years of age, and ordered to take her to Valparaiso, the captain to navigate her. Farragut was "a little afraid of this violent-tempered old fellow," as he confessed afterwards, but took his position bravely. On giving his first order, the captain flew into a rage of passion, and declared that "he had no idea of trusting himself with a damned nutshell," and rushed down below for his pistols. Farragut took in the situation at once, and assumed complete command without flinching, "called down to the captain that if he came on deck with his pistols he would be thrown overboard," and thenceforward was master of the ship.

The first battle in which Farragut engaged was with the Phœbe and the Cherub in the harbor of Valparaiso, March 28, 1814, before he had passed his fourteenth birthday. Of that battle he wrote, "I performed the duties of captain's aide, quarter-gunner, powder-boy, and, in fact, did everything that was required of me. I shall never forget the horrid impression made upon me at the sight of the first man I had ever seen killed. It staggered and sickened me at first; but they soon began to fall around me so fast that it all appeared like a dream, and produced no effect on my nerves. I spent nearly a month after the battle assisting the surgeons to care for the wounded."

We have not space to record his remarkable career from the time he sailed for the Mediterranean in the

Independence, April, 1815, to the outbreak of the late Civil War in 1861. But those years were crowded with events in the public service that contributed to make his life memorable. His youthful naval career, brilliant and heroic, served to distinguish his early and later manhood, when he made history by the volume.

But when the slaveholders of the South declared war against the National Government, and fired upon Sumter, Farragut broke with the South, and stood by the flag of his country. He had said that if the sectional trouble should be amicably arranged, he should remain with his native South, because his relatives were all there; but in case of civil war he should feel in duty bound to support the National Government that had educated him, and given him employment and rank in the naval service. In December, 1861, he was summoned to Washington, whence he wrote to his wife, "Keep your lips closed, and burn my letters, for perfect silence is to be observed — the first injunction of the Secretary. I am to have a flag in the Gulf, and the rest depends upon myself. Keep calm and silent. I shall sail in three weeks." He sailed from Hampton Roads, Feb. 2, 1862, "in the steam sloop-of-war Hartford, nineteen hundred tons, which from that time till the close of the war was his flag-ship. She had a speed, under steam alone, of eight knots, or with steam and sail combined, of eleven knots. She carried twenty-two nine-inch Dahlgren guns, two twenty-pounder Parrots, and a rifled Sawyer gun on the forecastle; and Farragut had her fore-and-main-tops protected with boiler iron, and armed with howitzers."

He sailed with the largest naval fleet that ever floated the American flag to capture New Orleans. Gen. Ben-

jamin F. Butler, commanding fifteen thousand men, sailed in transports to Ship Island, to co-operate with the naval fleet, and garrison the city when it should be captured. The story of that remarkable expedition has been told over and over, with its almost incredible examples of heroism, endurance, and sacrifice. The surrender of the city, and its occupancy by General Butler, the raising of the old flag amid the cheers of loyal men, and the long difficult task of holding it, and keeping it clean and quiet, are matters upon which the reader is well posted.

Farragut was anxious to turn the guns of his victorious fleet upon Mobile. The capture of its mighty forts would destroy one source of supply to the Confederate army, and thus cripple the Southern cause. But the government ordered that the Mississippi River should be opened the whole length before attacking Mobile. Accordingly, Farragut co-operated with Gen. N. P. Banks in the siege of Port Hudson, and that stronghold was speedily captured, opening the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans.

Then Farragut was commissioned rear admiral, and sailed for Mobile, where he made a record brilliant beyond all former achievements. The defences of the city were of formidable character, and the approaches thereto very difficult and perilous. But the great commander rose to the occasion. Lashing himself to the rigging of his flag-ship, that he might have fair view of the battle-scene, and command his forces more intelligently and readily, his fleet began the assault on Aug. 5, 1864, with a vehemence and thunder of arms that was a marvel to the oldest soldier. Mounted in

the "port main rigging," above the smoke of the terrible conflict, the fearless warrior rode on in triumph, giving orders, expecting victory, never faltering, until that stronghold of treason was won.

Farragut was a religious man. He could fight and preach. He often preached to his men on the Sabbath, as opportunity offered. One said, "When he prays, he prays as if all depended on God, and when he fights, he fights as if all depended on himself." His strong faith in the final triumph of right was an element of his success.

At the close of the war he was the most distinguished and honored of our naval officers. Congress created the grade of admiral in 1866, and the rank was given to Farragut. The citizens of New York City presented him with a fine residence and fifty thousand dollars in gold. And from different parts of the North he received valuable testimonials of esteem and gratitude.

He passed away in 1871, and his remains were conveyed to New York City, where his burial was attended by tens of thousands of people, eager to pay their last, sincere tribute of respect to the lamented hero.

II.

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE.

THE FAILURE THAT TURNED HIM INTO THE WAY OF GREATNESS.

Ithamar Chase of Cornish, N.H., belonged to a family of considerable note. He had seven brothers, three of whom were lawyers; one became a United States senator; two were physicians; one was a clergyman, and became a bishop of the Protestant-Episcopal Church; while Ithamar and another were farmers. Ithamar had eleven children, of whom Salmon Portland was the eighth, born Jan. 13, 1808. Mrs. Chase, Salmon's mother, inherited a small property that was invested in a glass-factory at Keene, N.H., to which place the family removed when Salmon was eight years old. Soon after, Congress removed the tariff on glass. This destroyed the business; and Mrs. Chase lost every dollar invested — an event that made a deep impression upon the mind of Salmon, and accounts for some of his opinions and acts when he became a statesman.

This loss was a serious one to the family; but far less serious than one that soon followed, — the death of Mr. Chase. His decease imposed a heavy burden upon the mother, who was a woman of genuine pioneer qualities, true to herself, family, and God. Salmon was a

good scholar, and his mother desired that he should have the best school opportunities possible in the circumstances. Consequently he was sent to the district school, which was in session only a part of the year, and afterwards he attended the academy at Windsor, where he made a fine record.

One incident of his early boyhood should be narrated, as it had a decided influence in leading him to think for himself. It occurred when his father was living, and the family were on the farm at Cornish. The hired man told him that he could catch birds by putting salt on their tails. Accepting the information as correct, Salmon filled his pocket with salt, and started out to catch sparrows or other birds. After many vain attempts to approach birds near enough to lodge salt on their tails, he began to think for himself. "If I could get near enough to put salt on a bird's tail, I could catch it without salt," he said to himself; "the hired man was fooling me." From that time he ceased to believe everything that was told him. The experience may have had an influence to develop that independence of thought and action for which he was distinguished in public life.

When Salmon was twelve years of age, his uncle, Philander Chase, who had become a Methodist bishop in Ohio, proposed that the boy should come and live with him, promising to attend carefully to his education. That was in 1820, when Ohio was a wilderness, and a large part of its population dwelt in log houses. The journey thither was of several weeks' duration; and his trip from Buffalo to Cleveland was on the first steamer that ever ran on Lake Erie. His brother Alexander, and another young man by the name of Henry R.

Schoolcraft, who were going West to join General Cass's expedition into the Indian country, accompanied him. Schoolcraft became the famous Indian Missionary and writer.

In his uncle's home Salmon was contented and happy; and when the bishop became president of the Cincinnati College, he removed to Cincinnati with him, and became a member of that institution. It was very fortunate for the aspiring youth that such facilities for intellectual improvement were provided. He studied with a will. Indeed, his ruling motto was, "Where there's a will there's a way." An incident shows the mettle of the boy at that time. A mischievous student set fire to a desk, which caused great consternation at first; but the fire was readily subdued, whereupon one of the instructors began to look for the offender, "Did you set the fire, Smith?" — "No, sir!" — "Do you know who did?" — "No, sir!" — "Did you set the fire, Fisher?" — "No, sir!" — "Do you know who did?" — "No, sir!" And thus he inquired until he came to the culprit, who answered both of his inquiries by an emphatic "No, sir!" Then it was Chase's turn, and he wrote about it as follows, many years after, "I saw that I had to pass the ordeal, and determined to tell the truth, but not to give the name of my classmate, which I thought would be about as mean as to tell a lie would be wrong. The question came, 'Sophomore Chase, did you set fire to the desk?' — 'No, sir!' — 'Do you know who did?' — 'Yes, sir!' — 'Who was it?' — 'I shall not tell you, sir.' He said no more. The case went before the faculty, and I heard was the subject of some discussion, but it was thought not worth while to prosecute the inquiry."

Cincinnati College was discontinued, for the want of funds, before Salmon's fifteenth birthday, and he was transferred to Dartmouth, and entered as a junior, and was supported by his mother who practised great economy and self-denial. In his later life, Mr. Chase wrote thus about it, "How little I appreciated my mother's sacrifices; and it is sad to think, and tears fill my eyes as I do think, how late comes true appreciation of them. Alas! how inadequately, until the beloved mother who made them has gone beyond the reach of its manifestation." He was graduated at Dartmouth College, with credit to himself, in 1826, before he was nineteen years of age.

Now what should he do? Where should he go? He decided to devote himself to teaching, and open a "Classical Institute" in the city of Washington. Without the least suspicion that he was approaching a crisis in his life, he repaired thither, and made all necessary arrangements for a grand opening. He advertised in the *National Intelligencer* that his school would open on such a date, and told what golden opportunities the pupils would enjoy, their number being limited to twenty. But when the opening day arrived, only one scholar put in an appearance, to the great dismay of the principal. Columbus Bonfils was the name of the solitary pupil who came to the classical school. The enterprise was a complete failure; and young Chase's heart would have failed but for his indomitable will. He abandoned the school enterprise, but he did not abandon hope. One failure could not suppress his invincible spirit. Providence was turning his life into another channel; and, for that reason, he did not sit down and cry over his disap-

pointment. "I will secure a government clerkship," he said; and at once he went to his uncle, Dudley Chase, then senator from Vermont, a friend and supporter of John Quincy Adams, who was president. He asked him to aid in getting a clerkship, and received this reply, "I once procured an office for a nephew of mine, and he was ruined by it. I then determined I would never ask for another. I will lend you fifty cents with which to buy a spade, but I cannot help you to a clerkship."

Another obstacle, and a large one too; but Salmon Chase was not the young man to give up! He looked about, and soon found a fine position as principal of the boys' department of "Plumley's Select Classical Seminary." There were about twenty pupils, among whom was Columbus Bonfils, the boy who came to the opening of his "Classical Institute." Sons of Henry Clay and William Wirt were members of the school. Wirt was a member of President Adams's cabinet, — attorney-general.

Not many months elapsed before Chase began to realize what the failure of his classical school meant. He had made the acquaintance of Mr. Wirt, the result of which was the decision to study law with him, and enter the legal profession. Had his school proved a success, he would have buried himself in a pedagogue's life; whereas, its utter failure opened his way to a great public career.

Mr. Chase was admitted to the bar in Washington in 1830, when he was twenty-two years of age. He opened a law-office immediately in Cincinnati, where he rapidly built up a business. From his start in the legal profes-

sion he was unalterably opposed to slavery; and in Cincinnati he had frequent opportunities to declare his hostility to the curse. He defended fugitive slaves who were captured for the purpose of returning them to slavery; and his noble and masterly arguments were accepted by thoughtful citizens. At the close of one trial, in which he took strong ground against the constitutionality of the law under which the fugitive was arrested, and made a powerful defence, one of the oldest lawyers in the court-room remarked, "There is a promising young man who has just ruined himself." That old lawyer is so thoroughly forgotten that there is no record of his name or fame, while the memory of the youthful barrister who dared stand for the right is fresh and green after the lapse of almost three-fourths of a century.

James G. Birney was a Southern slaveholder whose conscience forced him to manumit his slaves, and start a publication in Cincinnati, called *The Philanthropist*, devoted to the anti-slavery cause. Pro-slavery men grew bitter against Mr. Birney's enterprise; and in 1836 their hostility culminated in a mob that destroyed the office, threw the type into the street, and the printing-press into the river. This outrage fired the heart of young Chase to do and dare more than ever against the monster wrong of slavery. Birney was arrested for aiding fugitive slaves to obtain their freedom, and Chase defended him in his fearless and inimitable way. Satisfied, in 1841, that neither of the great political parties dared to oppose slavery, he became one of the foremost founders of the Liberty Party. He wrote the address, in which he showed himself to be a prophet, by de-

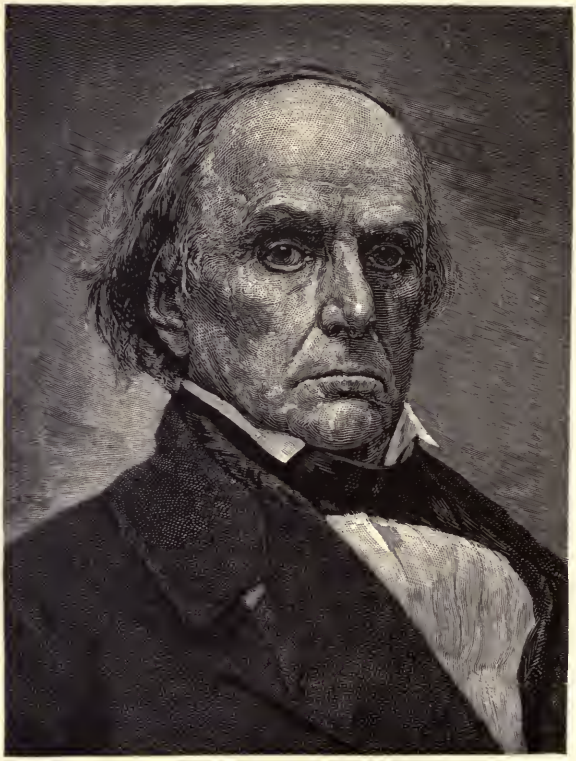
claring that the great struggle with slavery, then going on, would continue twenty-five years, and be brought to a close by a bloody war. When the Liberty Party, in national convention at Buffalo, N.Y., nominated James G. Birney for president, Mr. Chase prepared the "platform." He presided over the Free-Soil Convention in Buffalo, in 1848, which nominated Martin Van Buren for president, and Charles Francis Adams for vice-president. In 1849 he was elected to the United States Senate by a coalition of Democrats and Free-Soilers in the Ohio Legislature. Here he came to the front as one of the most gifted senators, and became known throughout the land for his powerful assaults upon the "Fugitive Slave Law," "Missouri Compromise," and other iniquitous measures.

In 1855 Mr. Chase was elected governor of Ohio on anti-slavery grounds; and the next year he was renominated by acclamation, and re-elected. In 1860 he was a candidate for the presidency in the National Republican Convention at Chicago. He received forty-nine votes on the first ballot; but on the third ballot Mr. Lincoln was nominated. Mr. Lincoln, in making up his cabinet, appointed Mr. Chase secretary of the treasury, in which office he proved to be a great financier. In an interview with the bankers of New York he urged them to take the government loans on such terms as could be admitted, and said, "If you cannot, I shall go back to Washington and issue notes for circulation; for it is certain that the war must go on until the rebellion is put down, if we have to put out paper until it takes a thousand dollars to buy a breakfast.

On the death of Judge Roger B. Taney, President Lincoln appointed Mr. Chase chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, a position for which he was remarkably qualified, and which he dignified by his scholarly and statesmanlike bearing. He continued in this office until his death, which occurred May 7, 1873.

After his decease Demorest Lloyd wrote of him, "His will was his great power. This faculty in him probably more than any other contributed to his success. It was dominating and indomitable. It yielded to no man and no force. Its persistency was measured only by the length of the task to be accomplished, and its firmness increased with the weight of interests that depended upon it; and while it no doubt shortened his life, it again prolonged it."

For more than forty years after the failure of his classical school his life was crowded with labors and achievements. But for that turn in his affairs our country would have lost the great services of one of its most illustrious statesmen, in the most critical period of its history.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

III.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE RESOLUTION THAT LIFTED HIM INTO RENOWN.

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury (now Franklin), N.H., Jan. 18, 1782. He was a frail child, and required the best of care to save him from an early death. Notwithstanding his feeble constitution, however, his childhood foreshadowed intellectual power and greatness in manhood. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was a farmer, who was forced to labor hard and economize in order to support his family. But Daniel was so frail that he was not required to labor much on the farm, but was advised to fish, hunt, and roam over the woods and fields, with the hope that by and by he would be able to apply himself to hard study. Daniel's father was a strong-minded man, sagacious and discriminating, and he saw that his son was a boy of superior talents, and desired, above all things, that he should enjoy the opportunity to cultivate them.

Daniel was born in a time that tried men's souls. Referring to that period in his manhood, he said in a public address, "It did not happen to me, gentlemen, to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, and raised amidst the snow-drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when

the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada."

Of course school facilities were very few; and sometimes it was necessary for Daniel to follow his teacher about from hamlet to hamlet, boarding away from home, in order to obtain any instruction at all. Books were as scarce as schools and teachers; but what there were in that region Daniel found and read over and over. His was not the ordinary way of reading, but he *studied* books until their contents were treasured in his memory. Late in life he said of that time, "In my boyish days there were two things I dearly loved; namely, reading and playing — passions that did not cease to struggle when boyhood was over. We had so few books that to read them once was nothing; we thought they were all to be got by heart." The Bible, spelling-book, and reader were his familiar companions in childhood. At one time a teacher offered a jack-knife to the pupil who would commit to memory and recite within a given time the greatest number of passages from the Bible. When Daniel's turn to recite came, he arose and recited chapter after chapter, without the least hesitation, until the schoolmaster cried out, "That is enough; we have not time to hear the whole Bible."

His mother was a Christian woman of heroic temper, intelligent, wise, and loving; and she seconded every plan of her husband to give Daniel as good an education as possible. No sacrifice was too great for her to practise for Daniel's sake; and her Christian counsels fortified him against the wiles of evil associates when he went away to school.

A pocket-handkerchief came into his possession in his boyhood, on which was printed the Constitution of the United States in colors; and he studied this until every article and sentence of that noble instrument was committed to memory. This early familiarity with our Constitution proved of great value to him in his future public life.

Daniel was regarded as a sort of prodigy in the neighborhood, and people stood ready to help him in any way they could. His elder brother, Ezekiel, was strongly attached to him, and favored every plan of his parents to send him to college. Ezekiel would tax himself to the utmost to favor Daniel; and the latter often spoke, in his later life, of this fraternal spirit of his brother; and once he told this story. They were together in the barn one day, when their father called out, "Daniel, what are you doing?" — "Nothing," the boy replied. "And what are you doing, Ezekiel?" he continued. "Helping Daniel," was Ezekiel's quick response. Whether playing, working, or studying, Ezekiel was always helping Daniel in all possible ways.

The two brothers were permitted to attend a fair together in a neighboring town, and each was provided with a little money. They enjoyed the day very much; and, on returning at night, Mrs. Webster inquired, "Daniel, what have you done with your money?" — "Spent it," answered Daniel. "And what have you done with yours, Ezekiel?" — "Lent it to Daniel," the noble brother replied. A biographer of Webster, referring to this incident, says, "That answer sums up the story of Webster's home-life in childhood. Every one was giving or lending to Daniel of their money, of their

time, their activity, their love, and affection. This petting was partially due to Webster's health, but it was also in great measure owing to his nature. He was one of those rare and fortunate beings who without exertion draw to themselves the devotion of other people, and are always surrounded by men and women eager to do and suffer for them."

At fourteen years of age Daniel was sent to the Academy at Exeter, N.H., where his progress was phenomenal. It was here that he came to a crisis in his life. Declamation was one of the exercises of the school; and every boy was required to declaim once in two weeks. Daniel was timid, and he shrank from this trying ordeal. Still, he had no idea of getting excused. He committed his piece to memory; but when he went upon the platform to declaim, he could not recall a word of it. In his great embarrassment he stood speechless, and finally retired completely discomfited. Again he made the attempt, and failed. Mr. Buckminster, the principal, discovered the elements of an eloquent speaker in the boy, and encouraged him, in the most sympathetic way, to persevere. If he could but overcome his diffidence, he felt sure that Daniel would lead the school in declamation, as he did in other things. So he studied and labored to help the noble youth over this difficulty.

In his ripe manhood Webster spoke of this experience as follows: "I believe that I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while a member of Exeter Academy; but there was one thing I could not do: I could not make a declamation. I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster sought especially to persuade me

to perform the exercise, but I failed to do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room over and over again; but when the day came, and the school collected to hear declamations, when my name was called and I went upon the stage, every eye turned upon me, I could not recollect a word."

Suppose Daniel had stopped here, a vanquished student, what would the result have been? It is probable that he would have completed his studies at Exeter within two or three terms, and returned to labor on his father's farm. He certainly would not have become an orator to sway listening senates. But, through the wise counsels and kind sympathy of Buckminster, he did finally overcome his timidity; and he proved to listeners that the spirit of true eloquence dwelt within his soul. It was a mighty struggle for him to rise above himself, and conquer a bashfulness that lay directly between him and success; but he fought the battle, and won. But for his sagacious and sympathetic teacher he might not have attained unto that sublime decision, *I can and I will* — a decision that is often indispensable to save one from inevitable failure.

That here was the turning-point in Daniel Webster's career is still further confirmed by the fact that in Dartmouth College he took rank at once as the best declaimer of his class. He entered that college at fifteen, and, through his four years there, was far superior to all others as an orator. At eighteen years of age, when he was junior, his fame was so great as an orator, that the citizens of the town invited him to deliver the Fourth of July oration. He accepted the

invitation, and his effort surprised even his most intimate friends. His oration was so fine that a copy of it was requested by the citizens for publication; and its delivery was regarded as the highest example of eloquence to which the people of the town had ever listened.

He was graduated at Dartmouth when he was nineteen, and for a short time studied law in the office of Thomas W. Thompson, in his native town of Salisbury. But his elder brother, Ezekiel, was now preparing for college, and Daniel felt that he must assist him to pay his bills; so he accepted the post of teacher in the academy at Fryeburg, Me. That he might give his entire salary to Ezekiel and his parents, he earned enough out of school-hours to pay his expenses by copying deeds and other legal documents. Concluding his labors at Fryeburg, he returned to Mr. Thompson's office, where he remained until he was admitted to the bar, and opened an office at Boscawen, N.H. Here he remained until his brother Ezekiel was admitted to practice, when he passed over the office and its lucrative business to him, and opened an office himself in Portsmouth, where, within a few years, he had a large practice, and was regarded as the peer of Jeremiah Mason, one of the most renowned lawyers in the country at that time. From Portsmouth he removed to Boston in 1817.

The grandeur of his public life is denoted by the numerous positions of trust and power he occupied. He was elected a representative to the lower house of Congress from the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, district when he lived there, and took his seat in May, 1813. He was re-elected two years later; and when his second term expired he removed to Boston, where his law prac-

tice yielded him an annual income of *twenty thousand dollars* — the largest of any lawyer in the country at that time.

In 1822 he was elected a representative to Congress from the Boston district; and he continued a member of the House of Representatives until 1827, when he was chosen United States senator from Massachusetts. He was re-elected to this office in 1833, also in 1839, but withdrew from the position in 1841 to accept the office of secretary of state under President Harrison. John Tyler succeeded to the presidency when Harrison died, and Mr. Webster continued to be secretary of state, and concluded the famous Ashburton Treaty, that defined the north-eastern boundary between the United States and Canada. At the close of the administration he retired to private life, but in 1845 was returned to the United States Senate from Massachusetts, where he remained through the Mexican War and the administration of President Taylor. The latter died in 1850, when Mr. Fillmore became president, and again Mr. Webster was appointed secretary of state. He was candidate for president of the United States in 1840, 1844, and 1848.

We have to do especially now, however, with Webster as an orator, his career on this line being so closely related to his perseverance at Exeter Academy in overcoming timidity on the platform. That so bashful a boy on the stage should become the most renowned orator of his day is a marvel of history. Yet it is no more marvellous than thousands of other things that invincible purpose has accomplished. Demosthenes, Curran, Disraeli, not to mention others, won by the same

indomitable resolution. Some of his speeches in Congress, notably his reply to Haynes, are classed among the greatest efforts of orators, living and dead. His so-called Plymouth oration, delivered on the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of that town, Dec. 22, 1820; his Bunker-Hill oration, delivered in June, 1825; his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, spoken in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in 1826; and his oration on Alexander Hamilton, delivered at a public dinner in New York, are among the grandest oratorical efforts recorded in the annals of time. His rich, melodious voice, his dignified and impressive bearing, his command of choice and telling language, all contributed to the witchery of his eloquence in holding his hearers spell-bound.

Daniel Webster died in Marshfield, Mass., on Sunday morning, Oct. 24, 1852, at seventy years of age. A short time before he passed away, he called his family to his bedside, and in his usual dignified and eloquent way of using language, spoke to them of his life and near departure, and their kindness and love; of the accountability of all to God, and the immortality of the soul. Then remaining silent with closed eyes for a few moments, he made another effort to speak, and, looking up inquiringly, he said, "Have I — wife, son, doctor, friends, are you all here? — have I on this occasion said anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?" He spoke but once more. The solemn hours had passed on, and the clock had struck midnight, and the sorrowing relatives and friends were watching for the last breath, when he rallied his expiring faculties for one more utterance, and said, distinctly and feelingly, "I STILL LIVE." These were the last words of this great lawyer, orator, and statesman!

IV.

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

THE KITCHEN MAID WHO GUIDED HIM TO A NOBLE LIFE.

ANTONY ASHLEY-COOPER, known as Lord Shaftesbury, was born in London, April 28, 1801. His ancestors were prominent in English history and literature, famous men and women on different lines. His father was a public man, so thoroughly engrossed in duties and cares that he had little time to devote to his family. His ability, efficiency, and force of character were generally recognized. His mother was a fascinating woman, rather brilliant in social life, and so fond of society that she neglected her household. She was what would be called now "a society woman." Of course Antony's discipline at the fireside did not receive that parental attention that should have been accorded.

At the early age of seven he was sent to school at the Manor House, Chiswick, probably to remove an encumbrance from a father who wanted all his time for public business, and a mother whose devotion to society life left little time or heart for training her son. In this school he was poorly fed and governed; and he was made miserable by the cruel treatment of the elder pupils. The head-master was totally unfit to take charge of such a school; and hence the government was lax,

and much insubordination was tolerated. A more unfortunate experience than Antony's in this institution scarcely ever fell to the lot of a boy. He was too wretched to apply himself closely to study; and yet he had no great longings for home, whither he went on holidays, though not with much gladness. Evidently he never had a strong affection for his parents. They gave too little attention to him to awaken and cultivate decided filial love in his heart. A business-loving father and pleasure-loving mother are not likely to have a strong hold upon a sensitive, observing, and obedient boy. It is not often that a child is placed in such unfavorable and even depressing circumstances.

And yet he remained four years in this school; and, in his manhood, he said they were years of mental torture. That he never could revert to them without experiencing "a shudder." Really they were years of no earthly benefit to the boy. His intellectual improvement was extremely limited; and morally it is a wonder that he was not ruined.

In his twelfth year Antony was placed in the family of Dr. Butler, at Harrow. The change was a real joy to him. Both mind and heart were invigorated and encouraged by it. He engaged in his studies with marked interest and application, and felt for the first time that in Dr. Butler he had a true friend and teacher.

It was here that an incident occurred which exerted a great influence upon his future life. One day, when he was taking a walk, he heard a great uproar of voices near by, and he hastened to learn the cause. In an adjoining street he found a party of drunken men, sing-

ing and yelling as they were conveying a dead comrade in a roughly made coffin to the graveyard. They were wild with drink, as their yells and drunken songs bore unmistakable witness. On turning a corner they accidentally dropped the coffin, whereupon they burst into more vociferous yells, mingled with profane and foul language. The scene was horrible to witness. Antony was appalled by the spectacle, and he exclaimed, "Good heavens! can this be permitted because this man was poor and friendless?" Then and there he resolved that, if God spared his life, he would devote his powers to the relief of the poor and down-trodden. The terrible scene turned the current of his being into another and wide channel of influence. And yet this event was not the real turning-point in his career. But for another, earlier, deeper influence, he would have been ruined in the school at Chiswick, and no manhood been left for such a good resolve as he made at Harrow.

In his father's family was a faithful old servant, — Maria Millis, — whose love for the child Antony was next to a mother's. She was a devoted Christian woman, bright enough to see that if the boy received any moral instruction in that family, it must be from herself. Evidently she was moved to Christian sympathy for the child because of parental neglect, physical as well as moral. She devoted herself to him with untiring interest, and the child's heart responded with true affection. A mutual love sprang up between them, that was not broken or modified until death interposed.

As soon as Antony could read, this old servant led him to read the Bible, and she explained it to him in her simple way. She taught him a prayer to say night and

morning, and instructed him about behavior. He learned to love the Bible, and found pleasure in reading it from day to day. His little prayer, too, became to him an essential part of his daily life. Indeed, in his ripe years, he said that he often found himself repeating it with great satisfaction. No Christian parents ever moulded the heart of a child more thoroughly than Maria Millis did that of Antony. He was really a Christian boy when he became a pupil at the Manor House, Chiswick. There he continued to read his Bible daily, and to offer the simple prayer that Maria taught him. But for this he would have been ruined in that school. The faithful servant had established such a bond of union between the boy and herself, that he was anchored, and could not drift. The trials and temptations of even so bad a school had no power to cause a break between Antony and his real benefactor.

Before he left Chiswick, Maria Millis died, plunging him into deep sorrow. She had been to him much more than his own mother, and his young heart realized its great loss. Bitter tears he shed over her death, resolved more than ever to cherish her Christian counsels, and continue to read the Bible and say the daily prayer she taught him. Maria left him her gold watch, and he carried it to the day of his death. He often made the remark, "This watch was given to me by the best friend I ever had in the world." He repeated this remark a short time before his death. The fact shows that the influence of the family servant decided his career. It gave to the world a great statesman and Christian philanthropist.

We return now to the incident that so startled him,

and led him to choose a philanthropic career. There can be no question that he made this resolve in consequence of the trend given to his moral character in childhood. At one time Maria presented him with a small sum of money, at the same time enforcing her previous instructions about kindness to others, the result of which was that he gave nearly the whole of it in charity. He recalled this fact in mature life, and spoke of it as having exerted a lifelong influence upon him. When he saw the drunken men drop their dead companion in his coffin, he resolved to dedicate his future life to suffering humanity, because Maria Millis planted the seeds of that noble resolve in his heart before he was six years of age. It is plain to see that the turning-point in his career was when he was in the hands of the Christian servant as clay in the hands of the potter. Then it was that he was fashioned into "the impersonation of the philanthropic spirit of the nineteenth century."

Incidents of his manhood-life that follow will confirm this view. He became a member of Parliament at twenty-five years of age, forming a close friendship with the Duke of Wellington. From the beginning of his public career his motto was, "Do right, whatever may come of it." He wrote to a friend, on beginning to discuss questions in Parliament, "I thought I must make an essay, not merely for party's sake, but for the resuscitation of honor and British principle, with their handmaids dignity and virtue; and if I fall, I shall fall in no ignoble cause: but may I, as I have ever endeavored to do, begin in God, and, having throughout desired nothing but his glory and the consummation of

his word, conclude in the same, to the advancement of religion and the increase of human happiness."

His first speech was made for the improvement of lunatic asylums. He had visited asylums in London and elsewhere, and knew from observation how sadly they needed reformation. They were filthy and disorderly, poorly equipped and managed, and, worse than all, the inmates were cruelly treated. He was almost as much stirred over the spectacle as he was when he saw the dead man borne to the grave by drunken revellers. He resolved to remedy the evil; and he did. In 1845 two of his bills became law; one for the Regulation of Lunatic Asylums, and the other for the Better Care and Treatment of Lunatics in England and Wales. He was made chairman of the Lunacy Commission at this time, and held the office to the close of his life. In view of his success in legislation for lunatic asylums in 1845, he wrote in his diary, "Most humbly and heartily do I thank God for my success. Such a thing almost before unknown, that a man without a party, unsupported by anything private or public, but God and his truth, should have overcome Mammon and Moloch, and have carried in one session three such measures as the Print-works Regulation and the two bills for the Erection and Government of Lunatic Asylums."

Our space will not permit even an enumeration of the legislative acts and philanthropic enterprises of which he was author. The Factory Act, whereby three hundred and fifty thousand women and young persons were relieved at once; the Children Employment Commission; the Mines and Collieries Bill; the Workshops Regulation Act; the Ragged Schools Union; The Shoeblack Brigade;

the Refuge and Reformatory Union; Bill for the Inspection and Registration of Lodging-houses; Society for the Improvement of the Laboring Classes — these are among the large number of philanthropic measures that he fathered and fostered. In addition, there was no missionary enterprise, home or foreign, that did not share his heartiest support in money and labor. From his diary, a biographer quotes the following: "India! what can I do for your countless millions? There are two things, — good government and Christianity. How shall I compass them? I have no influence as yet. If God would tip my tongue with fire, I might speak in a voice which would be heard even at the ends of the earth; but he knows best, and will ever raise up his champions to fight the battle of immortality."

Again, from his diary the following shows the spirit of the man: "I think a man's religion, if it is worth anything, should enter into every sphere of life, and rule his conduct in every relation. I have always been, and, please God, always shall be, an evangelical of the evangelicals."

He became interested in the "Golden Lane Mission," and, through it, the London costermongers shared his cordial sympathy. He spent many social evenings with them, and enrolled himself as a member of their barrow and donkey club. Under his counsels and efforts they were greatly improved, and their donkeys and ponies were treated more humanely. The costermongers respected and loved him. On one occasion they invited him to their hall, where more than a thousand gathered. In the course of the evening a fine donkey, adorned with ribbons of different colors, was led upon the platform,

and presented as a gift to Lord Shaftesbury. The latter vacated the chair, approached the donkey, and, putting his arm around the animal's neck, thanked the donors for the gift, adding, "When I have passed away from this life, I desire to have no more said of me than that I have done my duty, as the poor donkey has done his, with patience and unmurmuring resignation." The donkey was then led down the steps of the platform, and Lord Shaftesbury returned to the chair, remarking, "I hope the reporters will observe, that 'the donkey having vacated the chair, the place was taken by Lord Shaftesbury.'"

Without vanity or a feeling of superiority over the humblest of his fellows, the lowly found him a friend, and the learned and great a consistent example.

V.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

THE SPECTACLE THAT MADE HIM A FOE TO SLAVERY.

William Henry Seward was born in Florida, Orange County, N.Y., May 16, 1801. His father was both physician and merchant, a man of considerable wealth for that day, well-educated, well-posted on public questions, and, of course, influential and respected. His mother was equally well-qualified for her position in the family and society. Both were the strong friends of education, and sought the best there was for their children. William loved school and study, and was, in consequence, set apart for a liberal education. After getting out of the common school all the good he could, he was sent to "Farmer's Hall Academy," located at Goshen, N.Y. Here he fitted for college, and entered Union College at Schenectady when sixteen years of age.

Before entering college his father gave him one thousand dollars, saying, "That will defray your expenses for the four years;" to which the son assented, as if considering the amount sufficient. He took high rank in college as a scholar, and at the close of the first year returned home and spent his vacation with his parents. As the time for his return to college drew near, his father discovered no special preparation for it, and he said to

him one day, "William, are you not going back to college?" William hesitated for a moment, and then replied, —

"Father, my money is all gone."

"Your money all gone!" exclaimed the astonished father. "What! you don't mean that you have spent the one thousand dollars I gave you?"

"Yes, that is what I mean, father; it is all gone," the youth responded.

Mr. Seward was fully aroused by this unexpected revelation, and he expressed his disapprobation in words more emphatic than affectionate. He severely castigated him with his tongue, as a thoughtless, disobedient, and extravagant boy, unworthy of the family to which he belonged; and he closed by declaring that he should not have another cent of his property, but must shift for himself.

William became as excited as his father; and the words that passed between father and son caused a serious breach. His spending a thousand dollars in a single college year illustrated the boy's character. He was generous to a fault, loved to dress in good style, and lacked self-control, so that money slipped out of his fingers before he knew it. He had no very bad habits, did not neglect his studies, and ranked well as a scholar; but money he could not keep.

William decided in his own mind what to do, but kept his plan a secret. He returned to Union College, but not to remain. One day he was missing. He was absent from recitation, also from his room. Investigation proved that he had run away; but nobody knew where. His apparel, books, trunk, — all were gone; evi-

dently he graduated deliberately, without waiting for a degree. He went to New York City, where he shipped for Savannah, Ga., to find a position as teacher. From this city he proceeded by stage to Augusta, thence to Mount Zion, where his funds were reduced to one dollar and a half. On account of his poverty-stricken condition he decided to walk to Eatonton, the capital of Putnam County, where a new academy was about to open. Here he made application for the position of principal, and the directors appointed him after a satisfactory examination. Some of the directors thought he was too young for the office; while one of them judged, from his examination, that he must be twenty years of age. After the appointment the last-named director approached him, saying, "I told the directors that you must be twenty years of age; how is it?" Young Seward frankly met the inquiry, and said, "I am obliged to tell you that I am only seventeen." The director was very much surprised, and seemed considerably disappointed, but rallied in a moment, and remarked, "Well, we will leave them to find that out for themselves."

He proved a popular and successful teacher. For six months he continued to be the respected preceptor of the academy, believing all the time that his parents and college faculty knew nothing of his whereabouts; nor did he mean they should until he could command money enough to pay his way through college. By this time he had come to see that his extravagance in college was inexcusable, and he had reached the conclusion that henceforth the most rigid economy and untiring industry should mark his career.

Six months elapsed, when the young preceptor received a letter from his father, through the president of the United States Branch Bank at Savannah. The letter portrayed the deep sorrow into which the whole family had been plunged by his rash act of running away from home and college; and it implored him, in the most tender and touching way, to return. Also, the letter contained money to defray the expense of his return, and an additional sum to liquidate any debts he might have incurred. He replied to this letter by mailing to his father a copy of a local paper in which there was an announcement that "William H. Seward, a gentleman of talents, educated at Union College, New York, had been duly appointed principal of the Union Academy." The indignation of the senior Seward was thoroughly aroused by this intelligence; and he sat down and wrote a letter to the directors of the institution, telling them that their preceptor "was a much-indulged son who had absconded from Union College without just cause or provocation, thereby disgracing a well-acquired position, and plunging his parents into profound shame and grief." We have not space to rehearse details; but the result of this episode was that the principal of Eatonton Academy closed his labors in the South, and returned to Union College, where he was graduated with distinguished honors in 1821.

The crisis of Seward's life occurred while he dwelt in Georgia. Hitherto he had not given attention to the question of slavery. It had been discussed at the North, — its curse and guilt, — but his heart had never been moved by any presentation of the subject to which he had listened. But in Georgia he was brought face to face

with the institution. Its cruelty and horror were matters of observation. He could not close his eyes to the inhumanity of the institution. The wrongs of the auction-block, separating parents and children, brothers and sisters, and husbands and wives, together with the blight of the system upon Southern prosperity, and upon character itself, stirred his soul to its lowest depths. What he had regarded as wrong now appeared altogether inhuman. The traffic in human beings was a villanous traffic, without the least justification or excuse.

That the horrid spectacle of slavery in Georgia made young Seward its uncompromising and fearless foe through his public career, is confirmed by the fact that he struck out as an anti-slavery man as soon as he was admitted to the bar at twenty-two years of age. Indeed, he was not quite twenty-three when he took the platform in favor of John Quincy Adams's election to the presidency on anti-slavery grounds. It was a bold stroke for a young man at that day to enter the lists against the "Albany Regency," composed of the leading politicians in favor of Jackson, a gang that held the State of New York with a merciless grip. But Seward was able even then to make a grand fight against slavery; and he did, without fear or favor.

Subsequently he was married, and on a wedding tour through Virginia his soul was harrowed still more by a spectacle, which he described as follows: "A cloud of dust was seen slowly coming down the road, from which proceeded a confused noise of moaning, weeping, and shouting. Presently reaching the gate of the stable-yard, it disclosed itself. Ten naked little boys, between six and twelve years old, tied together two

and two by their wrists, were all fastened to a long rope, and followed by a tall, gaunt white man, who with his long lash whipped up the sad and weary procession, drove it to the horse-trough to drink, and thence to a shed, where they lay down on the ground and sobbed and moaned themselves to sleep. These were children gathered up at different plantations by the trader, and were to be driven down to Richmond to be sold at auction and taken South."

If Mr. Seward needed anything more to arouse every faculty of his soul against such "inhumanity to man," he found it here. Certain it is that some of the noblest battles fought for the overthrow of slavery were fought by him. At the period in question many public men were shy and timid; they scarcely dared to attack slavery as "the sum of all villanies." Not so with Seward, however. He concentrated all his guns upon the heartless system, and fired. At whatever personal cost to himself he took the strong ground that slavery was not only wrong in itself, but it was a cancer upon the body politic, that would eat the life out of it in time. He delivered many public addresses before political conventions, literary societies, and other assemblies of the people, before he was thirty years of age, and nowhere did he flinch from attacking slavery as a crime and curse.

In 1834, when he was but thirty-three years of age, he was nominated for governor of his native State, but was defeated by William L. Marcy, the Democratic candidate. But in 1838 he was elected governor of New York by over ten thousand majority, showing how rapidly the anti-slavery principle advanced even in such a stronghold of Democracy as the Empire State.

When he was governor, a Virginia slave secreted himself on board a vessel, and escaped to New York. The governor of Virginia demanded that the sailors on the vessel should be given up to him for aiding the escape of the fugitive. But Governor Seward treated the demand with the contempt it deserved. He said that neither he nor the laws of the State over which he presided recognized the right of property in man, so that it was in no sense a crime to aid a fellow-being to escape out of slavery into freedom. The defence of his position was regarded by thoughtful citizens as masterly and unanswerable. The governor of Virginia was beaten in his attempt to bolster up slavery. The governor of Georgia made a similar demand upon Governor Seward, and he was beaten also. The anti-slavery position of Seward was impregnable. In view of these facts, one of his biographers says, "In all these cases Governor Seward maintained an attitude of calm, courteous, but immovable opposition to the claims of slavery. This position he steadily maintained through all his public career. While he was governor he proposed to extend the right of suffrage to the negroes of New York State; and this, with other public utterances, placed him among the foremost opponents of slavery within the Whig Party."

In 1849 Mr. Seward was elected to the United States Senate, where he embraced the first opportunity to declare his uncompromising hostility to American slavery. He stirred up the hearts of Southerners almost to violence, by asserting that "a higher law than the Constitution regulates the authority of Congress over the national domain — the law of God and the interests of humanity."

Southern senators were unused to the introduction of the divine law into debate, and they denounced Seward's remark as treason to the Constitution. Eight years later, in a speech at Rochester, N.Y., Mr. Seward showed conclusively to every listener, that it was an "irrepressible conflict" in which the nation was engaged, and that it could not possibly exist without becoming wholly slave or wholly free. This famous speech, known in history as the "irrepressible conflict" speech, marked him as a candidate for the presidency.

In 1860 Mr. Seward appeared to be the most prominent Republican candidate for president when the national convention assembled at Chicago. But the nomination was given to Abraham Lincoln, and Seward became his secretary of state. That two such men as Lincoln and Seward should be thus associated to save the republic, in the most critical period of its history, alike in radical sentiment, patriotism, and fearless devotion to right, was certainly providential. Lincoln had said that the country cannot live "half slave and half free;" and Seward had said, "It must become entirely slaveholding or non-slaveholding;" and here they were to make it free from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf! Providence did it.

Mr. Seward's administration as secretary of state was able and honorable. Both in home and foreign affairs his wisdom, patriotism, and statesmanship were recognized. At the time Lincoln was assassinated, Mr. Seward was suffering in bed from the effects of an injury. One of the conspirators entered his sick chamber to take his life, where he was confronted by the son of the great statesman. A struggle ensued, in which the son was

disabled and the father badly wounded. Both, however, recovered, and Mr. Seward lived until Oct. 10, 1872, when he died in the city of Auburn, N.Y. On the marble monument that marks the place of his burial, is engraved this eulogy: "HE WAS FAITHFUL." The origin of these words was as follow: —

A half-witted negro was arrested for murder. Seward had always been wont to defend the negro race gratuitously, whether fugitive slaves, wronged colored men, or "poor ignorant darkies;" and so he volunteered his services to defend this colored criminal, Freeman. He wrote about it, "This will raise a storm of prejudice and passion which will try the fortitude of my friends, but I shall do my duty; I care not whether I am ever to be forgiven for it or not." His argument on the occasion, and his plea for the life of the idiotic culprit, were powerful beyond description; and he closed with the following paragraph: —

"In due time, gentlemen of the jury, when I shall have paid the debt of nature, my remains will rest here in your midst, with those of my kindred and neighbors. It is very possible they may be unhonored, neglected, spurned; but perhaps later, when the passion and excitement which now agitate this community shall have passed away, some wandering stranger, some lone exile, some Indian, some negro, may erect over them an humble stone, and thereon this epitaph, 'He was faithful.'"

VI.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE LIFE-SKETCH THAT INSPIRED HIM TO EXCEL.

That a boy who lived in a log cabin in the wilderness, and slept on the floor in the loft until he was twenty-one years old, should become president of the United States is a marvel. There is no record to match it anywhere. There must have been in his affairs a "tide" which he seized at "the flood," and was swept on "to fortune." So marvellous a fact deserves something more than to be recorded; it should be carefully studied. This was Abraham Lincoln's history in a nutshell.

Abraham Lincoln was born in that part of Hardin County, Kentucky, which is now embraced in La Rue County, a few miles from Hodgensville, on the south fork of Nolin Creek. His father's name was Thomas, and his mother's maiden name was Nancy Hanks. Her uncle was Joseph Hanks, a carpenter of Elizabethtown, Ky., with whom Thomas Lincoln learned the trade. Here he met the niece of Mr. Hanks, and fell in love with her, and finally married her, thereby getting more than he bargained for, — a trade and a wife.

They began housekeeping in a tumble-down sort of a cabin, with furniture that matched the rickety habita-

tion. They were both members of the Baptist Church, virtuous, kind, affectionate, but uncultivated. Thomas had never been to school a day in his life, and he could neither read nor write. Nancy had been to school a short time, and could read poorly; and she could write her name. So they began wedded life with more love than learning. Soon, however, she taught her husband to write his name.

In this wretched cabin Abraham was born; also his sister Sarah, and Thomas. Abraham was the second born, and grew to resemble his mother in several traits of character — bright, honest, brave, and reliable. When Abraham was four years old his father removed to a more fertile location on Knob Creek, six miles from Hodgensville. Here he bought a farm and another wretched cabin to live in, but, on the whole, improved his condition. Still he was poor as he could well be; and all his neighbors, for many miles around, were poor as he. Here Dennis F. Hanks and John Duncan became playmates of "Abe."

Here, too, Abraham and Sarah went to school a while; one Hezekiah Riney, a new-comer, being their teacher in his own cabin, a half-mile distant. Riney was a rough, ignorant man, with scarcely one qualification for a teacher, even in that wild, untutored country. But he wanted to eke out a miserable subsistence by adding a few dollars to his pitiable income; and so he proposed schoolkeeping as about the only thing possible in that desolate country. Parents accepted the proposition because there was nothing better; and here our young hero began to be a schoolboy. Abraham made some progress at this school — he began to read. A dilapi-

dated copy of Dillworth's Spelling-book was the only volume the two children of Tom Lincoln had between them at this Riney Academy; and they made good use of it. The brightness of the pupils was a pleasant offset to the stupidity of the teacher.

In six weeks, however, this "pioneer college" graduated the two Lincoln children, and they entered another, four miles distant, of which one Hazel was president. The chief reason for this change of schools was that Hazel could teach penmanship and Riney could not. For ten weeks Abraham and his sister walked daily to this school and back, carrying their dinner of hoecake, neither missing a day nor a dinner. The school was taught in the only log schoolhouse in that part of Kentucky.

But Thomas Lincoln desired to improve his condition. Indiana had come into the Union a free State, and he resolved to remove thither as soon as possible. He knew that slavery was the curse of Kentucky, and he would remove his family away from its demoralizing influence. He sold his farm for twenty dollars and ten barrels of whiskey. He demurred at first at taking so much of his pay in whiskey, but concluded that he might sell it in "the land of the free." Deciding upon the locality in Indiana where he would settle, he constructed a flatboat, on which he loaded the whiskey, carpenters' tools, farming-implements, puncheon table, kettles, stools, axes, etc., and floated down the Rolling Fork into the Ohio River. He proceeded on his voyage many miles, and was congratulating himself upon his success, when, by some mishap, his boat upset, and his whole cargo went to the bottom of the river. Lincoln

clung to the boat, and several men at work on the bank of the river near by came to his rescue. The boat was secured, the river raked, and three barrels of whiskey, most of the tools and other articles, were recovered. The seven barrels of whiskey left in the river would harm no one, mixed with so great a quantity of water.

Lincoln proceeded on his trip to Thompson's Ferry, where he bargained with a man to convey his goods eighteen miles into the wilderness. He gave the man his flatboat for the service. Having determined upon the spot for a cabin, aided by two settlers who hailed his coming with joy, he travelled home on foot, one hundred miles across the country — a three days' journey. Hasty preparations were made to take his family to their new home. Their household effects were packed upon two horses for conveyance, on which, also, Mrs. Lincoln and the children took their turns in riding. Seven days brought them to the cabin of Mr. Neale, a half mile from the spot selected for the Lincoln cabin. With the assistance of Mr. Neale and "Abe" the "half-faced cabin" was soon ready for the family. Its size was sixteen by eighteen feet, without a floor, one room, and a loft where all slept upon straw beds on the floor.

Here "Abe" really began his pioneer life; for now he could chop with his father, and hunt to supply the larder. The forest abounded in game, — deer, wild turkey, and scores of less important beasts and birds. The cabin was between the forks of Big Pigeon and Little Pigeon Creeks, one mile and a half from what is now the village of Gentryville.

The family library consisted of the Bible, Catechism, and Dillworth's Spelling-book, — the three volumes that

were used in Kentucky. In the course of two or three years, however, Abraham read "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Æsop's Fables," loaned to him by pioneers in the region round about. "Abe" devoured books with a relish. He was regarded as a gifted boy. Through the long winter evenings he would read by the light of the fire, sitting in the corner. He could write quite well; and often wrote letters for pioneers who knew not how to write.

There was much immorality and drunkenness in the region as the population multiplied. There were very few sober settlers. Mrs. Lincoln had great anxiety for "Abe." One day she called his attention to the evil of intemperance, and said, among other things, "Men become drunkards because they begin to drink. If you never begin to drink, you never will be a drunkard." When Mr. Lincoln was president, he explained to a friend that the reason he invariably declined the proffered wine-cup was that counsel of his mother. From that day to his death he was a total abstainer.

At fourteen "Abe" was regarded as a very remarkable boy. He had read all the books for miles around, and wrote essays and poetry with much ability and skill. He attended a school kept by one Crawford several months, and another kept by one Swaney a few weeks. All his school-days together, however, did not amount to more than a year. In addition to the books already named, he had read, at this time, the life of Franklin, Weems's "Life of George Washington," history of the United States, with others of less importance. His mother said, "Abe read every book he could lay his hands on; and when he came across a passage that struck him,

he would write it down on boards if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would rewrite it, look at it, and repeat it. He had a copy-book, a kind of scrap-book, in which he put down all things."

From twelve to sixteen he worked for several pioneers within ten miles, farming, butchering, teaming, choring, taking care of horses, running a ferry-boat, and even keeping store. One of his employers said, "Abe will do one thing about as well as another." He was about seventeen when he went to live with a Mr. Jones at Gentryville, who was a Democrat, and quite a politician. He talked politics a great deal with Abraham, "because the boy knew so much;" and the result was that "Abe" became a Democrat.

And now we have reached the turning-point in his career. Some time after he closed his labors with Mr. Jones, a sketch of the life of Henry Clay, who was then a famous statesman, fell into his hands. He read it with the deepest interest. Clay's early life, especially when he was known as the "Mill-boy of the Slashes," appealed directly to his heart. His extreme poverty, thirst for knowledge, force of character, and great push, fairly charmed him. That a boy in so humble circumstances should become one of the leading men of the land, by his own unaided efforts, filled him with wonder. Others might do as much, he thought. More than that, the book antagonized his political creed. He saw that Jones, the Democrat, was wrong, and Clay, the Whig, was right. The result was that he became a "Clay Whig," and from that day to his death continued to hold the essential principles taught by that life of Clay. Abraham Lincoln claimed that the impression made upon

his mind by reading Clay's biography, gave color to the remainder of his life. It inspired within him the desire to go up higher; and he did. Many and serious obstacles interposed, but he overcame them in time; studied law, and entered upon the practice of his profession at Springfield, Ill.

The life of Clay settled his views of liberty, if they were not settled before. His views were confirmed by his flatboat expedition to New Orleans two years thereafter, where he was shocked by the inhumanity of slavery. In consequence, his early political life was characterized by unqualified hostility to American slavery; and it was on that ground that he was first sent to the State Legislature, and afterwards to Congress. Finally, it was in consequence of his able and grand championship of freedom that he was elected president of the United States, when slavery threatened to overthrow the republic. His wise and patriotic services to save the Union magnify the agency of the book in question to inspire his soul with better and nobler ideas than the political career of his old employer, Jones, had done.

Mr. Lincoln became president in the darkest hour our country ever saw; and he had on his hands the most difficult and momentous work ever imposed upon mortal man, — that of saving the republic. Six weeks after entering the White House, the South declared war against the national government by firing upon Sumter. Mr. Lincoln had said to the enemies of the government, in the closing paragraph of his inaugural address, what has passed into history as one of the most tender and touching appeals ever dropped from human lips: —

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may be strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

It is not our purpose to follow Mr. Lincoln's able administration to the collapse of the Rebellion and the fall of Richmond, culminating in the safety of the republic, after four years of unparalleled conflict. It was a gigantic effort, and God crowned it with success. And while the people of the North were celebrating the great victory with music, banners, bonfires, artillery, and illuminations, presenting such a spectacle of delight as had not been witnessed since the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, slavery, maddened by defeat, shot down the president by the hand of the assassin Booth. From the height of joy, the nation was plunged to the depths of sorrow. The popular heart sunk under the burden of grief. Strong men wept as they went about the streets. Marts of trade were turned to houses of mourning. Commerce stood silent and forlorn in its tracks. Neither rich nor poor had hearts to work or traffic. Sorrow was universal. Tears fell like rain.

The colored people of the South, who were freed by Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation, cried like children who are left *fatherless*. Going about the streets, or gathering in their places of worship, they moaned and sobbed in the most pitiable manner, calling upon God to help them in their unparalleled grief.

Speaker Colfax said of this martyred president, "Of this noble-hearted man, so full of genial impulses, so self-forgetful, so utterly unselfish, so pure and gentle and good, who lived for us and at last died for us, I feel how inadequate I am to portray his manifold excellence, his intellectual worth, his generous character, his fervid patriotism. Murdered, coffined, buried, he will live with those few immortal names who were not born to die; live as the father of the faithful in the time that tried men's souls; live in the grateful hearts of the dark-browed race he lifted from under the heel of the oppressor to the dignity of freedom and manhood; live in every bereaved circle which has given father, husband, son, or friend, to die, as he did, for his country; live with the glorious company of martyrs to liberty, justice, and humanity, that trio of heaven-born principles; live in the love of all beneath the circuit of the sun who loath tyranny, slavery, and wrong."

Bishop Simpson's eloquent eulogy at the funeral closed with the following: —

"Chieftain, farewell! The nation mourns thee. Mothers shall teach thy name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study thy record, and learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though thy lips be, yet they still speak. Hushed is thy voice, but its echoes of

liberty are ringing through the world; and the sons of bondage listen with joy. Prisoned thou art in death, and yet thou art marching abroad, and chains and manacles are bursting at thy touch. Thou didst fall not for thyself. The assassin had no hate for thee. Our hearts were aimed at, our national life was sought. We crown thee as our martyr, and humanity enthrones thee as her triumphant son. Hero, martyr, friend, farewell!"

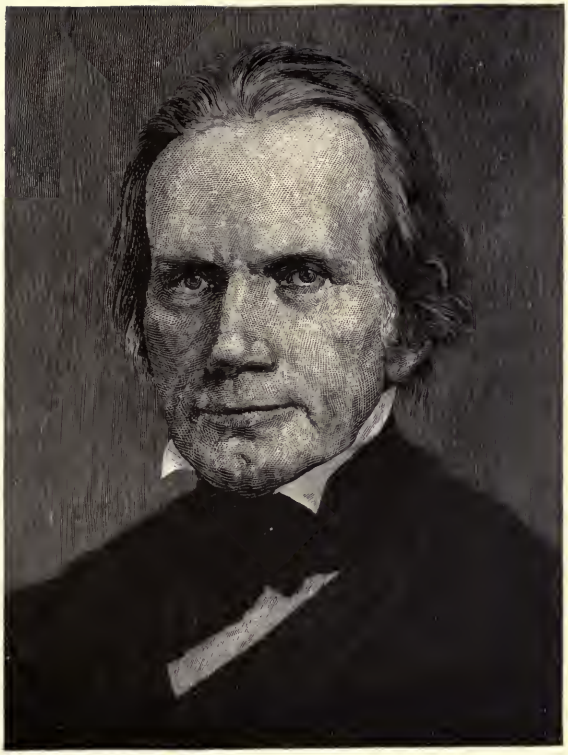
VII.

HENRY CLAY.

THE FRIEND'S COUNSEL THAT DECIDED HIS COURSE.

Over a hundred years ago there lived a boy in Hanover County, Virginia, who was called, "The Mill Boy of the Slashes." This appellation was given to him because he was wont to carry grists to mill on the back of the old family horse; and the route was through a swampy region which the people called "Slashes." It was Daricott's mill, on the Pamunkey River, to which this enterprising lad often went with a grist. It required much meal for a family of seven boys and girls, especially when hoecake was the chief article of diet.

The boy's name was Henry Clay, born April 12, 1777. His father, who was a Baptist minister, died when Henry was four years of age, leaving the family in very poor circumstances. In consequence, Henry was obliged to work upon the land very early in life. His services were indispensable to the subsistence of the household, and he cheerfully yielded to the necessity. His mother was a woman of decided executive ability, and spared not herself to rear her children in a thoughtful, Christian way. Henry was a true mother-boy. Nothing that he could do was too much to be done



HENRY CLAY.

for her. He would sacrifice play and sport any time to assist her. Hence, he was willing to face the great trial of taking a place in the retail store of Richard Denny in Richmond when he was about ten years old. By this arrangement Mrs. Clay would receive more aid from the labors of her son than by any other plan. Henry had attended school long enough to learn to read and write very well, and acquire considerable knowledge of arithmetic and geography for one of his age. He had a thirst for knowledge, and was in the habit of reading and studying whenever he had leisure time out of school. He was regarded as a boy of high promise, abundantly qualified by nature to do something more than till the soil.

Henry served in the Richmond store until he was fourteen years of age, proving himself an efficient, industrious, aspiring boy. In 1792 his mother married Mr. Henry Watkins, and a few months thereafter removed to Woodford County, Kentucky. Mr. Watkins admired Henry as much as he did his mother, and interested himself in his future welfare. Regarding him as a youth of fine talents, he thought that a change of occupation would be to his advantage. The clerk of the High Court of Chancery, Mr. Peter Tinsley, needed an assistant; and Mr. Watkins suggested that it was just the place for Henry, as his talents would find there a larger field to range. He was placed in this office before his mother removed to Kentucky. In one of his last speeches Mr. Clay referred to himself at this period of his life, as "being left without guardian, without pecuniary means of support, to steer his course as he might or could."

Realizing now the deficiency of his education, he resolved to improve every leisure moment in the best possible manner. He thoughtfully considered what books he could read and study with the largest benefit, and selected them accordingly. His thirst for knowledge increased with his closer application. The more he learned the more he wanted to know. The value of knowledge increased, in his estimation, as he advanced higher and higher. And the more he increased in mental power, the more valuable he became to his employer.

Here look for a change. The venerable Chancellor Wythe was frequently in the office of Mr. Tinsley on official business. He observed the efficiency of the young clerk, and was much impressed by his intelligent, manly bearing. For one so young he thought Henry was an uncommon youth, and prophesied an honorable future for him. He conversed with him about his aims and preferences. He advised him in regard to systematic reading, and the best use of his spare moments. Finally he advised him to study law, and fit himself for a legal practitioner. Henry accepted the chancellor's counsel, after reflecting upon it for a while, and turned his attention directly, and with all his heart, to preparation for his chosen profession. To his dying day Henry Clay cherished the memory of Chancellor Wythe, almost with filial tenderness, for his timely counsel, without which he might have lived unknown and unhonored.

In November, 1797, Henry was licensed by the judges of the Court of Appeals to practise law. He was only twenty years of age at the time, a tall, thin, awkward,

beardless youth, but remarkably bright and enterprising. For some reason he decided to commence his professional life in Lexington, Ky., although many friends advised him to enter upon his professional life in Richmond. He applied himself closely to studies connected with his profession, after opening his office in Lexington, being determined to excel in his pursuit if possible. Thinking that his ability to handle questions of law might be improved by debate, he joined the town lyceum. But his extreme modesty, amounting really to bashfulness, kept him a silent member, until one night the president called him out. Under much embarrassment he arose, and began by saying, "Gentlemen of the jury." At once realizing his mistake, and noting the real sympathy of the audience with him in his embarrassed state of mind, he rallied, and warmed up as he went on, until the delighted audience hung upon his lips as if listening to a young Demosthenes. He closed, and took his seat amid thundering applause, and afterwards was overwhelmed with the congratulations of admiring friends.

Contrary to his own expectations he immediately "rushed into a lucrative practice," the reason of which may be found in the following words of a biographer: "He was even then one of the most fluent and eloquent speakers that ever addressed a jury. He had a most musical voice, a captivating address, and a power of appealing to the passions and sympathies of those he sought to move, which rarely failed to insure success. His personal character was of the noblest stamp; frank and generous to a fault, ardent in his attachments, sincere in all he said and did, scorning with his whole soul even a trick or an unworthy act, and cordially despising

the man who could be guilty of either, he bore about him that deportment and dignity which demanded as his right, and always secured, the perfect confidence of every man with whom he came in contact. He was quick to detect the workings of the minds of others, and prompt to take advantage of any bias, however slight, in favor of the cause he had espoused. These qualities placed him far in advance of his eldest brethren at the bar in the conduct especially of criminal cases, where the issue depended rather upon the judgment and feelings of a jury than upon the cooler and more independent decision of the court."

While yet a young man Mr. Clay was sought as counsel in the most important criminal cases of his day. He was a fine orator, a wise and able legal adviser, a discriminating and earnest pleader at the bar, with remarkable influence over a jury in consequence of his pathos, sincerity, and impassioned eloquence. He was brought into contact with such able barristers as John Breckenridge, Felix Grundy, George Nicolas, James Hughes, and William Murray; and yet he was a greater power in the court-room, on the whole, than either one of them. Political questions interested him from the start; and he became a member of the Kentucky legislature when he was twenty-six years of age. Before that year closed he was appointed by the governor to fill an unexpired term in the United States Senate; the youngest man, without doubt, who ever occupied a seat in that body.

At the time he took up his residence in Kentucky, the question of a new constitution for the State was under discussion by the people. In due time a con-

vention for that purpose was called, and Clay was a member. He had always felt that slavery was wrong, and a curse, and always expressed his views freely and fearlessly. In the convention he took strong ground to make the State free, wiping out the last vestige of slavery. He stood alone in his defence of universal freedom, and boldly contended for the right, although he knew that his reputation would suffer, and that slavery would continue to be supported by the constitution. But he was wont to stand squarely by his convictions, at whatever personal cost to himself; and so he stood for liberty in the constitution of the old slave State. For this reason he was called a "Southern man with Northern principles." He once remarked, when a candidate for the presidency, "I had rather be right than president."

Under the "Southern code" of his day, duelling was justified and practised; and twice Mr. Clay accepted challenges, evidently against his convictions of what was right. For he wrote, "I owe it to the community to say that whatever I may have done, or by inevitable circumstances might be forced to do, no man in it holds in deeper abhorrence than I do that pernicious practice of duelling."

We may state in brief the public offices Mr. Clay filled, in addition to the two already named, as follows: Member of the Kentucky legislature and speaker of the House at thirty years of age; again in the United States Senate, to fill an unexpired term, at thirty-two; member of the National House of Representatives at thirty-four; five times elected speaker of the National House of Representatives; United States peace com-

missioner to Ghent at thirty-seven (1814); re-elected to Congress at thirty-eight; returned to the United States Senate at forty-six (1823); secretary of state under John Quincy Adams; again in the United States Senate at fifty-four (1831); re-elected to the Senate at fifty-nine; nominated for the presidency in 1839 and 1844; and re-elected to the United States Senate in 1849 and 1855. A fine record for the "Mill-Boy of the Slashes," born in poverty, reared in obscurity, self-dependent, and self-made! Inspired to a nobler life by the advice of a wise man who saw a great soul under the poor boy's jacket!

Henry Clay died in Washington, June 29, 1852, seventy-five years of age, having spent over fifty years of it in the public service. In different parts of the land the day of his burial was observed by public memorial services. Such a service was held in Springfield, Ill.; and Abraham Lincoln, who became an admirer of Clay in his early manhood, was invited to deliver the eulogy. Among other things he said, "His example teaches us that one can scarcely be so poor but that, if he will, he can acquire sufficient education to get through the world respectably."

VIII.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE MILL-GIRLS' MAGAZINE THAT CHANGED HER PURSUIT.

In the staid old town of Beverly, Mass., in sight of the "Old South Clock," a girl-baby was born, in the year 1826, of whom the citizens of to-day are justly proud. Her parents were common people, poor but sensible, known for their integrity and profound faith in God. They lived in a plain way, not only from necessity, but from choice as well. A pious, intelligent ancestry had bequeathed a rich legacy of physical and moral strength to them. Whatever ancestry can do for a child was done for this Beverly baby, so that it was born well; and a good birthright is a good start. Poor schools, though as good as the average of that day, received this little midgit at two years of age — as bright and cute an abecedarian as ever went to school. She learned the alphabet in a few days, and could read in the New Testament at three years of age. "Aunt Hannah" was her teacher, as nice and prim a country dame as ever handled the ferule in a schoolroom. After more than sixty years had elapsed, our heroine described that ferule as follows: "This ferule was shaped much like the stick with which she stirred her hasty pudding for dinner, — I thought it was the

same, and I found myself caught in a whirlwind of family laughter, by reporting at home that 'Aunt Hannah punished the scholars with the pudding-stick.'"

As I have spoken of her father and mother, perhaps, in justice to all, and for the reader's special benefit, her description of them as viewed from her sixtieth year of age, should be cited here.

"A grave, thoughtful face his was, lifted up so grandly amid the blooming semicircle of boys and girls, all gathered silently in the glow of the ruddy firelight! The great family Bible had the look upon its leathern covers of a book that had never been new, and we honored it the more for its apparent age. Its companion was the Westminster Assembly's and Shorter Catechism, out of which my father asked us questions on Sabbath afternoons, when the tea-table had been cleared. He ended the exercise with a prayer, standing up with his face turned toward the wall. My most vivid recollection of his living face is as I saw it reflected in a mirror while he stood thus praying. His closed eyes, the paleness and seriousness of his countenance, awed me. I never forgot that look. I saw it but once again, when, a child of six or seven years, I was lifted to a footstool beside his coffin to gaze upon his face for the last time. It wore the same expression that it did in prayer; paler, but no longer careworn — so peaceful, so noble! They left me standing there a long time, and I could not take my eyes away.

"When alive, his reserved, abstracted manner — though his gravity concealed a fund of rare humor — kept us children somewhat aloof from him; but my mother's temperament formed a complete contrast

to his. She was chatty and social, rosy-cheeked and dimpled, with bright blue eyes, and soft, dark, curling hair, which she kept pinned up under her white lace cap-border. Not even the eldest child remembered her without her cap; and when some of us asked her why she never let her pretty curls be visible, she said, —

"'Your father liked to see me in a cap. I put it on soon after we were married, to please him; I always have worn it, and I always shall wear it for the same reason.'

"My mother had that sort of sunshiny nature which easily shifts to shadow, like the atmosphere of an April day. Cheerfulness held sway with her, except occasionally, when her domestic cares grew overwhelming; but her spirits rebounded quickly from discouragement."

Such parentage makes a home worth having. To nestle in it at a time when the ways were old-fashioned, like the tallow candle that lighted the house, and the great fireplace, with its blazing back-log, that heated it, was about the best inheritance ever vouchsafed to childhood. Its influence is witnessed to-day in the character and brilliant career of this talented daughter.

Among the books that attracted our child's attention and won her heart was "Watts, And Select Hymns." She knew many of them by heart, and followed her mother about the house, when doing her work, repeating them. She was but three or four years of age when she resolved to commit to memory all the hymns in the book. She started out heroically to perform her self-imposed task, but finally abandoned the purpose when she discovered that the hymns numbered a thousand. That she was a born poet is clear from her great love of

poetry wherever she found it, and her early habit of composing verses. When she was four years of age her "motherly sister Emilie," as she has since called her, offered to give her a book when she should have committed fifty hymns to memory, and to teach her to write when she should have committed a hundred. In a short time she earned the book, which was Jane Taylor's "Verses for Infant Minds," and also the privilege to learn to write. At five years of age she could repeat between one and two hundred of Watts's hymns. There is no doubt that the influence of this hymn-book upon her life was marked; that it served to develop not only a poetical taste, but also a poet's genius. Before she was seven years old she had read with delight "Pilgrim's Progress," Miss Edgeworth's "Juvenile Stories," "Scottish Chiefs," "Paul and Virginia," "Elizabeth and the Exiles of Siberia," "Nina, An Icelandic Tale," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Gulliver's Travels," "Arabian Nights," several of Scott's novels, and a "History of the Early Martyrs," and the persecution of the "Waldenses and Scotch Covenanters."

At seven years of age she began to compose rhymes for her own childish amusement. One day her brother John proposed "writing poetry," just for the fun, on a rainy day, to which she assented with delight. But John was not so much of a poet as she, and he soon abandoned the amusement; but she produced two verses, the first of which was, —

> "'One summer day,' said little Jane,
> 'We were walking down a shady lane,
> When suddenly the wind blew high,
> And the red lightning flashed in the sky.'"

The second verse ran thus, —

> "'The peals of thunder, how they rolled!
> And I felt myself a little cooled;
> For I before had been quite warm;
> But now around me was a storm.'"

John was elated over her success, and spread the fame of it through the family and neighborhood. The result was that she had to repeat her verses to members of the family, and to neighbors also.

From that time she multiplied her rhymes at a rapid rate, and finally wrote "little books of ballads," which she illustrated with colors from her toy paint-box, and then concealed them in the cracks of the attic floor, that none of the family might see them.

"Aunt Hannah," her teacher, thought well of the child's efforts at rhyming, and prophesied that she would be a poet in womanhood. She asked her to repeat whatever verses she wrote to her, a request to which the little girl responded with evident satisfaction; and she was much encouraged by this attention. The neighbors, too, looked upon the child as a prodigy, and often invited her to repeat poetry that she had written. They wondered, too, over the kind of books that she read — books that were written for adults, and were beyond the grasp of children of her age.

Before her father died he began to talk about removing to Lowell, that some of his children might earn a living in the mills. It was a hard struggle for him to support his family; and he saw that it would be a still harder struggle in the near future. But death put a period to his plans, and left the mother single-handed

and alone to rear her dependent brood. It was a terrible loss to the household, — the death of the thoughtful, hard-working father, — so that removing to Lowell became a necessity. There the mother could keep boarders, and the older children work in the mill. It was a great undertaking, but necessity allowed no time for discussion. The removal was inevitable. So, after a little, the family was keeping house in what is now the "City of Spindles," and the house was filled with boarders — girls from the mills. On the whole, the change was very agreeable to the subject of our tale. It introduced her to the first grammar-school taught by a man that she ever attended. Here her advantages for study were an improvement upon Beverly opportunities, and she enjoyed them hugely. She loved books and school, and her soul was already reaching out after an education. She saw dimly a better prospect before her, and hoped for much more than she saw. But the time came when she and her younger sister were obliged to work in the mill, for the mother was not paying her expenses. At thirteen years of age she became a mill-operative. And here the turning-point of her life came. What might seem to the careless observer the blasting of all her hopes of culture proved to be a happy introduction to a higher sphere of thought and noble purpose.

It was in this wise. The mill-girls as a class were bright and intelligent, many of them well educated and aspiring — the daughters of New England; a large majority of them, perhaps, from the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont. Many of them were readers; some were real students. They published two monthly maga-

zines, edited and sustained throughout by the girls of the mills. These were united in 1842, under the title of the *Lowell Offering And Magazine.* This was a bright, sparkling monthly, which attracted the attention of literary people. It became known all over the land, because it was the production of "factory girls," first; and, secondly, because it was a magazine of genuine merit.

Lucy was fascinated with this monthly journal. But for it her introduction into the factory, driven there by poverty, might have quenched all the intellectual fire that was kindling in her soul, and doomed her to servitude and obscurity. It proved, however, just the inspiration that a girl of her aptitudes and talents needed. She wondered if she could write a poem worthy of a place in that magazine. It would be the happiest day of her life to see a composition of her own in that unique work. The opportunity appealed to the noblest part of her being. It awakened her talents to do their best. Her muse spread wings for a more daring flight. She resolved to shine upon those charming pages. She thought, studied, wrote, improved, broadened, triumphed. The products of her pen became the gems of the *Lowell Offering.* Literary men and women read them, and inquired who the author was. John G. Whittier, New England's favored poet, read them with delight, and sought out the author as one of America's future poets. Her fame spread widely as a writer before she ceased to be a "factory girl." She saw what other girls were doing, and she set herself to work to do it even better than they. She might never have caught the inspiration in the Beverly home. Had affluence instead of poverty been her inheritance, she might have missed

the inspiration that came to her in the Lowell mills. It was the hard struggle of life that carried her there, just when her soul could easily be induced to soar. It was the nick of time for her resolute spirit, and the place above all others for her literary *début*.

At twenty years of age she removed to Illinois with her sister's family, who were to settle upon a prairie farm. Lucy would teach the district school, a position for which she yearned, and which she was eminently qualified to fill. But Providence soon led her up higher. The Monticello Seminary was not far away, and she saw in that institution an unexpected opportunity to satisfy her heart's desire for higher culture. She could prosecute her studies there, and at the same time pay her way by teaching in the Preparatory Department. For three years she was connected with this seminary as student-teacher; and they were three happy, hard-working years, that told plainly upon her future career.

She returned from the West to become a member of the faculty of Norton Female Seminary, where her ability as teacher and writer won for her a reputation New England wide. For ten years she taught in this and kindred institutions, and then exchanged the pursuit of instructor for a strictly literary life. By this time people forgot that she was ever a "factory girl;" they knew her as Lucy Larcom the poet, editor, and authoress. Her busy pen has instructed and fascinated a host of readers, while her modest and unassuming Christian character has been an uplifting power in our social and public life.

Miss Larcom says in her latest book, "A New England Girlhood," "Let me say to you, dear girls, for

whom these pages have been written, that if I have learned anything by living, it is this, that the meaning of life is education; not through book-knowledge alone, sometimes entirely without it. Education is growth, the development of our best possibilities from within, outward; and it cannot be carried on as it should be except in a school; just such a school as we all find ourselves in, — this world of human beings by whom we are surrounded. The beauty of belonging to this school is, that we cannot learn anything in it by ourselves alone, but for and with our fellow-pupils the wide earth over. We can never expect promotion here, except by taking our place among the lowest, and sharing their difficulties until they are removed and we all become graduates together for a higher school.

"Humility, sympathy, helpfulness, and faith are the best teachers in this great university; and none of us are well-educated who do not accept their training. The real satisfaction of life is, and must forever be, the education of all for each, and of each for all. So let us all try together to be good and faithful women, and not care too much for what the world may think of us or of our abilities."

Miss Larcom became editor of *Our Young Folks* in 1867, a magazine that was established in Boston in 1865, and she conducted it until 1874. Since that time she has been a valued contributor to the pages of many popular magazines, and has given to the public the following volumes: "Ships in the Mist, and Other Stories" (1859); "Poems" (1868); "An Idyl of Work, a Story in Verse" (1875); "Childhood Songs" (1877); "Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and Other Poems" (1880);

and "A New England Girlhood" (1892). She has also edited several collections of poetry, including, "Breathings of a Better Life" (1867); "Hillside and Seaside in Poetry" (1876); and "Roadside Poetry for Summer Travellers" (1877). She died in Boston on the seventeenth of April, 1893, murmuring in her unconsciousness the word "Freedom."

Thus the mill-girl whose poetic genius was inspired to soar by the *Lowell Offering*, has scattered flowers all along her pathway — her life a poem.

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS.

IX.

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS.

THE EVENT THAT CAUSED HIM TO RISE FROM NAVY BOY TO EDITOR.

George W. Childs died in the city of Philadelphia, Feb. 3, 1894, at the age of sixty-five, beloved and mourned by all. He was born in Baltimore, Md., of poor but worthy parents, and lived there until he was thirteen years old, when he entered the United States Navy. It does not appear that he entered the navy because he had a taste or desire for such a life, but rather that he might do something for his own support. He was thoughtful and manly, and loved work. At ten years of age he spent his long summer vacation as errand-boy in a bookstore. Other school-boys accepted vacation as a special season for a good time, instead of work; but with George it was a bread-and-butter question, that he solved in the most philosophical way.

He spent only fifteen months in the naval service, and they were months of real discipline to him. His health was much improved, so that he became robust and vigorous. Had he continued in the navy, it is probable that his influence would have been limited to a narrow circle, and Philadelphia would never have known him as her most successful publisher and her

most generous benefactor. But Providence had a larger and better work for him to do than would have been possible in the naval service.

His love of books, begotten when he was errand-boy, at intervals from ten to thirteen years of age, was not diminished by his experiences at sea. With an inborn aspiration for better things, and an honorable desire to make his mark, his early service in the bookstore had stimulated his intellectual faculties. From year to year he appears to have appropriated those ideas which made his later life illustrious.

On going to Philadelphia, at fourteen years of age, he did not seek a situation in a hardware store or dry-goods house or railroad office, but he went directly to a bookstore; and he found employment with a Quaker. He was to serve as errand-boy, with the prospect of promotion. His salary was three dollars a week; and he was glad to get even that small pay, for he was penniless. He left on record this account of his labors when he began to serve in the Quaker city: —

"When first at work in Philadelphia, I would get up very early in the morning, go down to the store, and wash the pavement and put things in order before breakfast; and in the winter-time would make the fire and sweep out the store. In the same spirit, when books were bought at night by auction, I would early the next morning go for them with a wheelbarrow; and I have never outgrown this wholesome habit of doing things directly and in order."

He had to work hard, and he was perfectly willing to do so. The paragraph quoted from his diary shows that he meant business from the start. Nor was the good

Quaker who employed him long in finding this out. He discovered within two weeks that he had a treasure in his new errand-boy, and there sprang up between them at once a strong mutual regard. George proved efficient in all work about the store, and did thoroughly whatever he undertook. Early and late he was at his post of duty, with as much interest and enthusiasm as though the store had been his own.

There was only one family in the whole city whom he knew, and that family removed soon after he took up his residence there. Under these circumstances he would have been lonely but for his devotion to business. He devoted all of his time to his employer's service, so that he had none left for pleasure. For this reason he scarcely stopped to think that he was a stranger in the city, and he thoroughly enjoyed his work.

The bookstore was in the *Public Ledger* building, and he soon became acquainted with that journal. He began to realize the usefulness of a daily paper of high literary and moral character. The *Public Ledger* did not correspond with his ideal, but he saw that it might be made a model. From month to month he continued to ask himself whether he might not some time own that journal. He disclosed his thoughts to no one; for he would have been regarded as visionary and impracticable had he done so. But he did not cease thinking about the matter.

That he was guided into the *Public Ledger* building was providential. Elsewhere he might have fostered other plans, and might never have fallen into the niche which he filled so well. But here the value and influence of a high-toned journal was forced upon his at-

tention. All through his book-selling career the *Ledger* occupied his thoughts, until a purpose was formed to possess it, and make it a power. This was all the more singular because he had enjoyed few school advantages, and never had any particular drill to qualify him to manage a great journal in a great city.

George proved himself so efficient and faithful, that he was promoted to a responsible position, with larger pay. By his untiring efforts he made himself indispensable to his employer. He mastered all details, and in doing so became a favorite with customers. His manly bearing, courteous manners, upright dealings, and noble character, commanded general confidence and respect.

At the end of four years he had laid up a little money, and he resolved to open a bookstore of his own. His employer deeply regretted his decision, but, at the same time, had no heart to dissuade him from his purpose. He was not quite nineteen years of age, and was well acquainted with the book publishers of New York and Boston; for he had more than once attended the semi-annual sale of books in those cities for his employer. All were his hearty friends, disposed to render him any aid within their power. To them his character counted for more than his money, and they were glad to see him prosper.

From the start he made money; and his business qualities attracted the attention of R. E. Peterson & Co., prominent publishers of Philadelphia, and they invited him to become a member of the firm. He accepted the invitation, and within a year thereafter the firm was changed to Childs & Peterson. Subsequently Mr. Childs married Mr. Peterson's daughter.

It was Mr. Childs's judgment that led the firm to publish "Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations." He advised Dr. Kane to abandon his idea of making it a scientific work, and, instead, make it a popular narrative. The sale of it was immense. They payed Dr. Kane royalty to the amount of *seventy thousand dollars* in one year. They published, also, Parson Brownlow's book, of which they sold fifty thousand copies. In 1860 Mr. Peterson withdrew from the firm, and Mr. Childs entered into partnership with J. B. Lippincott & Co., but withdrew in one year. In 1863 he purchased *The Publishers' Circular*, an advertising sheet in New York, and changed its name to *American Publishers' Circular and Literary Gazette*, and made a marked financial success of it.

In 1855 he said to Dr. R. S. Mackenzie, "I will yet be the owner of the *Public Ledger*." No time had been lost; for his previous experience had been an excellent discipline to qualify him to enter upon his real life-work.

In 1864 he purchased the *Public Ledger*. At the time it was a losing enterprise, the owners having lost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars the previous year. Notwithstanding this discouraging fact, Mr. Childs purchased it. He saw money in his ideal journal of the future. At once he proceeded to improve its moral tone and literary character, increasing its size and price. Dr. Prime said, "Mr. Childs excluded from it all details of a disgusting kind; all reports of such vice as may not with propriety be read aloud in the family, that poison the minds of young men, inflame the passions, and corrupt the heart; all scandal and slang; and that

whole class of news that constitutes the staple of so many daily papers. The same rule was applied to the advertising columns; and from them was excluded all that in any shape and form might be offensive to good morals." Immediately the journal became more popular than ever, because it was made thoroughly reliable.

Had he remained in the book-trade, he would have been the same noble citizen, honored and respected by all, but the country would never have known his true worth, or felt the power of that lofty purpose which a larger and more important field of labor made conspicuous. The turning-point in his life was when he exchanged the navy for the store; and all that followed was but a divine leading on to fortune.

Mr. Childs was called "the most distinguished American citizen," indicating the esteem in which he was held by the general public. One of his biographers says, "It is safe to say that no living American was ever so much bewritten as George W. Childs. There is a very good reason for this. Nobody in the United States ever had so many cordial friends; nobody in the world has befriended so many people. All his life he was a philanthropist, and at sixty it was a profession with him. He once said to me, 'I believe that children should be educated to give away with judgment their little all; to share their possessions with their friends. If they are trained in this spirit, it will always be easy for them to be generous; if they are not, it will be more natural for them in the course of time to be mean. And meanness can grow upon a man until it saps his soul.'"

The *Public Ledger* made him a millionaire; and every good cause received its full share of the fortune. It is

claimed that he gave away a thousand dollars a day on the average, year after year. Both learning and religion received his large and frequent gifts. He was eminently a Christian man, and his purse responded to his heart in giving liberally for the spread of the gospel in all lands. His employees, in sickness and misfortune, were the recipients of his generous aid. To speak of all his benefactions would exhaust our pages. It is sufficient to say that enough of his wealth was given away to make him a happy man. Evidently he knew how to enjoy his money.

His popularity was unbounded. One year both Republicans and Democrats besought him to run for mayor of Philadelphia, assuring him that no other candidate should be in the field. In 1888 he was importuned by leaders of the two great parties to become candidate for president of the United States. The proprietors of the two leading Democratic papers in the country promised to contribute a hundred thousand dollars each to the campaign fund; and the president of a great railroad offered his check for fifty thousand dollars on the same conditions, — if he would become a candidate for president. But he declined the flattering proposition, having not the least desire for political life. And when he was told, "Your name will break the 'solid South,'" he promptly answered, "And it will break the heart of my wife also." She had not the least ambition for the position of "first lady in the land."

Mr. Childs entertained in his home more renowned men and women of different countries than any other American. Authors like Dickens, Herbert Spencer, Froude, Irving, Du Chaillu, Bancroft, Longfellow, Low-

ell, Whittier; and statesmen and generals like Emperor Dom Pedro, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, De Lesseps, and others. His hospitality was generous beyond compare; and he possessed just the qualities of heart and head to make foreigners, as well as his own countrymen, feel welcome in his splendid home.

One incident of his life that illustrates his kind, benevolent spirit must suffice. For several weeks he had observed that one of his employees appeared to be worn and exhausted. Calling him into his office one day, he said to him, "You have not been in your usual health of late." — "No, I have not, though I can scarcely tell what is the matter with me," the employee answered.

"How would you like to take a vacation for three months, and visit Europe with your wife?" Mr. Childs continued.

"I should like it; but I cannot afford to do it."

"You can afford it if I pay the bills," responded Mr. Childs, laughing.

The result was that the employee took a trip to Europe, accompanied by his wife, was absent three months, and returned a hale and hearty man. Mr. Childs's life was crowded with just such deeds of kindness, making his career a phenomenal one. All of this would have been lost to the world had he not renounced his life in the navy, to follow his natural bent into a grander arena.

X.

CYRUS WEST FIELD.

THE TURN THE ATLANTIC CABLE GAVE TO HIS LIFE.

Cyrus W. Field was born Nov. 30, 1819, in Stockbridge, Mass., where he enjoyed only the common-school advantages of the village. He belonged to a talented family of very decided literary taste, and inherited the ability and enterprise of his honored ancestors.

At fifteen years of age he became a clerk in the store of A. T. Stewart of New York City. Deeply interested in his new sphere of work, and elated by his prospects, he devoted himself with unusual zeal to acquiring a knowledge of the business. He developed rapidly in tact and push, so that his employer saw in him the making of a leading merchant.

At twenty-one he engaged in business for himself; and in fifteen years he was a wealthy man for that day. He had worked with all his might, in order to succeed; and now the delusive idea took possession of him that the acme of happiness was to be found in retirement from business, with nothing to do. That such a sensible man should embrace an idea so misleading was strange indeed. However, he carried out his purpose, and for six months lived at ease; and yet he had never been so restless in his life. He was dissatisfied with himself and

his surroundings. Years after, referring to that time, he said, —

"Now I was a gentleman of leisure! But I soon missed the excitement of business, the contact with men; and began to feel that I was sinking down from the place of an actor in the world into one of inglorious repose."

As a sort of excuse for his unwise choice of early retirement from business, he wrote, —

"For fifteen years I knew nothing but business. I was up early and late, giving myself no rest in summer's heat or winter's cold. At the end of that time I had reached what at the start had been the limit of my desires. Ideas of fortune then were much less than now; and having reached what I aimed at, I resolved to retire from business, that I might enjoy what I had acquired, free from anxiety, and pass the rest of my days in tranquillity and peace. Little did I think that the great struggle of my life was not yet begun!"

Had Mr. Field realized the fulfilment of his expectation on retiring from business, he would never have been heard of beyond his own clique or neighborhood. But he had not reached the turning-point of his career; that was before, and not behind him. The Atlantic Cable was to settle that beyond controversy, and that was yet in the future.

He was conversing with his brother Matthew about the construction of a telegraph-line across Newfoundland, when the idea of a telegraph-line under the ocean flashed upon his mind. He pondered over the matter for many months, and the more he pondered the more important and practicable the project seemed. At length

he ventured to lay it before Peter Cooper, who saw value in the enterprise. Then Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and Chandler White were consulted, all of whom indorsed the enterprise, although they saw great obstacles in the way. Their words of cheer caused Mr. Field to go forward.

That a thoughtful man who had retired from business to enjoy his fortune in travel and ease, should become the projector of such a tremendous piece of work, with all the care, study, anxiety, and labor involved, can be explained only by saying that Providence had other work for him to do for the human race; and that now he had come to the parting of the ways.

A syndicate was organized as soon as possible, and measures adopted to lay a cable in the Atlantic Ocean, to connect Europe with America. No one of the interested parties anticipated an easy or a speedy triumph. It was a difficult enterprise they had undertaken; and, more than that, it was only an experiment.

Mr. Field crossed the Atlantic to England over forty times in consummating his plans and interesting capitalists and men of science in the Old World in the enterprise. He labored thirteen years before he was ready to lay the cable. Many practical and scientific questions arose about the size and character of the cable, some of which they could not solve without actual trial; and it consumed months and years to dispose of these perplexing issues.

At length the cable was manufactured, and was ready for use. The Great Eastern was secured, on which it was loaded, to be payed out as the majestic steamer

sailed over the sea. It was a time of intense interest on both sides of the Atlantic; and the people anxiously waited to learn the result. Nor were they obliged to wait long. What was their disappointment to learn that the cable parted in mid-ocean. This was exactly what some unbelievers in the project predicted; and they exclaimed, "I told you so. It never can be done." One trial of laying the cable was enough for many lookers-on; a second trial would prove no more successful.

But Mr. Field saw nothing in the failure to daunt his ardor. There was a tremendous obstacle in his way, but he expected to overcome it. After two years more of work, preparing for a second trial, the Great Eastern sailed again, with the cable on board. Everything prospered to awaken the highest hopes, until in mid-ocean the cable parted again, and another failure was recorded.

Now many friends of the enterprise lost heart. Every member of the syndicate but one advised Mr. Field to abandon his purpose. "Only a waste of time and money," they said; "two trials are enough to prove that no cable can bear the ocean pressure." But Mr. Field was not accustomed to despair. He was a persistent and irrepressible worker, and he believed in the cable as he believed in God. He did not even entertain the question of abandoning his purpose. He went to work with unabated zeal to prepare for another trial. And now his perseverance was rewarded, and the cable was triumphantly laid, and communication established between the two continents. "What hath God wrought," was the first message he sent over the Atlantic Cable.

All nations appreciated his triumph at once. They

recognized the great blessing such an ocean-line of telegraphing would be to the world; and more and more, as the years have rolled by, this appreciation has grown, until the author's name has become immortal.

The Congress of the United States hastened to present a gold medal to Mr. Field, with the nation's vote of thanks; while the prime minister of England said, "Only the fact that he was a citizen of another country prevented his receiving high honors from the British Government." John Bright pronounced him "the Columbus of modern times, who by his cable had moored the New World alongside of the Old." The Paris Exposition of 1867 presented him with the "grand medal," the highest it had to bestow. Mr. Field also received the thanks of the city of New York, and a gold medal with the freedom of the city; the thanks of the Chamber of Commerce of New York and a gold medal; the thanks of the State of Wisconsin, with a gold medal; the thanks of the American Chamber of Commerce of Liverpool, with a gold medal; a decoration from Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy; an entire service of silver from George Peabody, the famous English banker; and other tokens of gratitude and respect from far and near.

Few stopped to consider the years of patient toil and solicitude the author of the cable had spent to make his project a success. Could they have fully appreciated this, their gratitude would have been increased tenfold, with honors to correspond. The author, however, felt well rewarded. He had become a benefactor of his race; and down to the end of time his work would continue to bless his fellow-men. Though it had re-

quired the sacrifice of many years which he had planned should be free from labor, and though it crowded them with trials and cares that he never dreamed of, his cup of joy was full and running over to the close of his life. He never thought that the cost of his triumph was too much.

Providence moves in a mysterious way in using leaders of thought and action to advance mankind. Here was a man of marked ability and power, who had retired from business to gratify a selfish desire for travel and ease. He withdrew therefrom as he supposed forever. But in reality the best and noblest part of his life he was yet to live.

Suddenly the thought of a telegraphic ocean cable flashes upon his mind. It takes full possession of his brain. He cannot dislodge or ignore it. It finally controls both brain and heart. He must do or die. It is the turning-point of his life. He accepts the providential alternative, and rises to greater heights. He becomes a leader and benefactor among men, — honored in life, lamented in death.

XI.

NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

THE LIBRARY THAT MADE HIM A MATHEMATICIAN.

Nathaniel Bowditch, the great navigator and mathematician, was born in Salem, Mass., March 26, 1773. His father was a cooper for some years, a business that yielded a very scanty support for his family. Consequently he became a shipmaster when the Revolutionary War broke out. He was an industrious, hard-working man; but he had a hard fight with poverty in supporting his large family.

Nathaniel's mother was an amiable, affectionate, Christian woman, thoroughly devoted to her family; the whole care of it resting upon her after her husband became a shipmaster, and spent most of his time on the sea. She observed evidence of Nathaniel's marked intelligence before he was three years of age. He desired to learn, loved books and school, and asked a great many questions that would have been creditable to older people.

The family removed to Danvers, three miles distant, when Nathaniel was two years and a half old; and there he at once began going to school. His brightness and excellent behavior won a large place for him in the heart of his teacher, who was a good Christian woman. His gentleness and uniform obedience impressed her

deeply; and these qualities, united with his love of learning, caused her to predict that he would become a distinguished man.

There were few books then; and schools were very poor compared with those of our day. Nor could the people have given much time to education then had they been rich instead of poor; for the Revolutionary War was engrossing their attention, causing great anxiety, and aggravating their struggle with poverty. The large family Bible, however, was the source of much information and enjoyment to the children, especially to Nathaniel, who delighted to read the narratives of the Old Testament as soon as he became a tolerable reader. The book was laid on the foot of the bed, and opened for them to peruse at their pleasure, the mother answering such questions as their inquiring minds might propound. Their mother's prayer-book (she was an Episcopalian), also, was read over and over; and its contents were appropriated by "Nat," as he was called in the family and neighborhood, so that he had it "by heart" by the time he was six years old.

At the age of seven years an improvement in Nathaniel's condition occurred. His mother removed back to Salem, where he was permitted to attend a better school, taught by one Watson. Before this time the family was so poor that often for many successive days their only food was coarse bread with a small allowance of pork. Wheat bread was seldom if ever provided, because it could not be afforded. The clothing of the children was as scanty as their fare. Often, all through the winter the boys wore their summer jackets and trousers to school, without undergarments or overcoats.

Some of their schoolmates were inclined to tease them about wearing summer clothes in winter; but Nathaniel took it all in good part, replying that such clothes "were a great deal better than none, and it only proves how much better I can bear the cold than you can."

Nathaniel was delighted to attend Master Watson's school: first, because he wanted a male teacher; and, second, because he could give more attention to arithmetic, for which he had special talents. What was his surprise, however, to find Master Watson unwilling that he should study arithmetic. "Too young, too young," said Mr. Watson; "you must wait a while, my boy."

Nathaniel told his father of his teacher's decision.

"And why is that?" responded his father, much surprised.

"He says that I am too young to study arithmetic."

"Your age has nothing to do with it; if you can understand it, no matter how young you are. I will write to him requesting that you be allowed to study it."

So Nathaniel took a letter from his father to Master Watson, in which was the request that his son be allowed to pursue his favorite study. The letter caused Mr. Watson to lose his temper, and he was very angry.

"Very well," he replied at last, "I will give you a sum that will satisfy you;" and at once he gave him a problem that he was sure the boy could not solve. But Nathaniel did solve it in a short time, and ran with it to the master's desk, expecting to receive words of praise. What was his surprise to hear the schoolmaster cry out in a rage, —

"You little rascal! who showed you how to do this sum? I shall punish you for attempting to deceive me."

Nat, fearing punishment, trembled from head to foot. However, he managed to overcome his alarm sufficiently to reply, "*I* did it, sir."

"Don't persist in lying before me," retorted the angry teacher.

At this point an older brother interposed, —

"I have no doubt that Nat solved the problem without any help; for he is capable of doing it. I myself have taught him at home sufficiently to enable him to perform such sums."

When Nathaniel had just passed his tenth birthday he was forced to leave home, and was apprenticed to Ropes & Hodges, who kept a ship-chandler's shop in Salem. This step was made necessary by the intemperate habits of his father, occasioned by losing his position, in consequence of which his family became poorer than ever.

Nathaniel was errand-boy and salesman in this store, where everything necessary to equip a ship for the sea was kept, with a sailor's complete outfit. He had a desk in one corner of the shop, where he pursued his studies when not occupied with customers. Here, after the store was closed, he would frequently study arithmetic until ten o'clock at night. During the long winter evenings his employer allowed him to study by the kitchen fire at his house. By his good behavior, politeness, and accommodating spirit he endeared himself to the whole family. Frequently the kitchen girl wanted to spend an evening with her parents, one or two miles

away, and "Nat" would take her place, and keep the cradle rocking with his foot while he pored over his books.

His employer lived in the house with Judge Ropes, who owned a good library for that day; and the judge permitted "Nat" to take books from it whenever he wished. This was a great boon to the boy, and he made the most possible of this opportunity. Here he found "Chambers's Encyclopædia," in four large volumes — a treasure of knowledge of countless value to him. Mathematics and navigation were treated quite extensively in this work, also astronomy; and his interest grew immensely over these volumes, and his mind enlarged rapidly from this time. Soon he was found making dials and other instruments for testing time and the weather. Later he made an almanac for 1790, as complete as an experienced astronomer could have made; and it is now preserved in the Boston Public Library.

There was another library in Salem to which, subsequently, he had access. Its history was briefly this: One Dr. Kirwan of Ireland put his library on board a ship to be carried across the Irish Channel. It was during the Revolutionary War; and the library was captured by an American man-of-war, and brought to Beverly, and afterward sold by auction in Salem. Two clergymen of that town, Drs. Prince and Bentley, had become interested in the boy Bowditch; and they introduced him to this library, which grew into the Athenæum of that city. American books upon mathematics, astronomy, and navigation were few and much inferior to foreign text-books at that time. But in this Kirwan library he found the highest authorities among European

authors upon these and kindred subjects; and he was suddenly inspired to go up higher. His progress became remarkable. His mind stretched its wings and soared. But for this library of foreign works he might have remained content with inferior achievements. His gifted mind was waiting for larger opportunities; and here they were offered, and he accepted them without delay. This settled the fact that he would become the great mathematician and navigator of his times.

For this reason we say that access to the Kirwan library was the turning-point in the career of Bowditch. He would have been renowned, no doubt, in a narrower sphere if this boon had never been granted; but this opportunity opened the way to a world-wide usefulness and renown. Subsequent events in his life-work will confirm this view.

We might add that Bowditch himself took this view of the matter. He never ceased to bless the names of Drs. Prince and Bentley for opening this golden gate to knowledge, that he might enter. And fifty years thereafter he bore witness to the fact that access to this library determined his career, by leaving one thousand dollars in his will to the Athenæum of Salem.

He made thorough use of this library, and in his researches copied much into manuscript volumes that seemed to him most valuable. He practised this excellent method from the time he began to read books. The library contained volumes in the Latin, French, and German languages; and they were volumes that treated of the sciences he delighted to study. So he mastered these three foreign languages, that he might read these books. Reading these volumes awakened within him

the desire to visit other countries, that he might make himself familiar with larger and better works upon these subjects.

So thorough and safe a critic was he, that he discovered a mistake in one of the greatest works of modern times, written by Sir Isaac Newton, "The Principia." A professor of Harvard College said, on having his attention called to the mistake, "Young Bowditch is wrong." But subsequently the professor was obliged to admit that the talented youth was correct.

When he was twenty-one years of age he sailed from his native place on a foreign voyage. He went as clerk, but performed also the duties of sailor and mate whenever it was necessary. He was absent just a year. Soon, however, he sailed on a second voyage, and was absent fourteen months. Nor was his seafaring life terminated until a fourth voyage was completed. During all of these voyages his spare moments were devoted to the study of navigation. Indeed, he arranged that full half of his time on his second voyage, and nearly all of it on his third and fourth voyages, should be used for study; and his progress was rapid. He instructed the crews of the ships in navigation, so that all of them became sea-captains at subsequent periods.

It was when young Bowditch was in Madeira that his shipmaster met a mathematician of that place, to whom he spoke of Bowditch as a young man of great ability, and an expert in mathematics.

"Well, I can give him a sum he can't do."

"I think not," responded the shipmaster.

"Well, I will wager a dinner to all the masters in port that I will give him a sum he cannot perform."

"I accept the proposition," answered the shipmaster.

Accordingly all parties embraced in the wager assembled at the dinner-table of a hotel, young Bowditch among the number. The problem given to him for solution was: —

"To dig a ditch around an acre of land, how deep and how wide must that ditch be to raise the acre of land one foot."

This problem had puzzled the gentleman who proposed it for three months, and other parties in the town had tried in vain to solve it. But Bowditch reached the correct answer in a few minutes, to the surprise of all but the sea-captain who knew him so well.

On the second of these voyages Bowditch discovered many errors in an English work on navigation, by Hamilton Moore. In consequence of this discovery he was induced to prepare the "American Practical Navigator," when he was only twenty-nine years of age; and this work came into general use, both in this country and Europe. The twenty-eighth edition of this work was issued before the author's death.

Subsequently, also, he studied the works of La Place thoroughly, and discovered therein many errors. In one volume he found twenty-four errors, which were corrected in a subsequent edition, proving that the critic was correct.

Of course these great achievements spread his fame while he was yet a young man. In the estimation of the general public, including scholars, he was regarded as a prodigy. At twenty-nine he was elected to membership in the "American Academy of Arts and Sciences," a distinguished honor.

Mr. Bowditch married Elizabeth Boardman of Salem, before his third sea-voyage. She died before his return. About three years after her death he married Mary Ingersoll, his cousin, an accomplished young woman, with whom he lived thirty-four years.

In his busy life he became the author of many scientific articles that appeared in the journals of this country and Europe; also in encyclopædias and books. His own published works were various. He was elected to the Professorship of Mathematics in Harvard University, and also the University of Virginia; and about the same time President Jefferson pressed him to accept an appointment to a similar office in the Military Academy at West Point — all of which he declined. He accepted, however, the degree of LL.D. from Harvard University.

Dr. Bowditch died in 1838, at the age of sixty-five. Just before he expired he took the hand of a son standing by his bed, and said, "Good-by, my son, the work is done; and if I knew I were to be gone when the sun sets in the west, I would say, 'Thy will, O God, be done.'" Observing members of his family in tears, he added, from Hafiz, a Persian poet, —

> "So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
> Calm thou mayst smile while all around thee weep."

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

THE CALL TO ARMS THAT RAISED HIM TO HIS NICHE.

Jesse R. Grant and Hannah his wife were a young married couple living at Pleasant Point (Georgetown), Ohio, when their first-born was welcomed. When the boy was six weeks old he had no name, for the reason that neither father nor mother could find one to suit them. But soon they went to visit Mrs. Grant's parents, by the name of Simpson, ten miles distant, and show the baby. About the first question asked was, "What is the name of the baby?"

On learning that it was nameless, they were much surprised, and Grandpa Simpson suggested that, if they would leave the matter to him, he would fit a name to him before dinner. The upshot of this proposition, however, was the decision to discuss names, and then ballot for one. Mr. Simpson was in favor of naming him for some honored ancestor. A maiden aunt desired to name him Albert, after a very popular public man of Ohio, Albert Gallatin, who was then (1822) our minister at the court of France. Another maiden aunt in the family preferred a fancy name as more appropriate for so fine a boy. Jesse and Grandmother Simpson had read "Telemachus," and thought the name of its hero, Ulysses, was fine.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

So the ballot was cast, six ballots in all. Hiram had one, cast by Grandpa Simpson, in honor of a famous ancestor; Albert had two, cast by the child's mother and one of the aunts; Theodore had one, cast by the other aunt, a fancy name; and Ulysses had two, cast by the father of the child and Grandma Simpson. Although Albert and Ulysses had each two ballots, it seems to have been agreed that Ulysses was the choice; and this was the name the child carried home with him.

Ulysses was now fairly started in life. The race he ran will appear in the sequel. Like his father, Ulysses was a bright, thoughtful, matter-of-fact boy, at the same time possessing some of the traits of his excellent mother. He was obedient, industrious, and very apt in doing things. At school he was studious, though not a precocious pupil, and always exemplary in his conduct. He illustrated somewhat the remark of Dr. Arnold, the famous teacher of Rugby: "The difference in boys is not so much in talent as energy." He excelled in arithmetic.

He was but six or seven years of age when he began to assist his father in the tannery, first by riding the horse in the bark-mill. He loved a horse, and frequently was sent to carry passengers, to haul a load, or to go on some errand. His school lasted only a few weeks of the year, so that he had much time for labor of all sorts. He did not like the tannery business, and yet he learned it quite well. He preferred teaming, driving a horse, farming, choring, and even going to school, to tanning leather.

One incident shows what the boy was. His father was absent, and Ulysses employed the unbroken colt to

haul brush. He had heard his father say that he was soon going to draw a quantity of small wood and brush from the forest to the woodyard. "If I could haul it all up before father returns, he would like it, I know," he said to himself. Without consulting his mother, he proceeded to adjust the harness to the colt, and succeeded admirably. Very cautiously he approached the cart, somewhat doubtful whether the animal would consent to be hitched to that affair. The colt did not raise the least objection, but conducted himself with as much propriety as the old family horse would have done. Thus it was during the whole day; and at night a pile of brush as large as the log schoolhouse near by surprised his father on his return. The feat was the topic of remark in the family for some time.

At eight years of age he did the teaming for the tannery with a pair of horses which he handled with much skill. He had not passed his ninth birthday when he drove a pair of horses to Cincinnati, forty miles distant, to bring four passengers from that city to Georgetown. He stopped over night at the Dennison House, where he became acquainted with the proprietor's son, William Dennison, who manifested much interest in the "child-driver." This William Dennison became governor of Ohio, thirty years after meeting Ulysses; and he was a member of President Lincoln's cabinet when Ulysses was leading the Northern army to victory in the late rebellion.

At nine years of age he purchased a colt with money he had earned, — seventeen dollars. He bought it on speculation, and secured his father's consent by arguing that in three years the value of the colt would double,

and its use would pay for its keeping. At ten years of age he was the best rider of a horse in the county. Horse-dealers employed him to show off their animals. He would dash through the town standing upon the bare back of the most spirited horse.

About this time his father wanted to purchase a horse of a Mr. Ralston, a few miles distant, and he sent Ulysses to do the business. "How much did your father tell you to pay for the horse?" was Ralston's first inquiry. Ulysses was strictly honest; and, after turning over the inquiry in his mind, his honesty leaped to the front. "He told me to offer you fifty dollars, and if you would not take that, to offer you fifty-five, and that I might pay sixty dollars rather than not get the horse." Ralston thought the boy was verdant, and that he would take advantage of him and get sixty-five for the beast. "I shall not give you but sixty dollars," replied Ulysses emphatically; "I shall go home without the horse." Ralston saw at once that he had mistaken honesty for verdancy, and he sold the horse for sixty dollars. This fact proves that Ulysses possessed three valuable elements of character, — tact, push, and principle.

Neighbors regarded him as a worker rather than a scholar. They thought he might excel in some industrial pursuit, but never dreamed that he would amount to much in any other occupation. Therefore, they were much surprised when they learned that he was going to the military academy at West Point. "Lyss going to West Point!" exclaimed Lawyer Devore of the town. "Why did not Hamar appoint a boy who would do credit to the town?" The remark proves that he did not understand the boy at all; Ulysses went to West Point, and

he did credit to Georgetown. He was not so brilliant as some students, but he excelled in mathematics, and was a model of behavior to all in the institution.

He was graduated by West Point when he was twenty-one years old, June, 1843. After a furlough of three months, which he spent at home, he was appointed brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, stationed at "Jefferson Barracks," near St. Louis. Two years after his regiment was ordered to Red River, in anticipation of the Mexican War. Grant fought his first battle at Palo Alto. The battles of Monterey and Chapultepec are memorable in history; and young Grant distinguished himself in both of them for bravery and efficiency. Major Lee said in his report, after the battle of Chapultepec, "Second-lieutenant Grant behaved with distinguished gallantry on the 13th and 14th." This was the Lee who became commander of the Confederate army in the late Civil War, and surrendered his sword to Grant at Appomattox. Here also Grant met Robert Anderson, who was commander at Fort Sumter in 1861, when the Confederates fired upon it. Young Grant was in every battle of the Mexican War except Buena Vista. He was at the fall of the city of Mexico, the last battle of the war, and saw the flag he had defended unfurled over the national palace.

Grant returned to St. Louis at the close of his service in Mexico as Captain Grant — a hero of the Mexican War. He fell in love with Miss Julia Dent of St. Louis, soon after he was located at the "Jefferson Barracks;" but her parents were opposed to an engagement. But nevertheless an engagement was consummated, and now he returned to claim his bride. Her parents with-

drew all opposition, for the young soldier had returned a hero; and, besides, he saved the life of their son at Chapultepec. He was married on the 22d day of August, 1848, when he was twenty-six years and four months old.

His regiment was ordered to the northern frontier, with headquarters at Detroit. There he began housekeeping in a cottage near the barracks. For about four years he resided here, long enough to win the confidence and esteem of the people. Then his regiment was ordered to Sackett's Harbor on the Pacific coast, thence to Fort Vancouver on Columbia River, Washington Territory. Here Grant became homesick, resigned, and returned to St. Louis to meet his wife, who was at her father's. Relinquishing military life, Grant became a farmer, eight or ten miles from the city. He was poor, but industrious, and labored hard to support his family. He was wont to haul wood to St. Louis, where he had customers, among them the Hon. Henry T. Blow, who was member of the Thirty-ninth Congress when General Grant was president. But our military hero was a failure as a farmer; and then he tried other occupations, with no better success. In 1860 he removed to Galena, Ill., to fill a clerkship in the leather-store of his brothers. A host of friends in St. Louis lamented his departure, because he was a noble man. A pure, clean, reliable neighbor and citizen was the record he left behind him.

We have now reached a point where we may well stop and reflect. Grant is thirty-eight years of age, and his life has not been a success. No one has understood him. From youth to the time of his removal to Galena no one

predicted that he would excel in any pursuit. So far he had not accomplished quite as much as the neighbors of his boyhood predicted when they thought of him only as a remarkable rider of horses. The real man Grant had never been seen. But the time was near when the dormant general would awake to life. The guns of Sumter would loose the tongue of the silent man.

On the twelfth day of April, 1861, the Confederate guns were turned on Sumter, and they were heard in Galena. Ulysses S. Grant heard them, and he said, "I was educated at West Point, and if my country wants my services it can have them." The Hon. Elihu B. Washburne accompanied him to Springfield, and urged Governor Yates to commission him colonel of a regiment. Grant was too modest to expect so distinguished honor, and hinted that he might not be able to command a regiment. Governor Yates was as much puzzled over him as the neighbors of his boyhood were. He telegraphed to the book-keeper of the Grants in Galena, and he replied, —

"The way to deal with him is to ask him no questions, but simply order him to duty. He will promptly obey."

He was immediately commissioned colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers; and instead of waiting for railroad conveyance to Mexico, Mo., his destination, he marched his regiment directly across the country, drilling them as he went.

Here was the turning-point of his career. Until the call of his country for men to crush the rebellion, he had furnished no proof of ability or greatness. No crisis had called him out. His natural bent was unknown, if

not to himself, to others. But all was changed now, though late in life. Usually men are understood in early life, and their future foreshadowed. Grant was nearly forty when it began to be whispered that there was greatness in him. In less than two years after he had expressed a doubt whether he could command a regiment successfully, he was at the head of the American army, — a million men. It was a sudden transition from poverty and obscurity to affluence and renown, a sharp corner that he turned in revealing himself to the world.

We need not enlarge upon the scenes that followed, — the story of Forts Henry and Donelson, of Nashville and Corinth, of the grand movement down the Mississippi, of the siege and fall of Vicksburg, and a score and more of other battles that proved, in rapid succession, General Grant was the best-qualified general to manage the whole army, are matters of familiar history. His commission as lieutenant-general of the army of the United States, and his "On to Richmond," with the capture of the Confederate capital, the surrender of Lee, and the close of the war, are facts with which even the school-children of our land are familiar.

That a grateful nation should elect him president of the United States after he had saved the republic from overthrow was natural. He did not seek the office, but the office sought him; nor was it a surprise that our countrymen elected him to a second presidential term, after the successful termination of his first term; nor that a multitude of the American people urged him to run for a third term, on the ground that no man was so well qualified as he to bring the troubles of our country grow-

ing out of the war to a peaceful conclusion. Mr. Creswell, who was almost as familiar with the facts as Grant himself, said, —

"He did not desire to be president a third term for any glory or reputation; but his sole object was to reconcile the North and South, and I think he would have done it thoroughly. The 'Solid South' would have been a thing of the past."

A volume could not contain a record of the grief and lamentation that spread over the land when the telegram announced, "General Grant is dead." Every hamlet was filled with mourning. Symbols of honest sorrow, from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, began to appear; flags drooped at half-mast, bells tolled, public buildings were draped, badges of crape appeared on banners and the arms of veteran soldiers. Everywhere the habiliments of grief told the touching story of the nation's loss. Mourners went about the streets, and their sadness said, "Know ye not that there is a prince and great man fallen this day in Israel?"

In foreign countries, too, king and subjects united to praise the character and successful career of the illustrious dead. No language was too extravagant in which to clothe their tributes to his memory, and no public demonstration too costly to express their respect for the fallen hero.

Dr. Newman said at his funeral, "God endowed him with an extraordinary intellect. For forty years he was hidden in comparative obscurity, giving no indication of his wondrous capacity; but in those four decades he was maturing, and at the appointed time God lifted the veil of obscurity, called upon him to save a nation

and give a new direction to the civilization of the world."

"The stars on our banner grow suddenly dim;
Let us weep, in our darkness, but weep not for him!
Not for him, — who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him, — who has died full of honors and years!
Not for him, — who ascended Fame's ladder so high;
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky!
It is blessed to go, when so ready to die."

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XIII.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE MOTHER'S TEACHINGS THAT SHAPED HIS LIFE.

Oliver Cromwell had strong friends and enemies. If the former compromised the truth in his favor, the latter wrecked it in order to prove that he was a public scourge. One class declared him to be "the greatest man in England;" the other, with equal emphasis, denounced him as the "wickedest man of his time." One said that he was a "man of God," the other that he was in "league with the Devil." There is no doubt that his friends were nearest right.

Oliver was born at Huntingdon, April 25, 1599. His father was well-to-do in worldly goods, strong-minded, self-willed, with English, Scotch, and Welsh blood in his veins. A biographer says of his mother: "There is a picture of this excellent woman still preserved at Hitchinbrook, which represents her to be a person somewhat above the middle height, and having large, pensive eyes, a finely chiselled mouth, and clear, lustrous forehead, manteled with bright hair; the whole countenance lit up and harmonized by the sweetest expression imaginable. Oliver loved and honored this admirable mother, and was in turn tenderly beloved by her; and this fact alone might sufficiently refute much of the ribald calumny heaped upon his youth."

Oliver was a bold, rough, adventurous boy, full of spirit and purpose. Some of the neighbors said that he was pugnacious and naughty, inclined to join bad boys in raids on orchards and melon-patches. But his parents held him with a tight rein, and chastised him severely for pranks and disobedience. Some thought that his father got satisfaction "out of his hide."

When he was seven years old, and was on a visit to his grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell, he chased a monkey to the roof of the mansion, and scampered over it with the most reckless daring. Beholders looked on in mortal terror, expecting every moment that he would tumble to the ground. But he maintained his equilibrium with perfect coolness, and finally alighted upon *terra firma* as gracefully as the monkey itself. The incident shows that the boy did not know fear, that this was no part of his make-up. Resolute, daring, and irrepressible, he maintained his individuality.

At another time he was guilty of some naughty deed, in the absence of his father, and his mother inflicted a severe punishment upon him, and sent him to bed supperless. Within an hour a servant had occasion to go to his room on some errand, when Oliver inquired for his mother. He was told that she had gone to see a sick neighbor, two miles away, and would "return alone by a road across fields." As soon as the servant disappeared Oliver sprang out of bed, and, dressing himself with haste, went through a window down into the backyard unobserved by the servants. Looking about for some weapon of defence, he seized a spade, and started off upon the run to meet his mother. He had travelled over a mile when he met her, much to her surprise.

"Mother! mother! there is a savage bull in the field I have just passed," he exclaimed, still grieving over his merited punishment, "and I thought he might run at your red cardinal, and so I slipped out and came." His mother recognized the brave act instead of the ruse, and kissed him by way of approval. On returning, they saw the bull looking fiercely at them, but he made no attack.

When he was a boy he accidentally fell into a river, where he would have drowned had not the Rev. Mr. Johnson, curate of Connington, fished him out, and sent him home soaked to his skin. Forty years afterwards, when Cromwell marched through Huntingdon at the head of his Ironsides, he met the same Rev. Mr. Johnson, and called his attention to that episode of his boyhood, to which he received the following reply: —

"I remember the circumstance well; and I wish I had let you drown, rather than see you here in arms against your king." Cromwell smiled at the response of the reverend gentleman and passed on.

Our object in citing these facts about the boyhood of Cromwell is to show that he was a boy out of which it was easy to make a scoundrel or a tyrant. Left to himself, without wise parental restraints, there is no question but that he would have become a scourge to society, or else too worthless to be noticed. But his parents understood him. They feared the worst. Nothing but implicit obedience to their commands would save him. Rightly trained, his chief qualities would make him famous as a statesman or general. They meant that he should be famous instead of infamous, if parental fidelity could secure such a result. Both were honest Puri-

tans, prepared to defend the right, and to die for it. They believed that a religious life was the only life worth living. They would have their son become truly religious above all things else.

Oliver's mother was a deeply pious woman, and she managed him as a truly Christian mother. She made him familiar with the Bible in very early life, so that he understood perfectly well his duties to God and man. He was inducted into the church in his youth, a fact that indicated he was thoughtful, exemplary, and desirous of living for God. All through his life he was noted for his acquaintance with the Scriptures. He was able to repeat whole chapters, and even books. This fact indicates the thoroughness of maternal lessons. He was established in religious truth at the fireside. And this was the influence that kept his reckless nature from rushing to ruin.

A biographer says, "The talks at the fireside were of the atrocities of Elizabeth's reign; of the emigrants, sixty to seventy thousand of them, who, driven by the persecutions of Philip II. and of Alva, had settled within fifty years in the eastern counties of England; of that ecclesiastical farce, the Hampton Court Conference, which gave King James so much sport, and which caused the Puritans so much disappointment and distress; of the Spanish fleet, the Armada, which, a few years before his birth, had been sent for the purpose of conquering the country and forcing it to become Roman Catholic; of the attempt to blow up the Parliament House and all the Protestants in it; of the stabbing by Jesuits in Paris of Henry, one of the Protestant champions of the day; of King James's claim to 'absolute

sovereignty,' his claim to 'freedom from all control by law,' his claim to 'the power to alter the religion' of men and women, as the representative of the Almighty, and to do this work with shears and branding-irons where sermons failed; to do this in behalf of the court of heaven, when the orgies of the court at Whitehall were the derision and scorn of all Puritans." All of which served to discipline the fiery youth for the stirring times he would meet in middle life, when the tyranny of his king would require a hero to battle it.

The fact must not be overlooked that religion and politics were identical in those early days of Cromwell. When at twenty-two he was a married man and farmer, quietly looking after his sheep and cattle, the news came that the king had been to the Parliament House, and with his own hand torn the record of patriots' votes from the statute-book, and "sent a message to the members forbidding them to inquire into the mysteries of state," it is not strange that a young patriot like Cromwell should burst into a blaze. There is little doubt that his strict religious training took on a degree of political resolve that had much to do with his public deeds thirty years thereafter.

That his mother's efforts to form and establish his religious character were eminently successful is clear from the piety of his farmer life. In a letter that he wrote to his cousin, Mrs. St. John, he said, "Truly, no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand, and I am sure that I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in his Son, and give me to walk in the light. . . . Blessed be his name for

shining upon so dark a heart as mine. You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness and hated the light! I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true, I hate godliness, yet God had mercy on me. Oh, the riches of his mercy!"

Oliver's father died when he was a member of Cambridge College; and he immediately quitted the institution and went home to take care of his mother. And no son ever cared for a parent more tenderly than he did for her. He recognized the debt of gratitude under which her wise counsels placed him, and proved by his affectionate attentions that he meant to repay her for motherly fidelity. Especially did he recognize her influence in guiding him into a religious life; and there was no sacrifice or self-denial that he would not practise to express his grateful feelings.

His mother was living when Oliver became Protector, and she dwelt with him in Whitehall Palace. Every day he visited her room, and affectionately inquired after her health, exchanging with her words of endearment. She died at the age of ninety-four, in full possession of her faculties. Oliver stood by her bedside in tears. Looking up, she said, "My dear son, I leave my heart with thee; good-night." These were her last words. With the tender memories of a grateful son, Cromwell laid her body away in Westminster Abbey with the honored dead of his country.

Here is proof that the faithful teachings of the mother saved a naturally wilful and reckless child from ruin, and guided him into a noble life. The people of *her* time respected and loved her for what she was; and the people of *our* time honor her memory for what she did.

Cromwell continued to be a farmer until he was forty-three years of age. He had been a member of Parliament several years, and was called "the farmer member." But he had not entered upon that public career that proved his power. The time had come, however, for him to step forth from his quiet life into the arena of strife that prevailed over the world. National troubles, that began far back in the reign of Elizabeth, and waxed worse under James I., became intolerable in the reign of Charles I. Cromwell's opportunity had come. The voice of God roused him from his dreams. He threw off his farmer's garb, and donned military dress to fight the king. With no military experience at all he sprang to the front as a great warrior. Trusting in God to vindicate the right, he accepted the post of captain, and went into battle like an old soldier.

Within a few weeks after entering upon his military career he fought his first battle; and it proved a revelation to him as to the character of his soldiers. His experience convinced him that only religious men could be trusted in such troublous times; and he made known his feelings to Hampden, his cousin. Although his cousin thought that it would be impossible to enlist the necessary number of religious men, Cromwell proceeded at once to raise them for the war; and he was successful. They were chiefly men who believed in God, and the final victory of right; and they were never beaten in the hottest conflict. They are known in history as "The Ironsides." Their battle-cry was "The Lord of Hosts!" Hard drinking, profanity, impurity, violence to women after victories, and kindred evils of war, were unknown among them. Daily prayers were offered, and

they engaged in battle "praying and singing the songs of David." They were great in war. "They not only crushed the armies of Charles I. and Charles II., but they were feared in France, in Spain, in Africa, and at Rome." Cromwell often preached to them.

Here is striking proof that his mother turned him into his final grand career. Her religious counsels in childhood and youth assured a religious man. Her views of God, purity, and right were ingrafted upon his young life to bring forth fruit in ripe manhood. She believed that the highest inspiration to duty was a firm belief in God, and he believed it also. Hence the existence and history of the Ironsides, whose achievements proved that both mother and son were right.

Of the Naseby battle Cromwell wrote to the Parliament, "This is no other but the hand of God, and to him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with him."

In one of his private letters from Ireland he wrote, "The Lord is pleased still to vouchsafe us his presence, and to prosper his own work in our hands; which to us is more eminent, because, truly, we are a company of poor, weak, worthless creatures. Truly our work is neither from our brains, nor from our courage and strength; but we follow the Lord, who goeth before, and gather what he scattereth, and so all may appear to be from him."

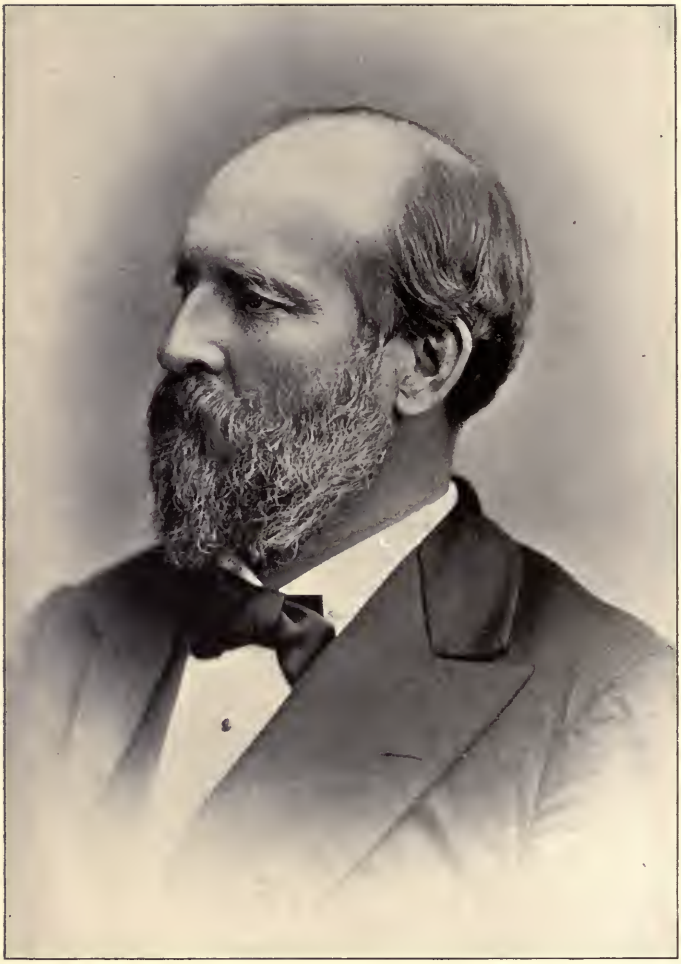
At the age of fifty-four Cromwell was proclaimed "Lord Protector of England, Ireland, and Scotland." He was regarded as the greatest soldier and statesman of his day. He was really king without the title. Carlyle says, "No more perilous place was ever deliber-

ately accepted by a man. The post of honor? No; the post of terror, and of danger, and forlorn hope."

Four years later the Protectorate Parliament pressed him to be crowned king; but he declined. "That may be fit for you to offer which may not be fit for me to undertake," he said. Their importunities for him to wear the crown were continued, but to no purpose. "I sought not this place," he said. "I speak it before God, angels, and men, I did not. You sought me for it; you brought me to it."

When he dissolved the Parliament, in the midst of almost unprecedented trials, he said in his speech, "I can say in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth, I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than undertake such a government as this."

But for his trust in God he never could have borne the burden of that stormy time. As it was, he sank beneath it three years later, the most powerful ruler England ever had. His Christian faith never wavered in war more than it did in peace; and at all times his humble dependence upon God showed how his mother's religious teachings fitted him to antagonize the tyranny and oppression of kings in the interest of humanity and right.



JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

XIV.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

THE MALADY THAT TURNED HIM FROM SAILOR TO SCHOLAR.

It was a poor log cabin in the wilderness of Ohio in which James A. Garfield was born, Nov. 19, 1831. It was twenty by thirty feet, made of unhewn logs, notched and laid one upon another, in what is called the "cob-house" style, to the height of twelve feet in front and eight feet on the back side. The spaces between the logs were filled with clay or mud, making a warm abode for winter and a cool one for summer.

The chimney was constructed of wood and mud, rising from the roof like a pyramid, smallest at the top. The roof was covered with slabs, held in place by long weight-poles. The floor was made of logs, each split into two parts, and laid the flat side up, hewn smooth with an axe. There was only one room and a loft above. The family slept upon straw beds in the loft, to which they ascended upon a sort of ladder in one corner of the room. A door and three small windows furnished all the light possible, though not what was necessary. Here Garfield began his career in poverty that pressed hard every day and hour.

When James was eighteen months old this hard lot

was made harder by the sudden death of his father. It was on a hot July day when a fire was started in the forest and threatened the destruction of their humble home. Forest-fires were frequent in summertime, and pioneer cabins had been burned and crops injured or destroyed. Abram Garfield, James's father, watched the fire with great anxiety, until satisfied that his habitation was in danger, when he rushed forward to fight it as best he could, followed by his wife, Thomas, and Mehetabel. It was a fearful battle with the fire-fiend; and when at last the fire was conquered and their little cabin safe, Mr. Garfield, thoroughly heated and exhausted, sat down upon a stump to rest. The wind was blowing briskly from the west, and was very refreshing and pleasant, so that he did not dream of danger. But the peril was there, nevertheless; and he contracted a fearful cold, that carried him away two days after. Before he expired, looking upon his four children, he said to his wife, "I have planted four saplings in these woods; I must now leave them to your care."

No language can portray the sorrow entailed by the irreparable loss of that noble father and husband. No money, no income, no school, no church; want, unutterable grief, and a dark, portentous future settled down upon the household. We have not space to continue the record of those terrible days, and can only add that Providence made a rift in the cloud before many months.

Later on a school was opened one mile and a half away. When James was nearly four years old he became a pupil. His noble-hearted sister Mehetabel carried him to and from school upon her back, and

continued the hard service through one whole term. James was a rare pupil for one of his age, and his progress from that time was rapid. The schools of that day were very poor and short, but James got all that was possible out of them.

At an early age he was compelled to work, for the family were in want of food and raiment. He worked with his eldest brother Thomas upon the little farm, assisted neighbors whenever they had a job for him; and later on he earned his first dollar by planing one hundred boards for a carpenter. He loved work, and could turn his hand to almost any kind that was done in that wild country. At ten he was called "the boy carpenter," because he could handle hammer and plane so well for Mr. Treat, and was so helpful to his brother Thomas in building a barn.

At fifteen years of age James became clerk for a black-salter by the name of Barton, at fourteen dollars a month. The manufacturer of potash was called a "black-salter." Here James found a class of books that he had never seen before. "The Pirate's Own Book," Marryat's novels, "Sindbad the Sailor," "Jack Halyard," "Lives of Eminent Criminals," etc. He read them with great avidity. He had never dreamed of any such books; they set his young imagination on fire. He took them right to his heart. He could shake off evil companions, but books were not companions in his view. They created a decided hankering for the sea in his soul, and made him restless and dissatisfied with his occupation. He returned home after a few months, to inform his mother that he must go to sea. His mother was a very wise woman, and succeeded in bridling his desire for the time being.

Unfortunately for him, however, he subsequently engaged to cut a hundred cords of wood for his uncle on the shores of Lake Erie. There on the blue bosom of the lake he daily saw vessels going to and fro, and the spectacle fired anew his desire for the sea. Nothing in the world was so fascinating to him as the graceful craft that sailed those placid waters. When his job of wood-cutting was completed, he went to his home fully determined to become a sailor. He could not take no for an answer. His mother reasoned with him, and portrayed in vivid colors the perils and corruptions of a seafaring life; but it was all to no purpose. He must go to sea or be miserable all his life.

Finally his mother compromised with him, and consented for him to ship for a short voyage on Lake Erie, hoping that a few months of hardships might remove his mania for the sea. He went to Cleveland in search of a position on a lake vessel, but was not successful; and he became mule-driver on the canal-boat Evening Star, commanded by his cousin, Captain Amos Letcher. He remained two or three months on this boat, proving himself to be a faithful and efficient employee. During this time he fell into the river fourteen times, the last time saved almost by a miracle. It was on a very dark, stormy night when he was called from a sound sleep to steady the boat through a lock, for he had been promoted from the tow-path to bowman. He was uncoiling the rope for the purpose of steadying the boat through the lock, when by some unaccountable accident he was hurled into the water. The boat went on, and not a mortal on board knew that James had fallen overboard, and, of course, no help was near. A watery

grave seemed inevitable. Fortunately his hand seized the rope in the darkness, and he drew himself, hand over hand, upon deck. The rope would have been of no service to him, had it not caught in a crevice on the edge of the deck and held fast. It was a narrow escape; and as he stood dripping in his wet clothes, his thoughts ran thus: —

"What saved me that time? It must have been God. I could not have saved myself. Just a kink in the rope catching in that crevice saved me, nothing else. That was almost miraculous, and God does miraculous things. Was it my mother's prayers? She is a praying woman, and could never forget me."

Before the serious reflections evoked by that accident had worn away, James was attacked with fever and ague, and was obliged to return home. He arrived at ten o'clock at night, approaching the house thoughtfully and tremblingly. Listening as he laid his hand upon the latch, he heard his mother's voice in prayer, "Oh, turn unto me and have mercy upon me! Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid." Her prayer was answered. Mother and son were united in loving embrace.

James had quite a long siege of sickness. For several weeks medical aid was necessary. On becoming convalescent, however, his old passion for the sea cropped out, and his mother was pained to learn that he still longed for life on the ocean wave. She reasoned, expostulated, and pleaded, but in vain. James was fully determined to become a sailor, no matter what exposures and hardships were incident to such a life.

A Christian young man, by the name of Samuel D.

Bates, was teaching the district school at the time, and Mrs. Garfield thought he could aid her in this exigency. So she called upon him, and made known to him the condition and purpose of her son, and asked him to assist her in turning James's attention from the sea to school. Mr. Bates consented, and was introduced to James while he was not yet able to leave the house. The interview was a pleasant one to both parties, and it was repeated frequently. Young Bates was a member of Geauga Seminary, preparing for the ministry, and would return to that institution at the close of his term. He advised James to abandon the idea of a seafaring life, and go with him in the spring to the Geauga school.

Here was the crisis in James's life. Should he follow the seas, his talents would be buried. He might become the commander of a vessel, or he might be kicked about upon the deck of some ill-fated cruiser, and die in a foreign port. The highest possible attainment for him as a mariner was not at all flattering at that time. On the other hand, the path of intellectual culture was bright and promising to a boy of his talents. If his mother and Mr. Bates could make him see the possibilities of an earnest, determined effort to secure an education, his fortune would be made. They realized that it was now or never with the youth, and pressed their claim accordingly. It was a struggle of weeks, sustained by faith and prayer. Less persistent efforts would have been of no avail. James's strong will and purpose needed indomitable and persevering labor to turn them. And this was accomplished at last. James abandoned the idea of following the sea, and decided

to go with Bates to Geauga Seminary. There James could pay his way by job-work out of school-hours, cutting down his expenses by boarding himself. He was fortunate in securing an opportunity to pay his way by working for a carpenter after school and on Saturdays.

He proved to be the best scholar of all on some lines. His progress was rapid in knowledge and character. He was popular with associates, and perfectly reliable in every place. The following winter he taught school successfully, and then returned to the seminary, where he continued three years. By this time he had resolved to fit for college, and entered Hiram Institute, where a higher education was possible. Here he swept the school-building, rang the bell, worked at the carpenter's bench on Saturdays, and thus paid all his bills. He was a busy student, and loved study with all his heart. In three years he prepared for college, and entered Williams College two years in advance, and was graduated by that institution with high honors.

He became principal of Hiram Institute on leaving college — perhaps the most popular principal that institution had ever had. Soon he was in demand for literary lectures in neighboring towns, and public speeches on special occasions. He preached, too, almost every Sunday, here and there. His marked talents were recognized everywhere; and while yet a young man he became renowned, and was called into political life because of his ability and fitness.

He was a member of the State Senate of Ohio at the outbreak of the late Civil War, an intimate friend of Jacob D. Cox, afterwards major-general, governor of Ohio, and secretary of the interior. Fellow-members

of the Senate called these two close friends "Damon and Pythias." Garfield took rank at once with the ablest speakers in that body. One night he said to Cox, —

"War is inevitable."

"Sure as you live," answered Cox with considerable emotion.

"You and I must fight," added Garfield.

"Or prove ourselves cowards," responded Cox.

"Here, then, we pledge our lives to our country in this hour of peril." And they clasped hands silently, such emotions stirring their breasts as only patriots feel in the solemn hour of danger. Soon the assault on Sumter aroused the North to arms. Garfield took the field first as colonel, but was soon made brigadier-general for bravery and efficiency. He won unfading laurels on the battlefield, though the youngest brigadier in the service.

Next, the Republicans of the Nineteenth Ohio Congressional District elected him to succeed Joshua R. Giddings as national representative. Garfield was at the head of his command in Kentucky when he was elected to Congress, and knew nothing of the plan until its consummation. He was very popular with officers and soldiers of the army, and his pay was double that of a congressman; but he obeyed the voice of his constituents, and for eighteen years was a leading spirit in the House of Representatives.

In 1880 his native State, Ohio, needed a United States Senator, and Garfield was the man to whom all eyes were turned. The legislature nominated him by acclamation. After his election, Garfield visited Columbus,

and addressed the legislature. A paragraph from his speech was as follows: —

"During the twenty years that I have been in public life, almost eighteen of it in the Congress of the United States, I have tried to do one thing. Whether I was mistaken or otherwise, it has been the plan of my life to follow my conviction, at whatever personal cost to myself. I have represented for many years a district in Congress whose approbation I greatly desired; but though it may seem, perhaps, a little egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the approbation of one person, and his name was Garfield. He is the only man I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with; and if I could not have his approbation, I should have bad companionship."

President Hinsdale said of him after his election to the United States Senate: "He has commanded success. His ability, knowledge, mastery of questions, generosity of nature, devotion to the public good, and honesty of purpose, have done the work. He has never had a political 'machine.' He has never forgotten the day of small things. It is difficult to see how a political triumph could be more complete or more gratifying than his election to the Senate. No bargains, no 'slate,' no 'grocery,' at Columbus. He did not even go to the capital city. Such things are inspiring to those who think politics in a bad way. He is a man of positive convictions freely uttered. Politically, he may be called a 'man of war;' and yet few men, or none, begrudge him his triumph. Democrats vied with Republicans, the other day in Washington, in their congratulations; some of them were as anxious for his election as any Republi-

can could be. It is said that he will go to the Senate without an enemy on either side of the chamber. These things are honorable to all parties. They show that manhood is more than party."

Before the time arrived for Garfield to take his seat in the Senate, he was nominated for PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. It was in the National Republican Convention of 1880. Garfield was not a candidate. But after thirty-four ineffectual ballots for a candidate, about fifty members of the convention cast their votes for James A. Garfield. A wild scene of excitement followed the announcement. The delegates of one State seized their banner with a shout, bore it proudly forward, and placed it over the aforesaid patriot and statesman, followed by other delegations, and still others, until seven hundred delegates upon the floor, and fifteen thousand spectators in the galleries, joined in the heart-felt demonstration, and cheer upon cheer rent the air, as the banners, one after another, were placed in triumph over the head of their hero, declaring to the world, without the use of language, that James A. Garfield was the choice of the convention for president of the United States; terminating the magnificent ovation by the several bands striking up, "Rally Round the Flag," fifteen thousand voices joining in the chorus, and a section of artillery outside contributing its thundering bass to the outburst of joy. It was a wild, tumultuous scene, yet grandly rational, — the spontaneous outburst of patriotic devotion to the country, such as never occurred in any political assembly before, and probably never will again.

The remainder of the story is known to the whole world. His election, inauguration, occupation of the

White House, noble public service, assassination, lingering, painful sickness, death and burial, a nation in tears, — all these are familiar history, none of which would have happened had not an unexpected malady forced him homeward, where loving, faithful counsel turned him into the way of culture, usefulness, and renown.

XV.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

THE CHILD'S DEATH THAT DETERMINED HER LIFE-WORK.

Lucretia Mott was born in the seaport of Nantucket, Mass., June 3, 1803, of a Quaker family. She was reared in a very simple way, unused to luxuries and pleasures, and expected to assist her mother in household affairs. Her father was Thomas Coffin, a sea-captain, and therefore away from home much of the time. He was a man of great energy and sterling character. Under the influence of her wise and excellent mother, Lucretia learned all about housework, which meant neatness and economy in that family. At the same time she laid a good foundation for an education in the public schools of the town.

There were six children in the family, brothers and sisters. Although poverty never entered her home, yet it was necessary that industry and economy should be the law of the household. Hence Lucretia was drilled in just those virtues that assure a wise and lovely womanhood.

Mr. Coffin removed to Boston when Lucretia was twelve years of age; and here her school advantages were much improved. At first she attended a private

school; but this was soon exchanged for a public school, because her father thought that mingling with the poor as well as the rich would be better for her. That he was correct, subsequent events proved. For here her sympathies for the needy were first drawn out. The difference between her own experience and that of many of the pupils was a revelation to her. There was started in her mind a train of thought for improving the condition of the poor and down-trodden that influenced her through life. In womanhood she said, "I am glad of the change from a private to a public school, because it gave me a feeling of sympathy for the patient and struggling poor, which but for this experience I might never have known."

When she was about fourteen years of age she was sent to a Friends' boarding-school in Nine Partners, N.Y. This was a school for both girls and boys, under the charge of James Mott, a young man of ability and worth. He soon learned that in Lucretia he had a school-girl of unusual intelligence and scholarship.

It was in this school that her attention was first called to the wickedness of American slavery. In her reading-book was an account of slave-ships plying their inhuman traffic on the coast of Africa. Her soul was harrowed by the record of barbarity disclosed; and the impression upon her heart, as we shall see, was deep and life-long.

At fifteen she became assistant in this school, and proved beyond a doubt her tact and ability for the position. Her observing faculties were clear-cut, so that she was able to explain and illustrate lessons in a manner that won the attention and admiration of pupils.

Her appearance at that time was that of a young lady of eighteen. She became deservedly popular with scholars and patrons.

While in this school her father removed to Philadelphia, believing that the change would greatly facilitate his business. Lucretia was delighted with this removal, as it brought her parents nearer to her school, and the Quaker city was a place after her own heart. Her visits thither were a source of inexpressible joy to her.

Mr. Mott's interest in Lucretia as a scholar and born teacher ripened into love, which was reciprocated by the artless girl. His plans were made for a change of occupation, after thoroughly canvassing the subject; and when Lucretia was eighteen years of age and James twenty-two, they were married at her father's house in Philadelphia. Her father's home became Lucretia's home, and her husband assisted him in his business. Captain Coffin was much pleased with his son-in-law, and congratulated his daughter on her good fortune.

The War of 1812 spread financial distress over the country. Many business men lost their last dollar. Failures were numerous in every city. In Philadelphia the "hard times" surpassed everything of the sort in former experience, and business houses went down with a crash. Among the unfortunate was Captain Coffin, who was now a poor man.

James Mott was in trouble now. His occupation was gone, and he had a wife and child to support. In such a depressed condition of business, too, it was very difficult to find employment. But the young couple were heroic, and the husband soon found work in a store on a salary of six hundred dollars a year.

In the meantime Captain Coffin sickened and died, leaving his family penniless. James Mott felt that Providence had cast the members of it upon him for support, and he manfully looked about in search of a way to increase his resources. He resolved to go into business for himself, and rented a store; but it proved a failure, and he was left poorer than ever. For the first time in his life he was inclined to yield to despair, but his faithful and brave wife came to his rescue.

"James," she said, "thee must not be discouraged; it is not a good time to give up. My cousin and I will open a school."

The school was opened with four pupils, who were to pay seven dollars a quarter. This was not a flattering beginning; but Lucretia put so much heart into the work, and made things so cheerful and interesting, that soon forty pupils crowded the room. The school was a great success. Her husband, too, secured a situation, with a salary of one thousand dollars. They were never so prosperous as now, and never more happy.

Their joy, however, was interrupted by an unexpected sorrow. Their eldest child, a bright, beautiful boy of four or five years, died suddenly; his last words being, "I love thee, mother!" The parents were not Christians, though very exemplary, and so they were without the only adequate support under such a trial. They were completely overwhelmed, and gave themselves up to mourning night and day. For a time it seemed that the loss of their son would unfit them for further work. Lucretia was utterly prostrated, and refused to be comforted. The charm of life vanished with her darling boy. She had little to live for now, so she thought; even death would be welcome to her.

But "man's extremity is God's opportunity." It was a providential sorrow, with infinite meaning. It proved to be the crisis of her life; and out of the affliction she came with a new heart. She saw the hand and heard the voice of her Lord, and responded with a glad spirit, "Here am I." Henceforth she would live a Christian heroine, and suffering humanity should rejoice in her love and deeds. There was no reserve. She just laid herself upon the altar, praising God that out of sorrow a great joy had taken possession of her soul, and out of darkness a great light had risen.

Now her experience in the public schools of Boston, awakening sympathy for those who were struggling to exist, as well as her horror of the slave-trade, begotten by reading of the slave-ships at school, served her a good purpose. Evidently the All-Wise was disciplining her for a higher and nobler life. She had been led in a way she knew not; but now she saw clearly who had led her in the unknown way, and she resolved to know no will but his.

The severest trial of her life resulted in the greatest blessing. The death of her boy proved life to her soul. But for this bereavement she might have lived contentedly for herself and family; but this caused her to live henceforth for mankind. She recognized, too, her debt of gratitude to God for a noble husband and dear children left. She blamed herself for overlooking these great blessings and yielding to unreasonable grief. With sanctified affection, and a new, clear view of a mother's duties, she devoted herself to the care and culture of her three children left. She wrote of that time, "I omitted much unnecessary stitching and ornamental

work in the sewing for my family, so that I might have more time for the improvement of my mind. For novels and light reading I never had much taste; the ladies' department in the periodicals had no attractions for me."

The Bible, a few theological books, and the best works in philosophy and science she selected in her plans for self-culture; and devoted herself to their study with an industry and economy of time such as are seen only where a high sense of duty determines action. Nor did she neglect her family in the least; but a divine tact and enthusiasm seemed to qualify her for manifold duties.

Her husband was prospering in the cotton business, so that she could give some attention to the poor, and attend "Friends'" meetings in the vicinity, where the good Quakers welcomed her with glad hearts. Her voice was heard in prayer and speech; and listeners thanked the Lord for the "gift," as they called her charming use of language. Her influence grew and spread. All sects wished her God-speed. Her husband fully sympathized with her in all of her philanthropic efforts, and often accompanied her on benevolent missions. The mutual love of their youth had been welded together in the furnace of affliction.

On Dec. 4, 1833, there was a convention in Philadelphia to organize the "American Anti-slavery Society," and Mrs. Mott was there. She was one of four women who had the courage to array themselves against slavery, in the face of obliquy and reproach; and all four were at the convention. At that time anti-slavery men and women were maligned and persecuted shame-

fully, so that the organization of the "American Anti-slavery Society" was a challenge to the friends of human bondage. Mrs. Mott took in the situation as one who believed in God and the right, and she addressed the convention calmly but decisively. Her sweet, tender voice, her honest and fearless attitude, and her fervid eloquence won all hearts. From that time she became a leader in the anti-slavery cause.

Subsequently, when addressing a convention of abolitionists in Philadelphia, the hall was attacked by a mob, the windows broken by stones, and, as soon as the meeting was adjourned, the building was set on fire and burned to ashes. Then the mob started for the house of Mrs. Mott. A messenger was despatched in haste to inform her of the fact, when she sent her children to a neighbor's, and calmly sat down in her parlor with a few friends to await probable death. In the crowd of rioters was a young man who did not want Mrs. Mott harmed, though he hated negroes. So he rushed up another street, crying, "On to Mott's!" and led them in another direction, and thus saved the devoted woman.

Mr. Mott was a live anti-slavery man, and often spoke with his wife in public meetings. Both became familiar with mobs; and in New York, Baltimore, and other places their lives were put in jeopardy. But no amount of opposition could scare them into silence. Nor did they confine their labors to anti-slavery; the temperance cause received their hearty and enthusiastic support. The cause of woman suffrage also, and the settlement of trouble among nations by arbitration instead of war, found strong allies in them.

Mrs. Mott became as well known in Great Britain almost as she was at home; and she visited that country by request, to address anti-slavery meetings. On her return she visited many State legislatures, and addressed them upon the abolition of slavery. Her eloquence, fairness, and downright earnestness won friends wherever she went.

The Mott residence in Philadelphia was large, and its doorbell was often rung by people asking alms. Two chairs were placed in the front hall; and they were occupied so much of the time by this class, that they were christened "beggars' chairs." Fugitive slaves were prominent among the callers, on their way to liberty. They knew where to find a friend and money to help them on toward the North Star.

And with all this work and interruption she looked well to the ways of her household. She wrote to a friend, "I prepared mince for forty pies, doing every part myself, even to meat-chopping; picked over lots of apples, stewed a quantity, chopped some more, and made apple-pudding, all of which kept me on my feet till almost two o'clock, having to come into the parlor every now and then to receive guests."

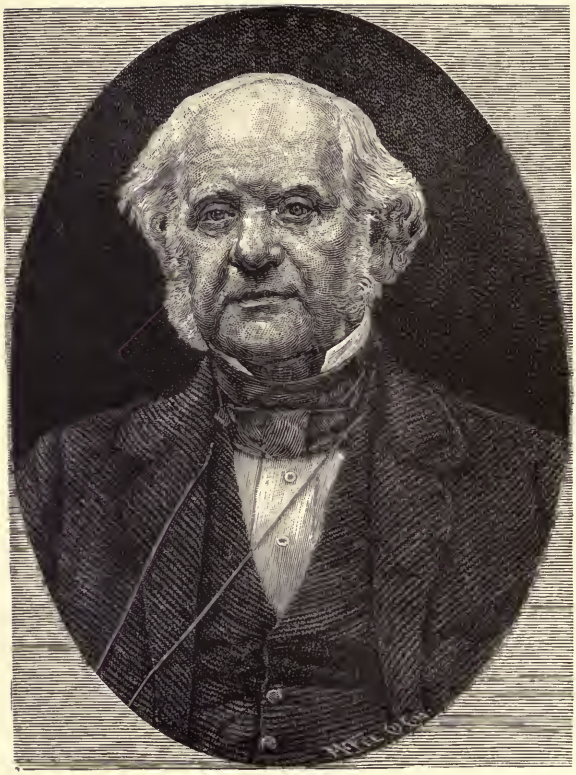
She was greatly beloved and respected in age for her fortitude, philanthropy, and pious devotion to every good cause. Often she met strangers on the street who would say, "God bless you, Mrs. Mott!" or some kindred benediction. Attorney-General Brewster once said to her son-in-law, Edward Hopper, "I have heard a great deal about your mother-in-law, Hopper; but I never saw her before to-day. She is an angel." Several years afterwards, when Mr. Brewster had changed

his political opinions, a friend asked him how he dared do it, to which he replied "Do you think there is anything I dare not do after facing Lucretia Mott in that courtroom?"

On a visit to their grandchildren in Brooklyn, N.Y., Mr. Mott was attacked with pneumonia and died. When taken ill he expressed to his wife a wish to go home, but added, "I suppose I shall die here, and then I shall be at home; it is just as well." An acquaintance remarked, after Mr. Mott's death, "I believe it was the most perfect wedded life to be found on earth." Mrs. Mott answered, smiling through her tears, "James and I loved each other more ever since we worked together for a great cause. I do not mourn, but rather remember my blessings, and the blessing of his long life with me."

Mrs. Mott lived twelve years longer, and died at the age of eighty-seven. Her last words were, "If you resolve to follow the Lamb wherever you may be led, you will find all the ways pleasant, and the paths peace. Let me go!" In silence a large company gathered around the open grave, waiting to receive the honored dead, when a low voice broke the silence by saying, "Will no one say anything?" Another voice responded, "Who can speak? the preacher is dead!"

A great sorrow turned an ordinary life into a world-wide blessing.



GEORGE PEABODY.

XVI.

GEORGE PEABODY.

THE CALAMITY THAT MADE HIM A BANKER.

GEORGE PEABODY, the great London banker, was born in Danvers, Mass., on Feb. 18, 1795. His parents were very poor, as were nearly all parents at that time. Their children enjoyed few opportunities to improve in knowledge or wisdom. George had no better opportunity than other poor boys; but his high aim and persistent efforts made the most of what he had. He was always climbing, going up higher and higher, growing wiser and wiser.

At eleven years of age he bade farewell to home and school, and began to serve in the grocery-store of his native town. An obedient, affectionate, industrious boy at home, he had no thought of being anything else in the store. He was manly, quick-witted, and polite, just the boy to gain the confidence of his employer and the esteem of patrons. All learned very soon to esteem him for his ability and worth.

George loved books, and was truly sorry to be obliged to quit school forever. But he could do the next best thing, improve his leisure time by reading. His employer had a few books, and also the neighbors, who were glad to loan them to so promising a boy. But he

never allowed reading or any other recreation to interfere with his business. His first duty was to his employer, and he thoroughly identified himself with the business of the grocery as if it were his own. Still he found spare moments enough for reading to make his progress in knowledge and intellectual discipline remarkable.

He spent four years in the grocer's employ, at the close of which he was left an orphan, without home or money. Circumstances made a change desirable; and George removed to Thetford, Vt., to live with his maternal grandfather on a farm. Here he proved himself the same true, thoughtful, handy, and faithful boy that he was in Danvers. So competent, gentlemanly, right-minded, and faithful was he, that his grandfather predicted for him a distinguished career in manhood.

George lived at Thetford only one year. His brother David was proprietor of a draper's shop in Newburyport, Mass.; and, needing a clerk very much, he prevailed upon George to accept the position. It was a very pleasant change for him, because he specially loved mercantile business. He entered upon his new duties with high hopes. He saw business in his new field for the future of his life; and this idea inspired him to do his best. Early and late he devoted himself to the work in hand, and every day he grew in competency. His brother looked on with delight and admiration. George displayed more tact and ability than he expected. He was superior to any youth of his age in all his acquaintance for business and for society. He was a drawing-card for the shop. People liked him. Customers found him to be a young man of unusual intelligence and probity.

They enjoyed trading with him. His suavity and honesty attracted buyers, and the sales increased. The business promised unexpected success. And all this strengthened the hopes of George; he was sure that he had found his life-work.

But one night when he was at the height of his expectations the store took fire and was burned to the ground, with all its contents. The last dollar David possessed vanished in the flames. Both he and George were thus suddenly deprived of an occupation. One was as poor as the other, and that was poor enough. What next?

The feelings of George can better be imagined than described. Here he was homeless and penniless, not knowing which way to turn for food and clothes. If a youth ever had reason to give up in despair, George had; but he was not one of that sort. He believed in hard work, and he believed in himself also. He had the will, and he knew that it could make a way. He had no idea of sitting down in discouragement, and saying, "It is no use; everything is against me." He was not built on that plan. Rather was he aroused to new endeavors, to take a new lease of life.

George cast about for something to do. He was prepared to accept almost anything in the line of useful work. But it was not a good time for business in New England then, and the prospect was not very bright for a poor boy to retrieve his fortune. He cast about, however, for a field of labor. He could not find it in Newburyport; nor could he learn of one elsewhere.

His Uncle John was doing business in Georgetown, District of Columbia, and very naturally George thought of him; and the more he reflected, the more the prospect

brightened. Why should he not go to Georgetown at once? No sooner had he asked the question than he answered it — I WILL GO.

Here was the turning-point in his eventful career, as we shall learn from what follows. The calamity that destroyed his occupation proved a blessing in disguise. It forced him into a larger, wider, grander field of effort. But for the conflagration he might have remained in the draper's shop during his natural life, without being known beyond the limits of his own town. He would have been known and honored there; for such a youth cannot live and grow up into manhood without being well known and honored in the town where he toils. But his misfortune opened the way to larger business and world-wide influence. He saw it not then; but at forty he traced with delight the way in which the Lord had led him. In the draper's limited sphere he might not have developed into the superior model merchant and banker that he became. Burning the bridge behind him made it necessary for him to move forward, and he made a greater man in consequence. Out of the ashes of his store he grew into the famous London banker and world-renowned philanthropist.

His uncle welcomed George to his home and business. He needed a young man, and his nephew proved to be exactly the one his affairs required. He became popular in the town. His business and social qualities commended him to the attention and respect of every citizen. He was highly esteemed by the young, and he was equally popular with the old. So rapidly did he grow in favor with the public, that a merchant of Georgetown, by the name of Riggs, invited him to be-

come his partner in the wholesale drapery business. His uncle advised him to accept the proposition, as the business was one with which he was acquainted, and besides, it was a very prosperous one. George was but nineteen years of age when this offer was made and accepted; but the sagacious merchant saw qualities in the youth that made him a desirable partner. The first five thousand dollars that young Peabody ever made was acquired in this business with Riggs. Branches of this house were established, after a little, in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. In 1830 Mr. Riggs retired from the firm, leaving George at the head of a large, growing, and profitable business.

In 1827 Peabody visited London in the interest of the firm; and he became enamoured with the great city, and secretly resolved that he would become a citizen of it at a future day. At this time he was regarded as a great financier for a man of his years. He knew how to make money, and how to invest and keep it; and that was unusual, even for that day. It was said that he then saw an opening for a banker in London. Whether so or not, he sold out his business in this country in 1837, and established himself in London. From that day he was never hid by obscurity, nor indolent for the lack of business. In a few years he became a rich man, and his wealth increased from year to year marvellously.

Respected among his peers, honored by the poor and unknown, beloved by all, he pursued the even tenor of his way, industrious, economical, and unassuming as the poorest, busy toiler of the realm. His great heart took in the wants and woes of humanity, and his long purse

supplemented his prayers and work to make the needy glad.

He once said to a friend, "It has been my constant prayer to God that I might accumulate a large amount of money to give in charity to the poor." God heard his prayer; and he acquired the immense fortune of nearly TEN MILLION DOLLARS, all of which, after liberal legacies to relatives and friends, was given to the poor of England and America, and a class of literary institutions, chiefly in his native land. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of it went to the "Peabody Institute" of Danvers. When the citizens of this town celebrated the occasion of his visit to them with music and banners, bonfires and illuminations, a banquet and speeches, he said to the school-children before him, in a speech of eloquence and pathos, —

"I hope that many a great and good man may arise from the ranks of Danvers boys assembled here to-day. Bear in mind, however, that to be truly great it is not necessary that you should gain wealth and importance. Every boy may become a great man in whatever sphere Providence may call him to move.

"Steadfast and undeviating truth, fearless and straightforward integrity, and an honor ever unsullied by an unworthy word or action, make their possessor greater than worldly success or prosperity. These qualities constitute greatness; without them you will never enjoy the good opinions of others, or the approbation of a good conscience.

"May the advice I have given you be impressed upon your young hearts. It is given with great sincerity by one who has had much experience in the world; and,

although Providence has smiled upon all his labors, he has never ceased to feel and lament the want of that early education which is now so freely offered to each one of you. This is the first time we have met; it may prove the last; but while I live I shall ever feel a warm interest in your welfare. God bless you all!"

Mr. Peabody died in Eaton Square, London, Nov. 4, 1869. His funeral in Westminster Abbey was as elaborate and sorrowful as that of kings and queens in that celebrated place of worship; and then his remains were placed on the English war-ship Monarch, and brought to this country. At his own request his body was laid beside that of his mother in his native town of Danvers, where universal sorrow bewailed his death.

At the time Mr. Peabody contemplated returning to his native land, a while after his munificent gift of about TWO MILLION DOLLARS to benefit the London poor, Queen Victoria addressed a letter to him, from which the following extract is made, —

"The Queen hears that Mr. Peabody intends shortly to return to America; and she would be sorry that he should leave England without being assured by herself how deeply she appreciates the noble act, of more than princely munificence, by which he has sought to relieve the wants of her poorer subjects residing in London. It is an act, as the Queen believes, wholly without parallel; and which will carry its best reward in the consciousness of having contributed so largely to the assistance of those who can little help themselves.

"The Queen would not, however, have been satisfied without giving Mr. Peabody some public mark of her sense of his munificence; and she would gladly have

conferred upon him either a baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, but that she understands Mr. Peabody to feel himself debarred from accepting such distinctions.

"It only remains, therefore, for the Queen to give Mr. Peabody this assurance of her personal feelings; which she would further wish to mark by asking him to accept a miniature portrait of herself, which she will desire to have painted for him, and which, when finished, can either be sent to him in America, or given to him on the return which she rejoices to hear he meditates to the country that owes him so much."

The costly miniature was accepted; and, in his reply to the Queen, Mr. Peabody said, "I shall value it as the most gracious heirloom that I can leave in the land of my birth; where, together with the letter which your Majesty has addressed to me, it will ever be regarded as an evidence of the kindly feeling of the Queen of the United Kingdom toward a citizen of the United States."

The miniature is preserved in the vault of the Peabody Institute, Danvers, Mass., together with other precious relics of the famous philanthropist.

On the occasion of erecting a bronze statue to his memory, on the east side of the Royal Exchange, London, Mr. Motley, the American minister to the Court of St. James, said, "I have often thought of a famous epitaph inscribed on the monument of an old Earl of Devon, one who was commonly called, 'the good Earl of Devon.' No doubt the inscription is familiar to many who now hear me. 'What I spent, that I had; what I saved, that I lost; that which I gave away remains with me.' And what a magnificent treasure, according to these

noble and touching words, has our friend and the poor man's friend preserved for himself, till time and he shall be no more!"

Wonderful career of a poor boy working his own way to renown! But for the conflagration that terminated his connection with Newburyport, he might never have become the successful and honored London banker.

XVII.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

THE CHOICE OF JOURNALISM THAT LED HIM ON TO FORTUNE.

In our Revolutionary struggle for independence, Ephraim Blaine was "an officer of the Pennsylvania line, a trusted friend of Washington, and during the last four years of the war served as the commissary-general of the northern department of his command. Possessed of ample means, he drew largely from his own private purse, and enlisted the contributions of various friends for the maintenance of the army through the severe and memorable winter at Valley Forge." This Ephraim Blaine was the grandfather of the late James G. Blaine, who was born in West Brownsville, Washington County, Penn., Jan. 31, 1830. His ancestry were Scotch-Irish Protestant on one side and Catholic on the other. The children were reared in the Protestant faith; and James early identified himself with the Congregationalists, in which communion he died.

James was a precocious boy, a great reader, and a close student in mathematics. When he was nine years old he could recite the whole of Plutarch's "Lives." His remarkable memory appropriated readily the contents of whatever book he read. Having ample means, his

father provided excellent teachers for him at home, until at eleven years of age he was sent to Lancaster, Ohio, where he lived in the family of a relative, Thomas Ewing, whose son fitted for college in that town with Blaine. This Thomas Ewing, junior, was a member of Congress with Mr. Blaine a quarter of a century later. Thomas Ewing, senior, was in the president's cabinet — secretary of the treasury — when Blaine took up his residence in the family.

These boys had a fine teacher at Lancaster, an accomplished Englishman by the name of William Lyons, a brother of Lord Lyons; and their progress was very creditable to both of them Young Blaine was fitted for college at eighteen, and entered Washington College in his native State and county. He was a great lover of books, so much so that he seldom engaged in sports with fellow-students. One of his college-mates said of him, "I knew Blaine at Washington College, he being in the next class below me. Blaine's parents lived at Washington during their son's college course, and on that account the students saw less of him than if he had boarded at the college instead of at home. Young Blaine was a sturdy, heavy-set, matter-of-fact looking young fellow, not at all prepossessing in appearance, and exceedingly awkward at times, and giving no hint of the elegant gentleman he has grown to be. He was never seen on the street or playground, and rarely mingled in the customary sports of the boys. I remember we had a very fine football ground, but I never remember to have seen young Blaine on it. In fact, I cannot say for certain that I ever saw him engaged in any kind of sport during the entire time I was in

college. It is my impression that he passed all his leisure at home, or in one of the college halls, or with a book. He was a great reader, almost a bookworm, and would become absorbed to a wonderful degree in his books."

He was graduated with honors in 1847, when he was seventeen years of age. His oration on Commencement Day was a grand affair for a youth, his subject being, "The Duty of an Educated American." Listeners prophesied that a youth who could use the king's English with such grace, eloquence, and power, would be distinguished in his manhood. He excelled in literature and mathematics in college, and his compositions were of a high order. His extreme modesty, which amounted to a decided lack of confidence in his own abilities, interfered with his standing in the literary society. He shrank from debate.

Soon after he was graduated he accepted the position of professor of mathematics in a military school at Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky. There were two hundred sons of Southern planters in this school, young men of spirit, who were restive under restraint, and inclined to dare the authority of their young professor of mathematics, who was only eighteen years of age. One day the students rose in rebellion against the faculty, and attacked some of the officers with knives and pistols. It was a serious *mêlée;* and young Blaine sprang to the relief of the faculty, and engaged in the contest like a gladiator. With his stalwart blows several of the students were laid unconscious upon the floor, and finally the rebels were subdued and the faculty were victorious. From that time the students, who had admitted that Blaine

was a very accomplished professor, respected him as a young man of superior courage and strength. With them, reared under the blighting curse of slavery, fists were superior to brains.

At the close of his third year at Blue Lick, having married Miss Harriet Stanwood of Maine, who was teacher in a young ladies' seminary in the neighboring town of Millersburg, he visited her friends in the Pine Tree State. Then he accepted the position of instructor in an institution for the blind in Philadelphia, where he continued two years, a very successful and popular teacher. He had charge of the higher classes in literature and science; and the principal of the school wrote this of him, "His brilliant mental powers were exactly qualified to enlighten and instruct the interesting minds before him."

He was now twenty-four years of age, and wielded a trenchant pen, and had written considerably for newspapers and literary publications. He enjoyed this kind of literary labor more than he did any other. Yet he had not decided upon his life-work. He had thought and discussed the matter of editorial work, but no opening appeared at the time. He loved teaching, and his purpose was to continue that profession unless Providence opened a wide door to some other. While in this frame of mind an opportunity was presented — the opportunity of his lifetime as it proved — to purchase a half-interest in the *Kennebec Journal* of Augusta, Me. He embraced this opportunity with all his heart, made the purchase, and removed at once to Augusta, which was his home thereafter as long as he lived. This choice was the turning-point in his great career, as the sequel will show.

The *Journal* took a new start under his editorial ability. Readers soon discovered that a man of intellectual power and great wisdom, young as he was, had assumed the editorial charge of the paper. He handled political questions with the skill of a veteran, and rallied the Republican party to new interest and endeavor. In two years he was one of the leaders of the Republican party in Maine, and was a delegate in 1856 to the first national Republican convention which nominated Frémont for the presidency. On his return from that convention he made his first public speech in Augusta, by invitation. The modesty that deterred him from debate in academy and college had kept him silent before the people until now. He began his speech under considerable embarrassment, but gained confidence as he proceeded and warmed with his subject. At the close of his splendid effort Republicans were unanimous in the opinion that they had not only the most brilliant editor in the State, but also the most accomplished orator. "If he thus surprises us at twenty-six, what will he not do at fifty-six?" said one.

The next year after taking charge of the *Journal* he enlarged his sphere of influence by taking the editorship of the *Portland Advertiser*. He was a tremendous worker, and his stock of physical force seemed equal to any emergency. At twenty-eight years of age he was elected to the Maine Legislature, and served four years in succession, during two of which he was Speaker of the House. While rendering this legislative service to the State, the late Civil War plunged the nation into a terrible conflict, and then young Blaine mounted to the summit of his parliamentary skill and forensic power. His

warmest admirers had not given him credit for so great ability. He was an abler man than they had supposed, so they elected him to Congress in 1862. He was only thirty-two years of age; but his ability, wisdom, eloquence, and patriotism were needed to save the Union. For thirty years thereafter he was a power in our nation, and his fame went round the world. His first speech in Congress was to show that the national government could carry on the war triumphantly, and pay the heavy debt that must be incurred thereby; and its clarion notes rang out over the hills and valleys of the North, to encourage the hopeful and reassure the timid. He was the leading spirit in securing the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and the Reconstruction Bill, and similar important measures. Being a stanch opponent of slavery from his boyhood, he became a power in Congress in all the legislation that aimed a blow at slavery as well as at the rebellion. Indeed, he believed that there could be no peace until slavery was blotted out, and the land was free in truth as it was in name; and he dealt his blows accordingly.

He served the State of Maine fourteen years in the national House of Representatives, six of which he was speaker, "commonly regarded as one of the most brilliant and successful administrations of the speakership in the annals of the House." A newspaper correspondent described him thus: "Blaine is metallic; you cannot conceive how a shot could pierce him, for there seems to be no joint in his harness. He is a man who knows what the weather was yesterday morning in Dakota; what the Emperor's policy will be touching Mexico; on what day of the week the 16th of December, proximo,

will fall; who is chairman of the school committee in Kennebunk; what is the best way of managing the national debt; together with all the other interests of to-day, which anybody else would stagger under. How he does it nobody knows. He is always in his place. He must absorb details by assimilation at his finger-ends. As I said, he is clear metal; his features are cast in a mould; his attitudes are those of a bronze figure; his voice clinks, and he has ideas as fixed as brass."

Mr. Blaine served the State of Maine many years in the United States Senate, making as brilliant a record as he made in the House. He was a candidate for the presidency in 1876, and received more votes on the first ballot than any other candidate. On nominating him, Robert G. Ingersoll said, "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine, marched down the halls of the American Congress, and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their general upon the field of battle." Yet on the final ballot Rutherford B. Hayes was nominated. He was candidate for the same honors again in 1880, when James A. Garfield was nominated. On taking his seat as president, Mr. Garfield appointed him secretary of state. In 1884 Mr. Blaine received the nomination for president by the national Republican convention, but was defeated in the election by Grover Cleveland.

By constant and almost unparalleled labors, with severe bereavements in the family, his health was now impaired, and he went abroad. He returned, however,

in 1888, and took his seat in the United States Senate, although still quite broken in health. He was again candidate for the presidency in the Republican convention of that year; but Benjamin F. Harrison received the nomination. Mr. Harrison appointed him secretary of state, in which position he became the author of the "system of trade reciprocity with the South American and Central American States," not to mention other measures of equal importance to the country.

Mr. Blaine died in Washington in 1893, sixty-three years of age. Thus terminated one of the most remarkable lives in American history, — brilliant, crowned with great achievement, humane, philanthropic, and thoroughly in earnest. But for a happy choice, that turned him from pedagoguing to journalism, he might have lived in comparative obscurity, and the republic lost one mighty force that contributed to the preservation and perpetuity of our free institutions.

XVIII.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE SEA THAT MADE HIM A NAVIGATOR.

JOHN FRANKLIN was born at Spilsby, Lincolnshire, England, April 16, 1786. His parents were highly connected; but his father's patrimonial estate was so burdened with mortgages that he was obliged to sell it, in order to maintain and educate his family of twelve children. He was a friend of education, and desired that his children should be fitted, by reasonable culture, for the duties of manhood and womanhood.

John was his youngest son, full of spirit, bright, enterprising, and manly. His father determined that he should enter the ministry, and started out to educate him accordingly. We have no reason to believe that the son objected to the arrangement, although it is claimed that he sometimes spoke of a seafaring life rather enthusiastically. He had never seen the ocean; but he was a great reader, and he might have read of a seafaring life.

He was sent to school at Louth, where he became a favorite among his schoolmates. Quick to learn, of rather studious habits, daring and adventurous, he was easily a leader of his comrades. Louth was twelve

miles from the ocean, and John had a strong desire to behold it. On a holiday, accompanied by a schoolmate, he took a walk to the sea; and he enjoyed it beyond measure. The broad expanse of water filled him with surprise and wonder. He sat down upon the beach, and for two hours mused and talked over the sublime spectacle. Evidently his imagination had not depicted the scene to ravish his heart as the reality did. He was overwhelmed by its grandeur. When the time to return came, he was loath to quit the shore.

On his way back he resolved to become a sailor. He discussed the matter with his companion, pro and con, to whom he intrusted his decision to follow the sea, instead of going into the ministry. The fascination of the ocean had completely won his heart. Nothing could satisfy him now but a seafaring life; all else was of no account, not even his school.

That his visit to the sea-coast decided his future destiny there can be no question. From that time he aspired only to be a sailor. It was his talk by day, and his dream by night. No argument or appeal could move him from his purpose. Teachers could not dissuade him. Neither a father's entreaty nor a mother's love could turn him from his purpose. He had fallen in love with the sea, and to sea he must go.

The sequel will confirm the foregoing. His desire to become a sailor was speedily reported to his parents. He besought, importuned, begged, and cried for his father's consent. He could never be satisfied or happy anywhere but on the ocean. He would have no heart for any other pursuit. He must be a sailor or nothing.

It was not until his father saw that his son would be

a failure unless he yielded to his importunity that he consented to his becoming a sailor. At the same time, thinking and hoping that the hardships of a short voyage in a small merchant vessel would abate his passion for the sea, he secured for him a position on a small craft bound for Lisbon. He was but thirteen years of age when this voyage was undertaken; and he was a happy sailor-boy. Storm or sunshine, rough seas or a calm, it was all the same to him. Hardships, perils, and exposures served only to increase his love for the sea. They were the spice of a sailor's life. When he returned, he was more determined than ever to live on the ocean.

His parents found themselves in a dilemma. They meant their son should enter the ministry; but now he was stoutly opposed to their plan. His plea was to abandon school and become a sailor at once. His earnestness could not be denied. He meant business. There was no alternative. His father took in the situation, and very reluctantly yielded to his son's importunity. It was settled that his life-pursuit should be upon the sea, and that it should begin at once.

There was a choice of places, however. His father favored the navy; and John was accordingly entered as midshipman upon the Polyphemus, at the age of fourteen. He was perfectly satisfied now. Come battle or storm, or wreck, he was content with his lot. He was born, evidently, for such a service, being endowed with qualities that are eminently necessary for such a career.

The incidents that follow will show that the turning-point of his life was when he beheld the ocean for the first time, and there determined to become a sailor. They

confirm this idea by the proof they furnish of tact for the service, devotion to his country, bravery, endurance, and ambition to excel.

It was only a few months after his enlistment that John found himself in a battle. It was the battle of Copenhagen, April 2, 1801. It was a short, sharp, decisive engagement, such as would try the spirit of a boy. A comrade who stood beside him was shot dead. But John was cool, brave, and patriotic. He was not sorry that he enlisted; he was proud of his position.

A few months later he was transferred to the Investigator, commanded by his cousin, Captain Flanders, commissioned by the English government to explore the coasts of Australia. For two years he was engaged in this service, and it was the best school possible for his future career. At the expiration of two years the Investigator proved to be unseaworthy; and all on board returned on the storeship Porpoise, which was wrecked, Aug. 18, 1803, on a reef about two hundred miles from the coast of Australia. Young Franklin, with his companions, remained for fifty days on a sand-bank six hundred feet in length, until relief arrived from Fort Jackson. Franklin was carried to Canton, where he obtained passage to England in a vessel commanded by Sir Nathaniel Dance. On their passage home they were attacked by a French squadron, in the Strait of Malacca, Feb. 15, 1804. It was quite a battle; and the French squadron was beaten off, and Franklin reached his native land safe and sound.

It must be confessed that his experience was a checkered one thus far. About all the hardships that a sailor can experience were meted out to him before he was

eighteen years old. And still he was delighted with his occupation. He arrived in England with only cherished memories of his seafaring life. His parents gave him a warm welcome, and John greatly enjoyed his short stay at home.

Next, he was signal midshipman on the Bellerophon, and in 1805 took part in the famous battle of Trafalgar. He distinguished himself in that contest by his coolness and courage under the hottest fire. Of forty persons who stood around him on the poop, only seven escaped unhurt; and he was one of the seven. It was here that he first met the great commander Nelson, who fell in this battle of Trafalgar mortally wounded. Franklin was only nineteen years of age, but already the dawn of his future greatness appeared.

Subsequently Franklin served on the Bedford at various stations, the last of which was the coast of the United States during the War of 1812–1815. He engaged in a fight with American gunboats at New Orleans, one of which he boarded and captured. He was wounded in this action, and was promoted for his gallantry.

After a few more years of brilliant achievement, in which his fame for military prowess and bravery spread over his land, the eyes of his country were turned to him as the one navigator who was brave enough to attempt the discovery of a north-west passage. He had been governor of Van Diemen's Land, during which time he did much for science and learning, all of which contributed largely to his qualifications as an Arctic explorer. His government appointed him commander of an expedition to sail through the Arctic Ocean, along the

north coast of America. No vessel had ever accomplished this feat on account of the ice. The expedition was to go through Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait to Cape Walker, and then through Bering Strait.

Two vessels were fitted out, the Terror and Erebus; and Sir John, with his brave men, started upon their perilous voyage. Franklin had sailed on the same errand before, so that he understood well what kind of an experience he might have. But this was his last voyage, as we shall see; he never returned to tell the story of his hardships.

It was a safe voyage as far as Baffin's Bay, with every prospect of continued success. But evidently their misfortunes began to multiply about that time. Franklin's vessels were last seen moored to an iceberg, not far from Lancaster Sound, and all on board were well. After that no tidings were received from the fleet; and public anxiety became so great in 1848 that arrangements were made to send out several expeditions in search of Franklin and his companions as soon as practicable. One after another they sailed upon this noble errand, but without satisfactory results. Lady Franklin nearly exhausted her large fortune in sending out searching-parties for her lamented husband. Expeditions from different countries, on the same holy errand, sailed the Arctic waters. Dr. Kane of Philadelphia made himself famous by his heroic search for Franklin. His book, containing a deeply interesting account of his life in the Arctic regions, was one of the best-selling books ever published in our country.

In 1854 it was supposed that a clew to the fate of the Franklin explorers was discovered. Dr. Rae found

Esquimaux on King William's Island who saw a company of about forty white men in 1850, and, a few months later, discovered their remains not far to the north-west of Back's Great Fish River. Various articles were picked up by the Esquimaux, which proved, beyond a doubt, that these men belonged to the crews of the Terror and Erebus. Thus the boy whose first view of the ocean made him a great navigator found his grave within the Arctic Circle.

XIX.

GEORGE NIXON BRIGGS.

THE FRATERNAL ACT THAT CONVERTED THE HATTER INTO A STATESMAN.

MANY years ago there lived a "village blacksmith" among the hills of Berkshire, in the town of South Adams, a hale and hearty son of Vulcan, whose word and work were as good as gold among his neighbors. He was born in Cranston, R.I., April 27, 1756; and his excellent wife, whose maiden name was Mary Brown, was born in Cumberland, R.I., Jan. 11, 1762. The latter was of Huguenot descent, — a woman of strong, vigorous intellect, as pious as she was intelligent. To this exemplary and respected couple was born their eleventh child, a son, April 12, 1796, to whom they gave the name of George Nixon.

That George enjoyed all the advantages of a Christian home in his boyhood, to which he was bound by the truest filial love, is manifest from the following tribute which he paid to his father in reply to a request of the Hon. Charles Hudson for reminiscences: —

"He was all his life a hard-working, poor, and honest man — a real character of Seventy-six. His poverty never made him bow the neck to any man. He died, leaving to his children a legacy worth more, and dearer

far to me, than the wealth of Crœsus — a name as pure and spotless as the snowy locks he carried to the tomb. His epitaph is, —

"'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

When George was seven years old, his father removed to Manchester, Vt., beneath the shadows of the Green Mountains, where he expected to add to his earthly goods as materially as his removal thither added to the population of the State. In this, however, he was disappointed; and after a sojourn of two years in that sturdy commonwealth, where the family became endeared to all who made their acquaintance, he removed to White Creek, Washington County, N.Y. Here George began to exhibit the talents, force of character and principle, which characterized his long and useful life. His mother conferred upon him the title of "My little lawyer."

At fourteen years of age he became a Christian, and united with the Baptist Church of White Creek. At once the sincerity and enthusiasm of the boy appeared in his addresses and prayers at evening meetings. He surprised his elders by the fervor of his eloquence and the earnestness of his appeals for a better life. In December, 1861, the Hon. Hiland Hall of Vermont, who was a companion of George Nixon at White Creek in early life, and afterwards an associate member of Congress, said of him, referring to his activity in religious meetings, "My first remembrance of him was during the excitement of a religious revival, when his eloquent, and what were deemed almost miraculous, addresses in religious meetings drew together great crowds of people,

and elicited very general and extensive appreciation and admiration."

It was not strange that a boy of such parts should be regarded as one of "remarkable promise" by the adult citizens of the place, and a kind of intellectual phenomenon by his companions. Yet the pecuniary circumstances of the father made it necessary for George to learn a trade. So, after careful and prayerful consideration, it was decided that the son should become a hatter. Accordingly, George left his father's house, and took up his abode with one John Allen, who manufactured hats in a neighboring town. He remained with the hatter three years, in which time he acquired a thorough knowledge of the business; but left it, at the expiration of that period, never more to engage in it. That this issue was not the fruit of a false pride, causing him to feel above his business, is proven by the fact that he ever found pleasure in the thought that three years of his life were spent in mastering a trade. After he became the esteemed governor of Massachusetts, and spent most of his time in Boston, a lady said to him in a brilliant company one evening, "Governor, may I ask at what college you graduated?" — "At a hatter's shop," he replied in a polite and pleasant way.

After leaving the hat business, he spent one year at home, attending "a respectable grammar school," and rendering his father necessary assistance. During that year his strong desire to enter the legal profession was frequently expressed, but the lack of money to pay the bills rather repressed his hopefulness. His parents and other relatives were in full sympathy with his aspirations, and would have gladly seconded his desire could

they have paid the bills. At length, however, an older brother, who had a family on his hands, came forward and proffered assistance. By close economy he thought he could provide him with a small amount annually, and nothing would afford him more pleasure than to do this thing. The matter was discussed in the family, and finally the brother's offer settled the question; and George decided to proceed at once to the study of law. The following account of his leaving home for Western Massachusetts is from his own pen, and very interesting: —

"In August, 1813, with five dollars I had earned at haying, I left home to go to studying law. I had a brother living on the Hudson, whom I visited in September, and then, with my trunk on my back, came into Berkshire County penniless and a stranger to all, except a few relatives and friends, most of them as poor as I was, and that was poor enough. My brother aided me some until 1816, when he died."

He prosecuted his studies with Esquire Kasson of Adams; and his standing as a student and a citizen of the town may be learned from the following letter of Jesse Whipple to his brother: —

"George is uncommonly steady, and attends to his studies very closely. He has gained the esteem of both old and young in the village. Mr. Kasson informs me that he progresses rapidly in his studies, and thinks he bids fair to make an eminent lawyer."

His connection with the law-office of Esquire Kasson was brief, not much over a year, when he removed to the office of Esquire Washburn, in Lanesborough, of the same county. The prospect of increasing his facilities

for personal improvement induced him to make the change.

Esquire Washburn's office was "the rendezvous of the village, where its discussions and news, gossip and excitements, were all carried on." But for his power of abstraction and concentration of thought, this circumstance would have proved very unfavorable. The conversation and hubbub of such a place were enough to distract ordinary minds; but through his intense application George was oblivious to the confusion and excitement. Years afterwards he said of that experience, "I never engaged in the conversation, nor even *heard* it, unless personally addressed. I read hundreds of pages entirely unconscious of the brisk conversation carried on in my hearing."

Finding that law-books abounded in Latin words and phrases, he turned his attention to the acquisition of that ancient language, which he mastered in an incredibly brief space of time. It was an illustration of the perseverance and singleness of purpose with which he surmounted difficulties.

Here, again, a field opened for the display of his talents and fervid eloquence. A revival of religion occurred in the town, in which meetings were largely multiplied, and ample scope offered to such Christian workers as George. His earnest exhortations often drew tears from the attentive audience, and won the thoughtless to Christ. Among the fruits of that religious interest was the gay young Harriet Hall, whom George afterwards married.

In 1816 his brother suddenly died, thus putting a period to further assistance from that source. To add still more to his burden of sorrow, the settlement of

his brother's estate disclosed the unexpected fact that his family were left destitute. The widow and children must now be dependent, in a measure at least, upon the bounty of others. George regarded the situation philosophically, resolved to continue his studies in spite of this additional embarrassment, and also to become, in turn, the benefactor of his brother's widow and her fatherless children. He bent his energies anew to the mighty task before him. He copied legal documents in the office at night, and during such moments by day as he could snatch from other duties; and he taught school also in the centre district, to add to his small income.

From that moment his brother's children found in their young uncle a valuable adviser and helpful friend. The widow died a few years thereafter, when George had established a home of his own; and her children were kindly invited by the latter to take up their abode with him. Thus it happened that the kindness of the brother raised up a benefactor for his widow and children. However, such a result could not have been but for the indomitable courage and perseverance of George, who would not have chosen the legal profession but for his brother's generosity. It requires the highest qualities to make a benefactor out of a beneficiary.

In 1818 he married Harriet Hall of Lanesborough, was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law in his native town, South Adams, under the brow of Greylock, keeping house in a small dwelling having two rooms below and one above, without a cellar or woodhouse. That he carried his Christian principles into his legal practice is a matter of record. It was a rule with him to advise aggrieved parties to adjust their

difficulties by private settlement if possible, and "keep out of the courts." It was frequently said of him, "He does not try half the cases in court that he might." His father-in-law paid him a visit in his early practice, and busied himself by going to and from the office, spending much time in the latter place. One day, going from the office to the house, he exclaimed, "Harriet, I am sure that George will never make a living by his profession. Why, he seeks to persuade every one to keep out of court!" He appears to have remembered the advice of his elder brother, who wrote to him just after he began the study of law, "And now I charge you never to undertake what you believe to be an *unjust* cause, for money; but at all times be ready to assist, with all the powers the God of nature has given you, the poor man in a just cause, for the love of justice, and to acquire for yourself immortality and fame." George replied to the counsel, "Perfection is what I have no idea of attaining while shackled with human nature; but consistency is that after which I am resolved to reach. Candor shall be my bosom companion; justice shall be my guide; and nobly to *fill* the sphere in which I move shall be the great end and aim of my labor."

Twelve years of law practice lifted him into such distinction, that he was chosen to represent the Eleventh Congressional District of Massachusetts in Congress, and took his seat in December, 1831, when he was thirty-four years of age. His extreme modesty embarrassed him in Congress, so that his native eloquence and forensic power did not shine as those who were familiar with his early efforts anticipated. In the

presence of the great orators of the land, like Clay, Webster, Adams, Pinckney, and others, he felt very humble. Still, he won an enviable position, both as speaker and legislator. His ability, sound judgment, and loyalty to right, challenged the respect and confidence of members, North and South. Such was his urbanity and fairness, that Southerners were on the best of terms with him, although he plainly and boldly denounced slavery, intemperance, duelling, and sectionalism, together with leading Democratic measures, and ever asserted his religious convictions as paramount to the claims of a political party.

On the temperance question he was emphatic. He saw the need of the temperance reform in Congress, and was instrumental in organizing "The Congressional Temperance Society." He was a teetotaler from the origin of the total abstinence movement, and never ceased to proclaim and defend his position at Washington. At a public dinner a member of Congress whom he had enlisted in the temperance cause put the wine-cup to his lips. Afterwards Mr. Briggs called his attention to it. "I only made believe," responded the member. "*I* never make believe," was Mr. Briggs's pointed rejoinder. He dined one day with the president, and the latter invited him to drink wine. Mr. Briggs politely declined. After dinner the president went to him and said, "Are you, then, a teetotaler?" Mr. Briggs replied, "I should think I was." During the twelve years he was in Congress he kept the temperance banner flying. So conspicuous was he in the temperance reform at Washington, that the distinguished Thomas F. Marshall, member of Congress from Kentucky, rushed

across the hall one day, under the power of the drink demon, and singling out Mr. Briggs from the whole number, exclaimed, "Briggs, you must write me a pledge, that I may sign and live!" Then and there Mr. Briggs wrote: —

"I pledge myself never to use intoxicating liquors as a drink, and request that my name be entered as a member of the Washington Temperance Society."

To this pledge Mr. Marshall appended his name with trembling hand and great nervous agitation, which sober members regarded as one of the most novel and exciting scenes that ever took place on the floor of Representatives' Hall.

Mr. Briggs was governor of Massachusetts from 1843 to 1851, the longest period any governor has served the Commonwealth in its whole history, except Caleb Strong. A more beloved and honored governor never served any State in the Union. Subsequently he served the State in other offices; as judge of the Court of Common Pleas, member of the Constitutional Convention, and other public trusts. At the time of his decease he was president of the American Tract Society, Boston; the Baptist Foreign Missionary Union; the National Temperance Union; the State Sabbath School Union; and the Berkshire Insurance Company.

He died Sept. 12, 1861. The circumstances of his death were singular and sorrowful. The loyal army of the North was marshalling to conquer the "slaveholders' rebellion." His second son was already at the seat of war, in command of a Massachusetts regiment, and Governor Briggs was exercised by those anxieties and forebodings that only a father knows. He stepped into a

closet for his thin overcoat, where he threw down a loaded musket; and, in attempting to replace it, the weapon was discharged, sending the contents into his face. His eldest son was in the house, and rushed to his assistance. "I shall soon die!" exclaimed the wounded man; "but it is all right. Now, my dear son, pray with me." As the son knelt, "the father took both of his trembling hands in his own; and during all the heartbroken supplication his face wore an expression no longer of agony, or even of unrest, but rather of perfect peace and of the most serene devotion." At the close of the prayer he looked up and said, "It is strange that in my own peaceful home I should meet the fate of the battlefield. But it is all right." He lived eight days, and passed away like a conqueror. "Be still and know that I am God," were his comforting words to his wife; and his pastor appropriated them for the text of his funeral sermon.

XX.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE KICK FROM A PLAYMATE THAT MOVED HIM TO WIN.

NEWTON'S father died several months before the son was born, in December, 1642, in "the old manor-house of Woolsthorpe," on the banks of the river Witham, England. He was such a tiny, feeble baby that his mother despaired of his life for weeks, and even months; but finally, by the most tender and watchful care, he developed into a healthy, vigorous child. Under her instruction his earliest education was conducted; and he became an affectionate, obedient, and promising boy.

When he was six or seven years of age his mother married a neighboring rector, leaving her son, on going to her new home, to the care of his grandmother until he should be sent to school at Skillington. He seems to have taken his experience philosophically, whether living with his mother or grandmother, so that changes did not wring from him any particular demonstration.

At the Skillington school he was not distinguished for close application to study. He was by no means an idle boy, nor was he mischievous in any sense; but he liked some other things more than he did study. He

had access to a set of tools, and he found greater delight in the use of these than he did in literature or science. His mind took a mechanical turn, and he preferred to see what he could make with a jack-plane and chisel than how difficult problems he could solve in mathematics. He had no particular taste for the sports or mischief in which the other schoolboys participated, so long as he could have access to the coveted set of tools in the workshop. He found more solid enjoyment in completing some useful article, as a ruler, box, or bootjack, than he did in the liveliest game of ball that was ever played. And yet he possessed a pleasant, happy disposition, and was appreciated by his schoolmates. A brighter and more intelligent lad was not known in the school.

But the time for a change had come. There was a fiery sort of a boy in his class, a talented and aspiring scholar, but quick-tempered and hasty. In some way his ire was aroused against Isaac; and, to the surprise of the latter, he kicked him madly in the stomach. It was a violent blow, and caused him great pain for a short time, threatening to prove a more serious matter than it did. Isaac was neither vexed nor vengeful. He was not disposed to kick back, or to retaliate in any mean, contemptible way. In this he showed that he was thoughtful and manly above the average of boys. But he did resolve to be revenged on the boy who kicked him, by getting above him in the class, and outstripping him in intellectual advancement, as he was sure that he could. If there was ever any excusable way of being revenged, this was certainly it; and, on the whole, it was rather creditable to him than otherwise. He completely changed his method of study from that hour,

and devoted himself to every branch of learning required with an industry and perseverance that won his teachers' admiration.

This was the point of his life where he turned and took another road. His progress became noticeable at once. He went up higher and higher. Nor did he stop when privileged to look down upon his old foe; but he kept on achieving, delighting and surprising his instructors. When he turned, he turned for his lifetime; and went on crowding it with study, deeds, inventions, discoveries, and victories.

At twelve years of age he was sent to school at Grantham, where the principal called him a "sober, silent, thinking lad," just the kind of a lad to make his mark; for such a lad is studious, observing, inquiring, aspiring, and resolute. A "thinking lad" is always heard from later on. Isaac Newton was heard from, and in that school too. He took the lead in every branch of knowledge that he pursued, and, at the same time, kept his eyes open in the direction of his natural bent.

A windmill was erected a short distance from the school, and he watched the building of it with deep interest. When it was completed, he produced a small model of it, and put it upon the top of a building, where the wind whirled it in the most approved manner. Both teachers and scholars praised the ingenuity that could produce so perfect a model.

At the same school, without interfering at all with his studies (for he had not forgotten the painful kick), he invented the paper kite. It was the outcome of much thought and real scientific knowledge. No such toy had been hitherto known, so that it was original with

him, and was far more wonderful than the windmill. It created a great furor of interest and wonder among the pupils, and also among outsiders at last, when they discovered that they had mistaken the paper lantern on Isaac's kite on a dark night for a comet or meteor. It was one of his original ways of creating additional amusement to send up his kite at night with a paper lantern attached to it. From that day down to the present time the kite has constituted no small part of the sport of young humanity in all lands. But for that painful kick, that forced Isaac to turn from the error of his ways, the world of sport might have been kiteless to-day.

Isaac boarded in the family of a surgeon when he was at Grantham. He delighted in astronomy, and watched the movements of the celestial bodies with wonder. By watching the shadows as they passed slowly along the wall of his lodging and the roofs of the adjoining houses, he devised and formed a dial for his own use. By much study and perseverance he perfected it so that it was "a good timepiece," and was called "Isaac's Dial." Long after the inventor left the school, the "dial" was used by the surgeon's family.

Notwithstanding the inventive genius which Isaac possessed, he was expected to be a farmer. At fifteen years of age he was taken out of school, and returned to Woolsthorpe, to labor on the farm. But he had no tact for cultivating the soil, growing corn, breeding sheep, or fattening cattle. On Saturdays he went to market at Grantham with the products of the farm, but took very little interest in the sale of grain, pigs, or anything else. He was quite likely to run over to his

old school quarters to pore over some volume until the servant had sold the goods and was ready to return. Indeed, sometimes he did not even enter the town; but, taking a book along with him, he would sit down under a shady tree to study until the hired man returned from market.

He had an uncle who was a minister; and one day he found Isaac under a hedge reading a book, in which he was so thoroughly absorbed that he did not notice his uncle's approach. What was the good rector's surprise to find that the boy was solving a difficult mathematical problem; and he concluded that it was useless to try to make a farmer of such a studious boy. Immediately he besought the mother to abandon her idea of making a farmer of her son. "Send him to school; give him a chance to show what he is; he was born for a scholar," he said.

In consequence, Isaac was sent to school, and finally entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he revelled in the facilities for acquiring knowledge through research and persistent industry. Physically he was able to endure almost any degree of mental strain, so that his hours of labor were out of all proportion to his hours of rest. At twenty-five years of age he was well known as a philosopher in the scientific world; and at thirty he was elected to membership of the Royal Society — an honor never before bestowed upon one so young.

It would require many pages to record all of his inventions, discoveries, and achievements in mechanics and science. Immediately after he was graduated at Trinity College, "he applied himself to the grinding of optic

glasses of other figures than spherical." Sir David Brewster wrote, "And having, no doubt, experienced the impracticability of executing such lenses, the idea of examining the phenomena of color was one of those sagacious and fortunate impulses which more than once led him to discovery." The result was that "he constructed several telescopes, the most perfect and powerful of which was sent to the Royal Society, in whose possession it is still carefully preserved."

He was engaged in this work when the plague broke out in London; and he was obliged to retire to Woolsthorpe, a very fortunate event for him, because in the two years he remained in Woolsthorpe he discovered the law of gravitation. He was in the orchard reflecting upon some complex theme of science, when a falling apple arrested his attention, and the great truth that laid the foundation of his "Principia" dawned upon his mind. Although it was sixteen years before that wonderful work was given complete to the public, the discovery was made when he witnessed the fall of the apple in the orchard. Laplace said of the "Principia," "It is entitled to a pre-eminence above all the other productions of the human intellect."

Without enlarging upon Newton's achievements in science, or attempting to enumerate his scientific books and essays, we may add that at fifty years of age he was spoken of as an "able divine." He had written much upon religious subjects that were widely discussed, and issued his "Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John," and "Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture." His labors in the field of religious knowledge were not so

extensive as they were in the realm of science, but they were equally thorough and profound.

With all his greatness, Newton was a very modest, unassuming man. In a letter to Dr. Bentley he wrote, "If I have done the public any service this way, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought," a declaration that may well be pondered by the students of our time. He discarded the idea that he was a genius, and wished the world to know that industry and patient research had achieved all. When asked how it was that he arrived at his discoveries, he replied, "I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawnings open slowly, little and little, into a full, and clear light."

He went to London to preside at the meeting of the Royal Society on Feb. 28, 1727, when he was eighty-five years old. The effort was too much for his waning strength, and he was prostrated and died there. His sudden death was regarded as a calamity to the world, and the greatest pomp and mournful display attended his funeral. He was laid in Westminster Abbey among the illustrious dead of past generations, whose lives and labors adorned their country. In 1831 a monument, costing nearly three thousand dollars, was erected to his memory in the Abbey. Another monument in the College at Cambridge bears an inscription declaring him to be the most gifted man who ever lived. In his garden was placed an arm-chair made out of the tree from which he saw the apple fall. A multitude of devices in honor of the great man appeared in many countries, for he belonged to the world.

XXI.

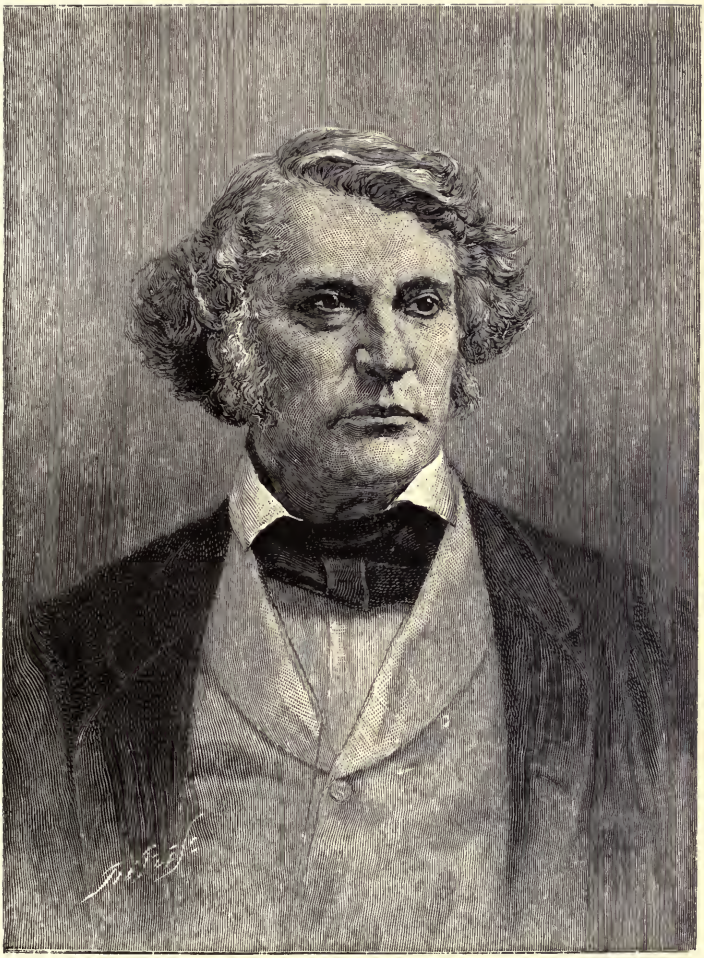
CHARLES SUMNER.

THE PROVIDENCE THAT FORCED HIM INTO PUBLIC LIFE.

Charles Sumner was born in Boston, Jan. 6, 1811, and died in Washington, March 11, 1874. His father was a lawyer of note, a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1796. He was a strong man mentally, a lover of good literature, and scholarly on certain lines. He was a fearless man also, prepared on all occasions to stand by his convictions, whether he stood alone or not. In his views and methods of life he was a true Puritan, well qualified for public life.

At that time anti-slavery advocates were few, and he was one of the few. He saw clearly the inhumanity and guilt of slavery, and did not hesitate to express and defend his sentiments. That he regarded it as "the sum of all villanies" no one who knew him had any doubt. A more independent and heroic citizen than he did not live. He believed that human slavery had no moral right to exist, and ought not to have any legal right.

His wife, the mother of Charles, was a true helpmate, — intelligent, fond of learning and uprightness, and always in sympathy with her husband's most ad-



CHARLES SUMNER.

vanced thoughts. Her maternal qualities were of the highest order; just the mother to lead nine children in the way they should go. That they were well drilled in the sentiments of their parents on social and moral questions their lives proved conclusively. The aristocracy of Boston was then pro-slavery, and favored also some social customs that were not Puritanic. But this fact had no weight with Mrs. Sumner; she stood by her own convictions.

Charles and Matilda were the eldest, — twins. Very early in life Charles developed a great thirst for knowledge, and his parents fostered it all they could. He was a small boy when he purchased a Latin grammar of a schoolmate for a few cents. His father hailed this purchase as showing the bent of his mind; and he thoroughly believed that boys should follow their natural inclinations in choosing an occupation. So he eulogized the Latin grammar and the boy who was in love with it. That the grammar exerted a decided influence upon the life of the son the parents never doubted.

Charles was unusually thoughtful and quiet in school and out. Much of the time he seemed to be thinking of something important. The family government under which he was reared was well suited to beget this frame of mind. And his conversation, with his facile use of the English language, was proof that he was in advance of his playfellows in mental grasp. He was thinking even then of becoming a man of letters.

At eleven years of age he was well versed in the common branches of study, and had made considerable progress in Latin at home, without assistance, except such as his father was able to grant. At this age he was placed

in the Latin School of the city, where James Freeman Clarke, Wendell Phillips, and Robert C. Winthrop were pupils. He was a very industrious student, perhaps not brilliant, but one of the class who wins by application. He excelled in the classics, also in general information, and was second to none in writing compositions.

At fifteen he left the Latin School for Harvard College. At that time he was a remarkable youth for his acquisition of knowledge. As proof of his painstaking efforts, he had "made a compend of English history in eighty-six pages of a copy-book." He was a good judge and admirer of eloquence, and dearly loved to listen to the able speakers of that day. Just before entering Harvard College he heard President John Quincy Adams speak in Faneuil Hall, and Daniel Webster deliver his eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson. He derived from these great efforts an inspiration that served him well through life.

In college he excelled in everything but mathematics. "In the classics and history and forensics, and in belles-lettres, he was among the best scholars." He lost no time. He had no disposition to engage in sports, loved to read better than to go into society, and meant that each day should attest to some advancement. Good habits, thirst for knowledge, and a conscientious improvement of time, pushed him ahead rapidly.

He was graduated at nineteen. Then he spent a whole year "in a wide range of reading and study in the Latin classics and in general literature." He also set himself resolutely to work to master mathematics, and accomplished his purpose. In addition, he wrote a prize essay on commerce, and embraced every opportu-

nity to listen to such Boston orators as Webster, Everett, Choate, and Channing. It was a year of the greatest value to him.

In September, 1831, he entered the Harvard Law School, where he distinguished himself in handling legal questions, and pursuing his studies with the greatest enthusiasm. He was admitted to the bar in September, 1834. At the same time his tastes and aspirations were those of a scholar rather than those of an attorney-at-law.

Slavery was then becoming an exciting topic of discussion throughout the North. Sumner had no more respect for the wicked institution than his father had. Nor was he slow or afraid to express his opinion. He had no ambition for political life, nor did he appear to be in the least conscious of his superior abilities. While he hated slavery, he laid no plans to antagonize it.

In 1835 he visited Washington, and spent a month in that city. On his journey through Maryland he beheld slaves for the first time in his life; and their appearance served to increase his hostility to the institution that deprived them of manhood. Nor was he favorably impressed by the politics and moral condition of the nation's capital. He wrote to his father: "Calhoun has given notice that he will speak to-morrow on Mr. Webster's bank bill. I shall probably hear him, and he will be the last man I shall ever hear speak in Washington. I probably shall never come here again. I have little or no desire ever to come again in any capacity. Nothing that I have seen of politics has made me look upon it with any feeling other than loathing."

Sumner attended closely to his law business, deliver-

ing speeches and lectures here and there, all the while growing in popularity and influence. He interested himself in all great public questions, not as a politician, but as a scholar and patriotic citizen. Popular education as mapped out by Horace Mann, the anti-slavery cause, the prison-discipline movement, the cause of peace, and kindred enterprises, enlisted at once his interest and co-operation. Wherever he spoke, and to whatever he gave his support, he showed signal mental grasp and power.

In 1845 he was invited to deliver the Fourth of July oration before the civil authorities of Boston. His theme was "The True Grandeur of Nations," and his treatment of it was masterful. "It was an elaborate treatise, full of learning and precedent and historical illustration, of forcible argument and powerful moral appeal." It placed Sumner in the front rank of scholars and orators. It proved, also, that he was an independent and fearless thinker and actor; that he could be trusted in the hottest battle for the right. From that day and hour he was a marked man. He had reached the crisis of his life. The popular feeling required that he should turn his back upon his scholarly pursuits and enter the political arena. He was just the man to champion the cause of liberty in Congress; mentally and morally powerful, and as courageous for humanity as Napoleon was for conquest. Sumner said, "No;" but the people would not take no for an answer.

This public sentiment was intensified four months later, when he delivered his great speech in Faneuil Hall against the admission of Texas. It was an uncompromising and aggressive speech against the slave

oligarchy, and proved to the anti-slavery forces that Sumner was the man to fight their battles in the United States Senate. But he as resolutely set himself against the measure, and declared, in public and in private, that he would not enter political life. Nevertheless, he was nominated for Congress in 1846; but he immediately and peremptorily declined, and warmly supported Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who was nominated in his place. And yet the opponents of slavery did not abandon the idea that Sumner must represent them at Washington at a future day. They talked, worked, and importuned for it; and Providence was evidently with them.

Sumner was never more honest than when he refused to enter upon a political career. He seemed to possess a born aversion to a political life, as he said that he loathed it. He was not conscious of his power on that line, and did not even surmise that God was opening a great door of opportunity before him. He did not wish to go to Congress, and he did not mean to go. His plans and purposes were altogether in another direction.

These facts, with the sequel, show that while "man deviseth his own way, the Lord directeth his steps." For in 1851 he was so deeply involved in the political struggle for freedom, that he could not consistently decline to represent the Commonwealth at Washington, and was elected to the Senate of the United States. He accepted the position with painful reluctance; and on his way to Washington he poured out his feelings in a letter to Dr. Howe as follows: —

"Three times yesterday I wept like a child. I could

not help it. First in parting with Longfellow, next in parting with you, and lastly as I left my mother and sister. I stand now on the edge of a great change. In the vicissitudes of life I cannot see the future, but I know that I now move away from those who have been more than brothers to me. My soul is wrung, and my eyes are bleared with tears."

He had found his place, but knew it not. He felt, evidently, that he was doing God's will in opposing slavery, and that liberty would finally win. "Nothing is settled that is not settled right," he said; and went to work to destroy the inhuman claim of property in man. At last he found himself where he had never planned to be; doing work that he had declared he never would do; and accepting politics which he hated, in place of literature which he loved. How clear that Providence forced him into the niche that proved the glory of his life!

The story of his public life is known the world over. At an epoch when the life of the republic was threatened as never before, he began his political career in behalf of freedom. He told Longfellow to write poems that would arouse the whole land. At the same time he made speeches that stirred the nation from Maine to Louisiana. His speeches upon "Freedom National, Slavery Sectional," "The Kansas-Nebraska Bill," "The Crime Against Kansas," "The Barbarism of Slavery," not to mention others, were masterly efforts; and their unanswerable logic maddened the hordes of slavery. Sumner was their most powerful opponent; and their bitterness of feeling towards him was gall. Two days after his famous speech on "The Crime Against Kansas"

(May 20, 1856), as Sumner was writing at his desk, after the Senate had adjourned, Preston S. Brooks, a representative from South Carolina, approached him, and struck him down with a bludgeon, nearly killing him on the spot. The cowardly act fired the North with intenser hatred against slavery, and from that hour the institution was doomed. The friends of liberty were wrought up to a pitch of enthusiasm, where they exclaimed with Adams, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Sumner was not able to resume his seat for four years. Under the best medical and surgical treatment in this country and Europe he finally regained his health sufficiently to return to the Senate, though not to take active part in debate for several months. As soon as he was able to resume his duties with old-time force, he delivered his powerful speech upon the "Barbarism of Slavery," which aroused the men of the North like a clarion. The bludgeon of the would-be assassin could lay him senseless for the time, but neither bludgeon nor bullet could destroy the conviction and heroism of his soul for the right. To his last sickness and death he bent all his energies to overthrow slavery, and lived to see it go down in blood.

One of his biographers says, "Among American statesmen his life especially illustrates the truth he early expressed, that politics is but the application of moral principles to public affairs. Throughout his public career he was the distinctive representative of the moral conviction and political purpose of New England. His ample learning and various accomplishments were rivalled among American public men only by those of

John Quincy Adams; and during all the fury of political passion in which he lived there was never a whisper or suspicion of his political honesty or his personal integrity. He was fortunate in the peculiar adaptation of his qualities to his time. His profound conviction, supreme conscientiousness, indomitable will, affluent resources, and inability to compromise; his legal training, serious temper, and untiring energy were indispensable in the final stages of the slavery controversy, and he had them all in the highest degree.

"He was absolutely fearless. During the heat of the controversy in Congress his life was undoubtedly in danger, and he was urged to carry a pistol in his defence. He laughed, and said that he never fired a pistol in his life; and, in case of extremity, before he could possibly get it out of his pocket he would be shot. But the danger was so real that, unknown to himself, he was for a long time under the constant protection of armed friends in Washington."

Sumner's death occurred March 11, 1874. No doubt it was hastened by the assault of Brooks, so that he was really a martyr to the cause of freedom. That his public career at Washington was a powerful agency in ridding the land of slavery is universally conceded; an influence that the nation never would have realized, had not Providence forced him to exchange letters for politics.

XXII.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

THE COUNSEL FOR CHARITY THAT CROWNED HIM A PHILANTHROPIST.

William Wilberforce was born in the town of Beverly, England, Aug. 24, 1759. He was very feeble as a child; so much so that his father said it would be quite impossible to raise so puny an infant in less civilized times. But as he grew older he grew stronger, and early showed that he possessed a very discriminating and active mind. His affection, too, was of the demonstrative kind, especially his affection for his excellent mother. When a mere toddling boy he would steal into his mother's room when she was sick, removing his shoes that he might not disturb her, and, peering into her pale face, inquire if she were better.

His grandfather was a business man of considerable wealth, and very much respected for his talents, public spirit, and integrity. One of his intimate friends was the Duke of Marlborough, whose friendship seemed to inspire him with military ardor. He rendered noble service when the arsenal of Hull was prepared for an expected attack by the Scottish insurgents in 1745. In the eyes of his little grandson he was not only a great but a good man.

At a very early age William gave signs of marked colloquial powers, so that friends prophesied distinction for him on this line. Also in his childhood, evidence of decided elocutionary ability appeared. Even before he was sent away to the grammar school at Hull, these qualities were so manifest as to elicit remarks of surprise from those who heard him.

At seven years of age he became a member of the above-named school, of which Joseph Milner was master. Here he was a studious boy, especially gifted in the command of language and the graces of eloquence. Later on a brother of Mr. Milner, who was his assistant, and subsequently known as the Dean of Carlisle, became William's teacher; and he was very much impressed by the qualities of the lad. This teacher possessed extraordinary colloquial powers, and in his department ranked as a superior instructor. His discipline of William must have been somewhat remarkable; for many years thereafter, Madame de Staël declared that Wilberforce was the best converser she had ever met in Europe; and she added that it was in a great measure due to his early training by the teacher named. At this school he became so remarkable as a reader, that his teachers would place him on the table to read aloud, as an example to the other boys. He spent two years here, and they were two years of decided improvement, which William enjoyed as only a lover of study could. In consequence of his father's death he was removed, and "transferred to the care of his uncle, with whom he went to live at Wimbleton and St. James Place, London. The former residence afterward became his own, and was dignified by the frequent visits of William Pitt, when that great

statesman exchanged the cares of state for the luxurious ease and country air which the place afforded."

Subsequently his uncle sent him to a school for two years, where there was neither enjoyment nor improvement for him. One of his biographers describes it thus: "The master was a Scotchman, and had an usher of the same nation, whose red beard — for it was scarcely shaved once a month — made a lasting impression on his memory. The pupils were taught Latin, French, arithmetic, and a little Greek. Wilberforce was a parlor-boarder, and, late in life, remembered with a shudder that the food with which he was supplied was so nauseous that he could not eat it without a feeling of sickness. The two years of his sojourn there had something of variety imparted to them by the visits he paid to Nottingham and Hull, where he was considered a fine, quick lad, whose activity and spirit amply made up for some deficiency of physical vigor."

It was on one of his visits to Nottingham that an incident occurred which gave direction to his whole future life, as he always claimed. A brother of his aunt, a member of the family, was very much pleased with William's character, and found real pleasure in his society. He regarded him as a boy of unusual promise. One day he made him a present of quite a sum of money, considerable more than a boy of his age usually receives. He accompanied the gift, however, with the counsel that a part of it should be given to the poor. Perhaps the giver designed the gift for a test or discipline, and so imparted the advice he did. Be that as it may, the advice was given in such a way that it impressed William deeply, and set him to think-

ing upon his duties to the poor and unfortunate. But for the counsel that accompanied that gift Wilberforce said he might never have been inclined to a philanthropic life. That was the turning-point, in his own estimation, and the outcome was the great philanthropist of that generation.

In his uncle's family he was under a strong religious influence, his aunt being a warm-hearted Methodist, whose life had received direction from the preaching of Whitefield. She was more enthusiastic in her religious activities than some of her relatives approved. William's grandfather remarked, "Billy shall travel with Milner when he is of age; but if Billy turns Methodist he shall not have a sixpence of mine." The Methodists were very unjustly treated at that time, and the grandfather's sympathies were with their opponents. This remark led his mother, who was a woman of cultivated talents, to take him home, where he was exposed to the temptations of gay society. William was twelve years old then, and it nearly broke his heart to leave his uncle and aunt who had treated him with as much tenderness as they would have treated a son. He wrote to his uncle, "I can never forget you as long as I live."

The amusements of Hull were the theatre, card-parties, balls, suppers, and kindred pleasures, to which William was introduced for a purpose. He was quite a musician, and could entertain a company with both vocal and instrumental music; and this accomplishment exposed him still more to the allurements of worldly pleasure. Gradually he lost his interest in religious things, and became much like his gay companions, although the religious impressions made in his uncle's family were

never wholly obliterated. Especially his familiarity with the Scriptures remained, and doubtless kept him from becoming worthless.

At fourteen he was placed in the grammar school at Pecklington, where his superior talents were recognized, as well as his hostility to the slave-trade. He wrote an article for a York paper before he was fifteen, denouncing the traffic in human beings as barbarous; and the article attracted considerable attention.

In October, 1776, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he met more and greater temptations than ever. He was introduced at once to a class of the wildest students in the institution, who left no stone unturned to lure him into their orgies. But their extreme rudeness and immorality so disgusted him that he discarded them, and sought better companions. Had their moral corruption been more refined and wary, he might have been lured into vicious ways. As it was, he avoided the worst element of student life, but allowed himself to participate in amusements of a higher type, even to the neglect of his studies. He was graduated in 1779, though not with high honors.

His grandfather and his uncle died before he entered college, leaving to him a fortune. This inheritance would have proved a snare but for the impression made upon his heart by the advice of his aunt's brother, who gave him the money spoken of, accompanied with the counsel that a portion of it should be given to the poor. This excellent advice proved a God-send to him, leading him to accept his wealth as a trust, and to consider how much good he might do with it. These higher and nobler thoughts were uplifting, so that lower sentiments, sug-

gested by the wild, vicious class around him, did not drag him down to their level.

In college he formed the acquaintance of William Pitt, who was preparing for public life. In consequence, Wilberforce resolved to become a public man too; and he was elected to Parliament by his native town in 1780, when he was twenty-one years of age. His inborn hostility to the African slave-trade found a new field of operation here, and he soon developed into one of the ablest debaters in Parliament. In 1787, when he was twenty-eight years of age, he was the foremost champion of the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies, and never abated his labors to overthrow the system of iniquity until declining health forced his retirement. In 1789 he made a speech of such pathos and power against the slave-trade, that Burke declared it was one of the ablest and most eloquent ever heard in the House of Commons.

He died on the twenty-ninth day of April, 1833, when the Act of Emancipation was on its passage through Parliament. A short time before he died he exclaimed, "Thank God that I should have lived to witness a day when England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery!"

Directly after he left college he travelled with his old teacher, Mr. Milner, who was a devoted Christian man. Believing that a grand future awaited young Wilberforce, should he be guided by religious principle, Milner was as faithful to him as any Christian father could be to a son; and from that time Wilberforce was a changed man. He interested himself in building up the church, promoting the cause of missions, and aid-

ing to mitigate every form of suffering humanity. A large part of his income was given away in charity. He spoke and wrote often upon religious subjects. "He published during his life many essays and pamphlets, and a volume of 'Family Prayers.'"

The colonial minister said of Wilberforce in Parliament, only a few hours before the latter's death: —

"It is not without the deepest emotion I recollect that there is yet living one of the earliest, one of the most religious, one of the most conscientious, one of the most eloquent, one of the most zealous, friends of this great cause, who watched it in its dawn. Wilberforce still remains to see, I trust, the final consummation of the great and glorious work which he was one of the first to commence, and to exclaim, 'Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace!'"

The announcement of his death in the House of Commons brought Buxton to his feet; and he paid a glowing tribute of respect and love to the memory of the great statesman, in which he quoted the following lines of Cowper, as singularly descriptive of the deceased: —

"A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit, as bright as ready to produce;
Could draw from records of an earlier age,
Or from Philosophy's enlightened page,
His rich material — and regale the ear
With strains it was a luxury to hear."

XXIII.

ELIZABETH FRY.

THE CONVERSION THAT CONSECRATED HER TO PHILANTHROPY.

MANY rich men are philanthropists. It is not often, however, that a daughter reared in affluence, and accustomed to luxury, devotes her life to self-sacrificing work for criminals, and other classes of suffering humanity. But this was true of Elizabeth Fry, who was born in Norwich, England, May 21, 1780. Her father was John Gurney, a Quaker of large influence and high character. He was a merchant who shared the confidence of patrons, and whose wealth was ample for the most fashionable style of living. Mrs. Gurney was noted for her fine personal appearance, practical wisdom, kind and sympathetic nature, and devout Christian spirit. She was a model mother, whose presence in the neighborhood was a benediction. There were seven daughters and a son in the family, and Elizabeth was the third child. Their home was known as Earlham Hall.

Elizabeth was a rather delicate, nervous child, not quite understood by her father, whose rigid discipline annoyed instead of benefiting her sensitive nature. He allowed his children many privileges that stricter Quakers

condemned; but he had his own views about family government, and believed in eradicating childish notions instead of favoring them. For instance, Elizabeth was very timid, and afraid of the dark; and her father regarded it as a mere freak of childhood, and denied her request for a light. He thought that was the way to eradicate fear, and make her resolute and courageous. But the daughter claimed, in womanhood, that this treatment aggravated her nervousness, and, in consequence, she adopted the opposite course with her own children.

Elizabeth enjoyed excellent school advantages, and was a good scholar, undertaking her tasks in a cheerful spirit, and performing them with a good degree of success. She was thoughtful, and appreciated education. Her teachers credited her with marked intellectual gifts, a refined and gentle nature, and the best social qualities. Hence her popularity with both teachers and scholars. She was early taught to keep a diary, which proved of great value to her, indoors and out.

The family did not conform to the custom of Quakers in dress, amusements, and other things, or, at least, the daughters did not. Perhaps they were allowed to conform to the customs that prevailed in Norwich when the parents did not. For example, Elizabeth wore a scarlet riding-dress instead of a gray one, and attended plays and dancing-parties. Perhaps her parents thought, "When they are with the Romans they must do as the Romans do." At any rate, that is what these Quaker girls did; Elizabeth enjoying the round of social pleasures with a keen relish.

Thus our heroine grew up to seventeen years of age, a winsome schoolgirl, talented, vivacious, and aspiring.

There was very little of the Quakeress about her; a gay, brilliant, graceful, fun-loving girl in her teens. Evidently Elizabeth herself thought somewhat of her mode of life, as being at variance with her parents' opinions; for she wrote in her diary, "I must beware of being a flirt. It is an abominable character. I hope I shall never be one, and yet I am one now a little. I think I am by degrees losing many excellent qualities. I lay it to my great love of gayety and the world. I am now seventeen, and if some kind and great circumstance does not happen to me, I shall have my talents devoured by moth and rust. They will lose their brightness, and one day they will prove a curse instead of a blessing."

Providence was preparing her for a change. She was on the eve of a new and better life now. A Quaker preacher from the United States, William Savery, visited Norwich, and preached. He was making a tour of England, preaching and looking after the interests of his sect. Elizabeth, with all her sisters, accompanied her father to hear the American preacher. The girls were arrayed in the fashionable costumes of Norwich's best society, and the same was true of other young people belonging to Quaker families. The preacher had observed similar departure from Quaker customs in other places, and he was very much exercised over this unfortunate condition of things. He spoke of it in his sermon; and lamented that so much worldliness had taken possession of the Friends in England. He went on, waxing more and more eloquent and pointed in his remarks, delivering a pungent and touching gospel message to the attentive listeners. Elizabeth was moved to

tears, and she wept during most of the service, and all the way home. Her father was glad to witness her contrition, and invited Mr. Savery to breakfast at Earlham Hall the next morning. It was then that she had an interview with the preacher, which resulted in her conversion and consecration to Christ. She turned into the path of a Christian life.

It should be said here that Elizabeth had mingled somewhat with sceptical associates, and had been exposed even to deistical influences. These had not exerted a controlling influence over her life, and yet her sorrow was more poignant because she did not repel them with decision. Forty-eight years thereafter she wrote, "Since my heart was touched, at the age of seventeen, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord."

One of Elizabeth's first thoughts on beginning her new life was of her deceased mother. She died when Elizabeth was twelve years old. At sixty years of age Mrs. Fry wrote of her, "My mother was most dear to me; and the walks she took with me in the old-fashioned garden are as fresh with me as if only just passed; and her telling me about Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise. I thought it must be just like our garden." The recollection of her mother's godly walk was of great service to her after her conversion. Then maternal example and influence seemed to have more power over her than when she enjoyed its living presence.

Some time after Elizabeth entered upon a Christian life, a visit to friends in London was arranged. Here

she was introduced again into gay society, with all the amusements that such a life in the city means. That these things now afforded her no real enjoyment is evident from a paragraph she wrote in her diary on her return, "I went to Drury Lane in the evening. I must own that I was extremely disappointed. To be sure, the house is grand and dazzling, but I had no other feeling while there than wishing it over. . . . I wholly gave up on my own ground attending all places of public amusement. I saw they tended to promote evil; therefore, if I could attend them without being hurt myself, I felt in entering them I lent my aid to promote that which I was sure from what I saw hurt others."

At eighteen she adopted the following excellent rules for her daily life: "First, Never lose any time. I do not think that lost which is spent in recreation some time every day; but always be employed. Second, Never err the least in truth. Third, Never say an ill thing of a person when I can say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so. Fourth, Never be irritable or unkind to anybody. Fifth, Never indulge myself in luxuries that are not necessary. Sixth, Do all things with consideration, and when my path to act is most difficult, put confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist me, and exert my own powers as far as they go."

At once Elizabeth began to imitate her Master, and visit the sick, afflicted, and poor. She interested herself in poor children, and finally opened a school for them. She began with one pupil, but soon the number increased to seventy. Her gentle, prepossessing appearance drew them closely to her, and her success was

somewhat remarkable. She was very happy in this benevolent work, and preferred it to all the dances and theatres she ever attended.

At twenty years of age she married a rich merchant of London, Joseph Fry, whose family belonged to the Society of Friends. He was in full sympathy with her sentiments respecting charity and Christian work in general; and his wealth made it possible for her to minister to the poor and suffering. Notwithstanding her growing family, she found time to prove herself a ministering angel to many a wretched home; also, to be active in gospel work. When she had been married eleven years she had seven children to care for, the eldest ten; and yet her Christian work was so important that she was made a "minister" by the Society of Friends. At this time she increased her charitable work, and established headquarters for the more general assistance of the poor. Here were clothing, drug, and food departments. In her tours among the slums of the city she would take her two eldest daughters with her, for the purpose of teaching them to be kind and serviceable to the poor and suffering. In all her public labors her family was never neglected. On the other hand, the influence of her saintly character and charitable labors upon them was uplifting and inspiring.

She had been married thirteen years, and had eight children, when her labors commenced in Newgate Prison, London. The prison was occupied by so many desperate characters, — men and women huddled together without regard to sex or guilt, — that the superintendent was unwilling to admit her at first. After permission was granted, Mrs. Fry was advised to leave her watch and

purse at home; but she took both with her, and never was molested or received the slightest insult. Her influence over the prisoners for good was witnessed from the start. Three hundred women, some of them the most abandoned characters, hailed her coming as that of a friend. On her second visit she requested to be left alone with the women; and many of them wept tears of joy as she unfolded her plans of doing them good. She organized a society for the "Improvement of the Female Prisoners of Newgate," "To provide for the clothing, the instruction, and the employment of the women; to introduce them to a knowledge of the holy Scriptures; and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of order, sobriety, and industry, which may render them docile and peaceable while in prison, and respectable when they leave it."

When Mrs. Fry proposed that the female prisoners be set to work making articles of apparel, paying them a small amount for their own use, the authorities laughed in derision at the proposition. Nevertheless the plan was tried, and the prisoners made twenty thousand articles of wearing apparel in ten months. Such a marvellous change was wrought in the prison in a brief period, that thousands of people, from the Queen down to peasants, came to behold the transformation. News of the great work spread over Great Britain, and the whole continent of Europe. Letters from crowned heads, as well as from philanthropic people in the common walks of life, began to pour in, inviting her to visit the prisons of other lands; and subsequently she visited Scotland, France, Germany, Denmark, and other countries, upon this errand of mercy, everywhere hailed as an angel of

peace and good will to men. The prisons of Europe were reformed through her labors; and the laws to punish criminals were greatly modified in nearly all European countries. Indeed, the reformation spread throughout the world. In the midst of the world's loudest applause this beautiful woman wrote, "I am ready to say in the fulness of my heart, surely, 'it is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes.' . . . May the praise and glory of the whole be entirely given where it is due by us, and by all, in deep humiliation and prostration of spirit."

Mrs. Fry died Oct. 13, 1845. As she approached the end she said, "I believe this is not death; but it is as passing through the valley of the shadow of death, and perhaps with more suffering, from more sensitiveness; but the *Rock* is here. The distress is awful; but He has been with me." Her last words were, after having listened to a few passages from Isaiah, read by her daughter, "Oh, my dear Lord, help and keep thy servant!"

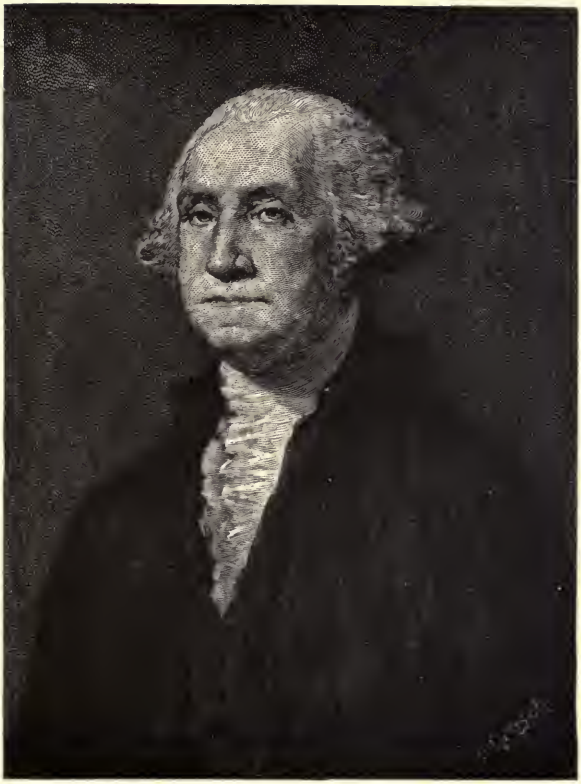
XXIV.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE MOTHER'S TEARS THAT MADE HIM "FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

JOHN WASHINGTON was the founder of the Washington family in America, and George Washington was his great-grandson, born Feb. 22, 1732, on Pope's Creek, Va., about one-half mile from the Potomac. Augustine Washington was his father. A slab now marks the spot on which stood the house where George was born, bearing this inscription, "HERE THE 11TH OF FEBRUARY, 1732 (OLD STYLE) GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS BORN." His mother was a woman of strong character, of whom George Washington Parke Custis, wrote: —

"The mother held in reserve an authority which never departed from her, not even when her son had become the most illustrious of men. It seemed to say, 'I am your mother, the being who gave you life, the guide who directed your steps when they needed the guidance of age and wisdom, the parental affection which claimed your love, the parental authority which commanded your obedience; whatever may be your success, whatever your renown, next to your God, you owe them most to me.' Nor did the chief dissent from these truths; but to the last moments of the life of his venerable parent,



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

he yielded to her will the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the most holy reverence and attachment."

Historians and poets, statesmen and orators, have ever accorded to the mother of Washington a signal influence in determining his character and career. So universal is this sentiment, that the American people consider that the noblest tribute to her memory is the inscription upon her monument, "MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON."

George was a very manly boy. John Fitzhugh wrote of him, "He was born a man." He began to attend school at five years of age, though it was a poor one, taught by one Hobby, who lived in a tenement belonging to George's father. He served as parish sexton and schoolmaster, though much better qualified for the former than the latter position. He was a Christian man of limited knowledge, knowing how to dig graves better than he knew how to instruct the young. He could "read, write, and cipher" passably well, but beyond that he made no pretensions. George was his best and brightest pupil. A biographer says of him in Mr. Hobby's school, "The rapid progress George made in his studies was owing not so much to his uncommon aptitude at learning, as to the diligence and industry with which he applied himself to them. So well did he apply himself, and so attentive was he to everything taught him, that by the time he was ten years old he had learned all that the good old grave-digger knew himself. But what Hobby could not teach him at school, George learned at home of his father and mother, who were well educated for those days."

George did his school-work well. His teacher would hold up his writing-book before the pupils, and say, "Not one blot, no finger-marks, everything neat and clean." Often, also, he directed the attention of scholars to the perfect lessons of George, to awaken emulation.

When George was eight years old, his brother Laurence, who was educated in England, became captain in a regiment destined to a campaign in the West Indies. He was twenty-two years of age, and he took part in recruiting the regiment. Soldiers parading the streets, and the sound of martial music, made lively times for George, who waxed patriotic, and introduced military parades and sham fights among his schoolmates. For months these warlike demonstrations were practised by the pupils, George always acting as commander-in-chief. Nor did his military prowess abate when his brother returned, after an absence of two years, but rather increased.

At ten years of age George was sent to Mr. Williams's School at Bridges' Creek, one of the best schools in Virginia at the time. Here he added bookkeeping and surveying to branches already pursued. He gave attention, also, to drawing and sketching. His industry and application won the highest praise of his teacher. He advanced, too, in manliness, and was implicitly trusted as a truthful, reliable, and model boy. His scholarship was high, and his popularity in school without limitation. He was also an athlete. He could run faster, jump higher, lift more, and throw a stone farther, than any other pupil. He excelled, also, as a wrestler.

In this school he adopted his "Book of Forms," an

original idea with him; a home-made blank-book, into which he copied forms of receipts, bills of exchange, notes of hand, deeds, wills, land-warrants, bonds, and other business forms, that might be useful to him in manhood. Into another blank-book he copied arithmetical problems with his accustomed neatness and thoroughness. Still another blank-book was devoted to art, in which his work in sketching and drawing was preserved, — animals, buildings, trees, and portraits of his schoolmates. Also a book containing many extracts in poetry and prose, which particularly interested him at the time, was a model of painstaking labor. All these manuscript books have been carefully preserved, and can be seen now at Mount Vernon.

There is yet another manuscript volume of more importance than either of those named, preserved among the Washington relics. It is called, "RULES OF BEHAVIOR IN COMPANY AND CONVERSATION." It contains one hundred and ten rules, collected, evidently, from the reading of his boyhood and youth, and copied into this book. The following are sample rules: —

"Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company."

"Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself; for example is better than precept."

"Labor to keep in your heart that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience."

"Let your recreations be manful, not sinful."

Without quoting more of the "rules," it may be said that wiser and better directions for character-building cannot be found. That a boy of thirteen years should

compile such a code of manners and morals, shows unmistakably the bent of his mind, and his noble aim.

His schooldays closed a month before his sixteenth birthday. His vacations, and such other time as he could command, were spent with Laurence at his home. Laurence was a military officer, and his residence was the temporary home of other military men. George enjoyed their company, and became somewhat fascinated with military life, for which Laurence thought he was specially adapted. For this reason he proposed that George should become a midshipman on a British man-of-war. The proposition fired the soul of our young hero, and he besought his brother to obtain the consent of his mother. After much conversation, explanation, and pleading, Laurence obtained the consent of his mother; and, soon after, a British man-of-war moved up the Potomac, and cast anchor in full view of Mount Vernon. On board this vessel a midshipman's warrant was obtained for George, who was more elated over this bit of fortune than over any previous experience of his life. What had been a sort of dream with him had suddenly become reality. His preparation for departure was soon made. His trunk was packed and carried on board the ship that would bear him far away from his native land. He was arrayed in the gay uniform of a midshipman, and nothing remained but to bid his mother and other relatives farewell.

But when he stood before his mother in his naval costume, so tall and robust in figure, so handsome and graceful, so noble in appearance, the thought that she might never behold him again completely overcame her

usual firmness and self-control, and she burst into tears. "I cannot consent to let you go!" she exclaimed; "it will break my heart, George." The son was taken by surprise, and well-nigh unmanned at the sight of his mother in tears. "But how can I refuse to go now that I have enlisted, and my trunk is on board?" he said. "Order your trunk ashore, and return your uniform, my son, if you do not wish to crush your mother's heart," nervously and feelingly answered Mrs. Washington. "I cannot bear the thought."

It was a trying ordeal for George; a sudden and sharp turn to make in his life, if he yielded to her request. But fortunately for him and the American republic, he made it in the manliness of his young soul. "Mother, I can never go and cause you so much grief. I will stay at home," he answered. Then it was that "Washington, the Father of his Country," was assured, and the Declaration of American Independence promised! We are not competent to say exactly what might have been the result to this country had George persisted to be a midshipman in the service of the king; but we are certainly justified in saying there would have been no Brandywine and Valley Forge, no Monmouth and Yorktown. The mother's tears blasted the hopes of the delighted midshipman, but made it possible for freedom to rear its temple on these shores.

George did not sulk nor repine over his disappointment; but he went to work for Lord Fairfax in surveying his vast estates. He had become so proficient with the compass and chain while a pupil in Mr. Williams's school, that he surveyed the farms near the schoolhouse

for his own benefit and amusement; and now, though not seventeen years of age, he was placed in charge of the greatest surveying expedition of that day. He did his work so efficiently, was so accurate and excellent in his reports, that the authorities of Virginia appointed him public surveyor while he was in his teens. It was a grand school for him One of his biographers says, "The business of practical surveying undoubtedly formed a very important part of Washington's preparation for the office of military commander. It not only hardened and invigorated the already robust frame, but it educated his eye, and accustomed him to judge respecting distances and advantages of position. By making him an able civil engineer, it laid the foundation of his future eminence in a military capacity."

George, at nineteen years of age, was appointed adjutant-general, with the rank of major, in the place of his brother Laurence, who resigned on account of impaired health. He had charge of the militia of the district, to organize and drill them, inspect their arms and accoutrements, together with other duties that would absorb his time. At twenty-one years of age he was appointed commissioner to the French, who had encroached upon the domains of the Virginia colonists by erecting forts, and making settlements on the Ohio River. It was not only an important commission, but a perilous one. The governor told him that it might cost him his life. His mission was accomplished with so much ability and promptness, and his report of the same was a document of so rare value, that the governor proposed to print it at once for general distribution. The proposition shocked Washington's modesty, and he

objected to giving the report such publicity. But the governor replied, "You need not give yourself any uneasiness, man; for your journal is worthy of the perusal of the King of Great Britain, and I intend to present him with a copy."

Washington's report caused great excitement in Great Britain, as well as among the colonists. The king ordered the colonies to raise troops and drive the French out of the land. The governor of Virginia was directed to raise a force, and Washington was appointed recruiting officer, with headquarters at Alexandria. When the recruiting was done, the command of the whole force was given to him; and his first battle was with the French on the frontier, in which he was victorious. He was then twenty-two years of age. From that time he was deeply concerned for the welfare of the colonies, and followed military life until he was married at twenty-seven, when he retired from public service.

His retirement, however, was not to continue; for public matters were hastening to a crisis, as the colonists felt more and more the oppression of the British yoke. Scenes that preceded the Declaration of Independence called him from his peaceful home at Mount Vernon into the field.

We need not rehearse his deeds in the long and sanguinary struggle for independence. These are known everywhere; and for them Washington is honored in every civilized country. The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown proved to be the end of the war. On disbanding his army Washington returned his commission to Congress, after eight years of uninterrupted, glorious service. He wrote to a friend, "The hand of

Providence has been so conspicuous in all this, that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations."

Washington died at Mount Vernon, Dec. 14, 1799. The Senate of the United States immediately sent a pathetic communication to President Adams, in which they said, —

"On this occasion it is manly to weep. To lose such a man at such a crisis is no common calamity to the world. Our country mourns a father. The Almighty Disposer of human events has taken from us our greatest benefactor and ornament. It becomes us to submit with reverence to him who 'maketh darkness his pavilion.' Thanks to God, his glory is consummated. Washington yet lives on earth in his spotless example; his spirit is in heaven. Let his country consecrate the memory of the heroic general, the patriotic statesman, and the virtuous sage. Let them teach their children never to forget that the fruits of his labors and his example are their inheritance."

XXV.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

THE PRISON EXPERIENCE THAT MADE THE WEAVER AN ORNITHOLOGIST.

Alexander Wilson was born in the Seedhills of Paisley, Scotland, July 6, 1776. His father was a weaver, once in comfortable circumstances, but poor and shiftless when Alexander was born. His mother was a bright, Christian woman, who planned to make a minister of her son, and no doubt would have accomplished her purpose, had not a fatal sickness carried her off suddenly.

Although Alexander was intelligent and promising, the death of his mother dashed all his hopes of entering the service of the church. His father was too poor and commonplace to assist him to anything that was noble; so he was apprenticed to a weaver when he was thirteen years of age, and served him faithfully three years, becoming quite an expert in the art of weaving. The next four years he was employed as a journeyman weaver in Paisley and Lochwinnoch. It was during these years that Alexander discovered that he possessed a talent for writing poetry; and he coaxed his muse into efforts of that kind, until he won some notoriety in his native town.

In his twentieth year, however, he changed his occupation from weaver to pedler, travelling among the farmers and peasants on foot, with such wares as they used in their families. Before starting out he conceived the idea of getting subscribers also for a small volume of his own poems; and he had a prospectus printed with that end in view. He was not successful as a pedler, although his profits were sufficient to defray his expenses. He obtained quite a list of subscribers for his proposed volume of poems. On his return he arranged with a bookseller for the publication of his poems, including, also, the journal of his wanderings, that he had faithfully kept.

When the book was ready he started on a second peddling expedition, in order to deliver it to subscribers. In his journal at the time he described his setting out in a manner that shows he possessed some talent for writing prose as well as poetry. It was as follows: —

"Having furnished my budget with what necessary articles might be required, equipped with a short oaken plant, I yielded my shoulders to the load, and by daybreak left the confines of our ancient metropolis. The morning was mild, clear, and inviting. A gentle shower, which had fallen amid the stillness of night, besprinkled the fields and adjoining meadows, exposing them to the eye clad with brightest green, and glittering with unnumbered globes of dew. Nature seemed to smile on my intended expedition; I hailed the happy omen, and with a heart light as the lark that hovered over my head, I passed the foot of Salisbury Rocks, and, directing my course towards Dalkeith, launched among the first farms and cottages that offered."

This trip proved very discouraging to the pedler and would-be-poet. A majority of those who had subscribed for the poems would not take them, chiefly because they had no money to pay for them. He returned from this expedition poorer than ever, and was forced to return to his shuttles or starve. After a few months' labor in the mill, he heard that there was to be a discussion in Edinburgh on this question, "Whether have the exertions of Allan Ramsay or Robert Ferguson done more honor to Scottish poetry?" The discussion would take place in a debating-society called the Forum. Young Wilson determined to be there, and distinguish himself as debater and poet; and he set about writing a poem in defence of Ferguson. At the appointed time he was in Edinburgh, and engaged in the debate, and read his poem entitled, "The Laurel Disputed." The poem was received with applause, and won him some notoriety; in consequence of which he remained in that city until he had written two other poems, "Rab and Ringam," and "The Loss of the Pack," and recited them before the Forum. These were received with still greater favor, and he returned home quite elated over his success.

The result of his Edinburgh episode was the publishing of a second edition of his poems, revised and enlarged, and another peddling escapade among the peasants and farmers. This last enterprise proved worse than the first, and he returned to his shuttles again rather than perish by starvation. In 1792, however, he published a poem, "Matty and Meg," which many ascribed to Burns, until Wilson publicly claimed the authorship.

He was now twenty-seven years old, such a young man as would pass in our country to-day for a first-class crank. Talented and persistent in a good degree, yet so eccentric, conceited, and visionary as to be regarded with disfavor by many. There was no foreshadowing of the naturalist as yet, although he possessed a certain love of nature that cropped out occasionally. But he was on the eve of a change. There was trouble between the manufacturers and weavers of Paisley; and Wilson espoused the cause of the latter, and wrote a satirical poem, "The Shark; or, Lang Mills Detected," for which he was prosecuted, convicted, and sent to prison. His term of imprisonment was short, only a few days, and at the expiration of it he was required to burn his own poem in front of the jail.

Wilson was greatly mortified by this unfortunate affair, and resolved to quit his native land, and sail for America as soon as he could earn money enough to pay his fare. Four months he worked in the mill, living on twenty-five cents a week during the time before the requisite amount was realized. He arrived in Newcastle, Del., July 14, 1794, in a sad plight. He was without money, occupation, or friends, in a strange land. Casting about for employment, and inquiring of new acquaintances about work, he concluded to seek a situation as weaver in Philadelphia, which place he entered in a more forlorn condition than Benjamin Franklin did seventy years before. Disappointed in several ventures, he finally engaged in schoolkeeping near Philadelphia. Realizing his unfitness for the occupation, he applied himself to study heroically out of school, and made remarkable progress. As teacher he became a success,

and continued the employment several years, in different places.

During the first year of his pedagoging, he made the acquaintance of a naturalist by the name of Bartram, whom some people called the American Linnæus. His residence was near Wilson's schoolhouse. Bartram drew Wilson into the studies of nature. Unconsciously he grew into an enthusiast on the subject. Birds particularly interested him; and out of school he scoured field and forest, without intending to become a renowned ornithologist. He was a weaver by trade; he wanted to be a poet; but he was best qualified for an ornithologist, and came to America to find it out. The great blunder he made in lashing the Paisley manufacturers with satire was the last straw that broke the camel's back, and sent him to the New World for relief. It was an odd way of making a great man out of a small one, because it was not a human way; and yet it was so natural and providential that we cease to wonder at it. It was a turning-point which shows God's choice so much more than it does man's, that we bow in reverence to the ordering.

Before he relinquished the profession of teacher, he had made great progress in ornithology, and was known among the people whom he served as an enthusiast upon the subject. He wrote to his friend Bartram as follows: —

"I sometimes smile to think that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandizement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl.

While others are hoarding their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of nature's works that are forever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks, and owls; opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, etc., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and in this particular our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me; and though they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few fivepenny *bits*, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy not long ago brought me a large basketful of crows. I expect his next load will be bullfrogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it the same evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the suffering of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves in the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

A few years later, in 1803, at the age of thirty-seven, he resolved to make a study of the birds of America, and relinquished teaching for this purpose. In June of that year he wrote to a friend in Scotland: —

"Close application to the duties of my profession, which I have followed since November, 1795, has deeply injured my constitution; the more so, that my rambling disposition was the worst calculated of any one in the world for the austere regularity of a teacher's life. I have had many pursuits since I left Scotland, — mathematics, the German language, music, drawing, etc.; and I am about to make a collection of all our finest birds."

The story of his hardships, perils, self-denials, and persistent labors in exploring forests, fields, mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers, in collecting materials for his "American Ornithology," is stranger than fiction. Exposed to all weathers, sleeping on the bare earth or on the bottom of a boat, pelted by rain and hail, scorched by a blazing sun, frozen by the piercing cold, imperilled by wild beasts and wilder savages, walking hundreds of miles through untraversed woods and tangled swamps, he was sustained by heroic faith in his mission, and its results to his race.

When the first volume of his great work was ready for the press, he had not a dollar to invest in its publication. Samuel Bradford of Philadelphia had secured him to edit Rees' Cyclopædia, which he was publishing; and Wilson spoke to him one day of his pet enterprise, and at once Bradford indorsed the scheme, and agreed to publish the work. Here, again, the providential features of this career came to the front.

In 1813 the "American Ornithology" had reached

the seventh volume — a work without a peer in natural history. The great labor of collecting the material, to say nothing of the burden of preparing the volumes for the press, was enough to exhaust the physical and mental powers of half-a-dozen scholars. And yet Wilson crowded these efforts into eleven years, completely breaking down his constitution, so that he died at forty-seven, Aug. 23, 1813. His funeral was attended by an unusual concourse of people. The whole city paid a noble tribute of respect to his memory. The clergy of all denominations, lawyers, physicians, educators, city officials, and members of literary societies, walked in procession, the Columbian Society of Fine Arts leading before the hearse. The English weaver had laid the American public under a debt of gratitude by his achievements, and they recognized the obligation by touching and imposing obsequies.

XXVI.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

THE DECISION FOR A SEAFARING LIFE THAT LED TO GREATNESS.

PARENTS, with here and there an exception, from time immemorial have objected to their sons becoming sailors. Good reasons have nursed this disapproval of a seafaring life; for the pursuit has ruined many more young men than it has preserved from moral disaster. The parents of Matthew Maury were in full sympathy with this view of life on the sea, and they had no idea of permitting their son to engage in so perilous an occupation.

Matthew was born in Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania County, Va., Jan. 14, 1806. It was a pioneer life to which he was born, where poor parents like his found it difficult to supply food and clothing for their families. It was a rough country, and those were rough times for boys in very humble circumstances. It was on this account that Mr. Maury decided to remove to Tennessee when Matthew was four years old. He selected a part of the State that was wild and uncultivated, on the verge of civilization, and there struck out anew in the struggle for existence. It was near the small village of Franklin, where the opportunities

for boys like Matthew were exceedingly meagre. He was endowed with mental faculties far beyond the average boy, and greatly enjoyed the few school-days that fell to his lot. The Rev. James H. Otey conducted a school in the vicinity, and his attention was directed to Matthew as a lad of promise. In some way it was arranged that Matthew should enter his school, though only for a few months. Here among this rough and uncultured people he grew up to early manhood. He was ungainly and uncultivated, like the people with whom he was reared, but he was moral.

From boyhood Matthew had a love for the sea. Sailor yarns, and stories of adventure on the ocean, interested him above all others. When not more than twelve years of age he began to express a desire to become a sailor. But he always encountered the opposition of his parents, who would rather see him buried than alive on the sea. There was not the least probability that they would ever consent to his following a seafaring life. Thus matters continued until Matthew was nineteen years of age, with no occupation and no prospect of any change for the better. All the while his longing for the sea was growing stronger and stronger, with less and less regard for the feelings of his father and mother. Finally he became somewhat desperate in his determination to ship for a voyage, with or without parental consent. Evidently his parents feared that he might go against their wishes, which would aggravate their trial. Under these circumstances they yielded to Matthew's importunity.

The way was fortunately opened for service in the United States Navy, and he was appointed midshipman

on the frigate Brandywine. He was well pleased with his situation; and his parents were highly gratified that he would not become a common sailor. It was on the first day of February, 1825, that he sailed for a cruise on the coast of Europe, and in the Mediterranean. He was absent about eighteen months, and enjoyed his new life more than he could express. Then he was transferred to the sloop-of-war Vincennes for a voyage around the world. For five years he served as midshipman, and also devoted himself to nautical studies with much enthusiasm. He did not allow a single moment to run to waste, when on duty or off. Officers and men held him in high estimation, and prophesied that he would become renowned. He resolved to master the science of navigation in defiance of the confusion and immorality on a man-of-war. The only time that he could find real quiet for study and critical thought was when on watch. Providing himself with a piece of chalk, he worked out problems upon cannon-balls, one after another, until the old gunner protested against defacing the government's projectiles in this way. But the commodore saw genius and promise in what was but an oddity to the gunner; and so young Maury was allowed to proceed with his studies, using cannon-balls in lieu of a blackboard.

In 1831, at his own request, he was subjected to an examination for promotion, the result of which was his appointment as master of the sloop-of-war Falmouth, fitting out for the Pacific. This was a signal triumph for a young man from the wilds of Tennessee to accomplish in six years. By this time his parents learned that not all sons are ruined on merchant vessels and

sloops-of-war. Things were assuming a flattering appearance. Their resolute and determined boy had found his place after all. It was fortunate that they yielded to his importunities. They feared that he was pitching his tent toward Sodom; but it soon became apparent that he was in the way of usefulness and renown.

Maury did not return to the United States on the Falmouth, but was transferred to the Dolphin, on which he served as first lieutenant, and finally returned to this country on the Potomac. In the nine years he had been in the naval service he had prepared a work on navigation, which he published soon after his return in 1834. That the treatise was one of great value, is evident from the fact that the government adopted it immediately as a text-book in naval schools. At thirty-three he was offered the appointments of astronomer and hydrographer to the exploring expedition then preparing to sail under the command of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, but he declined the offer. Two years later he visited his parents, who were still living in Tennessee. On his way through Ohio the stage-coach upset, and he received a permanent injury in his knee. For three years he could not go without crutches, and from that time onward was disabled for public service.

In these circumstances his active brain turned to other channels of usefulness. He resolved to correct manifest abuses in the navy, and commenced a series of articles "in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of Richmond, Va., over the name of Harry Bluff, and under the general head of 'Scraps from the Lucky Bag.'" These articles attracted the attention, not only of the general public, but of government officials; and the

abuses exposed were corrected. Out of this grew, also, the establishment of a naval academy. Later on, a naval academy was founded at Memphis, Tenn., by the advice of Maury. He prepared and issued his "Wind and Current Charts," which proved of great value to all voyagers on the sea. He established a series of deep-sea soundings, the outcome of which was his "Geography of the Sea," one of the most valuable books of the century. These facts show that he possessed a mind of large grasp, needing only the opportunity to develop it. Plainly he could not have found a suitable place for his native abilities in any land occupation. It was only on the field of action which he selected, where practical knowledge of nautical science could be obtained more easily, that he could develop as a man of exceptional abilities.

As soon as the National Observatory at Washington was completed, he was appointed superintendent. One of his first efforts was to determine the direction of the winds and currents of the sea, which was accomplished by the most painstaking labors. In a labored essay, entitled "A Scheme for Rebuilding Southern Commerce," he made known his conclusions respecting the Gulf Stream, ocean currents, and great-circle sailing, all of which contributed to the progress of our age in navigating the sea. Other works of his are, "Letters on the Amazon and the Atlantic Slopes of South America," "Relation Between Magnetism and the Circulation of the Atmosphere," "Lanes for Steamers Crossing the Atlantic," "Mathematical, Civil, and Physical Geography." His "Physical Geography of the Sea" was translated into most of the languages of Europe; and

the same was true of several other of his works. In this way his fame spread throughout the world, and his great abilities were universally recognized. The governments of "France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, Sweden, Sardinia, Holland, Norway, Spain, and Italy bestowed orders of knighthood upon him. The academies of science of Paris, Berlin, Brussels, St. Petersburg, and Mexico received him into membership." The University of Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and the Emperor of the French invited him to the superintendency of the National Observatory at Paris. He finally accepted the chair of physics in the Virginia Military Institute, in which professorship he continued until his death, Feb. 1, 1873.

A brilliant record for the rough, untutored son of Tennessee must be the exclamation of every reader! His career shows that nothing is impossible for the indomitable, aspiring, high-minded young man to accomplish. The day on which young Maury left his home for the office of midshipman was, on the whole, a sad one for his parents. The most hopeful friend could not have dreamed of so grand a record. It was made possible, not by any opportunity afforded, but by his personal consecration to a purpose that acknowledged no defeat. Once in the way of his native aspirations, his triumph was as sure as destiny.

XXVII.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

THE COLORED DRAWING THAT EVOKED THE PAINTER.

Sir David Wilkie was one of the most gifted painters of the nineteenth century. His father was a clergyman, and meant that his son should be. Other relatives and friends, also, desired that he should be educated for the sacred office. But they were forced to abandon that idea in consequence of his remarkable ability in drawing and portrait-sketching. The bent of his genius, very early in life, was unmistakable to all observers. The one incident that really made him a painter, he himself narrated when a baronet asked him if he chose the art of painting because his father, mother, or other ancestor possessed a talent for it, as follows: —

"The truth is, Sir John, that you made me a painter. When you were drawing up the statistical account of Scotland, my father had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a colored drawing of a soldier in the uniform of your Highland Fencible Regiment. I was so delighted with the sight that I was constantly drawing copies of it; and thus, insensibly, I was transformed into a painter."

He was led by the incident narrated to discover for

what he was best fitted by nature, and so to make the art of painting his life-work. His parents had not observed that his natural bent lay in the direction of this art, nor had other friends observed anything of the kind. Indeed, the boy himself appears to have been surprised that he could draw a good imitation of the soldier in uniform. His success delighted him so much that he kept on drawing and painting as long as he lived. The drawing of the Highland soldier did it.

David Wilkie was born in Cults, Fifeshire, Scotland, Nov. 18, 1785. His ancestors ranked high for ability, independence, and moral character. From the time he drew the Highland soldier, his inborn taste for art appeared more and more. It interfered somewhat with his studies in school, so that both his father and teachers had to restrain his love of drawing. Still, he was a good scholar, on the whole, and improved his time fairly.

When he was a small boy, Lord Balgonie visited the family at the parsonage. His lordship was distinguished for his formidable nose, and evidently little David regarded it with considerable wonder; for, taking a half-burned stock of heather from the fire, he drew a likeness of the visitor's nasal organ on the hearthstone, and then exclaimed, "Mother, look at 'Gonie's nose." Somewhat mortified by this unexpected act of the child, she was about to reprove him for being rude, when his lordship came to her relief by declaring that the likeness was perfect, and commending the boy for his ability to draw so well. It was an amusing scene to Balgonie, who was wont to speak of it thereafter as proof of the boy's genius.

From this time his parents rather favored his art propensity, except when it interfered with his studies; and the walls of the nursery, after a little, were adorned with portraits of his father's parishioners. They were excellent imitations of the originals too, and visitors were often taken into the nursery to see them. They were considered fine productions of art for one so young.

At seven years of age he was sent to Pitlessie School, all of his previous instruction having been imparted by his mother at home. The master soon discovered that his pupil was less interested in his lessons than he was in drawing the portraits of his schoolmates. He had no heart to reprove him severely, however, because his work of art was so wonderful for a boy of seven years. He was a great favorite with his companions, who paid him a marble for each portrait. Sometimes he sketched his schoolmates in groups, as they stood in a class, or gathered on the play-ground; and these efforts were usually rewarded by expressions of surprise at their correctness.

In 1797 he was taken from this school and sent to another — the grammar school of Prettle. The master, Dr. Strachan, did not quite understand his pupil, and possibly he was a difficult problem to solve. For with all his love of art, and his ability to master any branch of study he undertook, there was also a love of mischief that cropped out frequently when companions were inclined to assist him on that line. Hence, Dr. Strachan said that David "was the most singular boy he had ever taught." Perhaps his mechanical genius mystified matters; for he was very fond of machinery, and delighted to construct miniature mills, houses, and other articles.

A gentleman relates that he once called upon his uncle,

who was a minister at Auchtermuchty, where he saw the likenesses of all his children arranged in a row upon the wall. He remarked that they were unusually good, the best of the kind he had ever seen. Then he was told that they were executed by David Wilkie, a nephew of the Rev. Mr. Lister, his host. The visitor answered, "He will be heard from with honor at no distant period."

When at last he was enabled to devote himself wholly to painting, he entered upon his work with untiring industry. It was in the city of Edinburgh, where there was much to distract his attention; but there was no allurement that could draw him away for a moment from his work in art. A few years more, and he was classed with the expert painters of his day.

For a time, in the early part of his career, he painted portraits, and won fame with every effort. But after entering the Royal Academy at London, when he was twenty years old, his attention was drawn to other subjects. Among his early famous paintings were "The Village Recruit," "Village Politicians," "Blind Fiddler," "Rent Day," "Cut Finger," and "Village Festival." From the time he was twenty-eight until he was thirty-three, he painted "Blind-Man's Bluff" for the Prince Regent, "Letter of Introduction," "Distraining for the Rent," and the "Rabbit on the Wall," all of which were among the finest productions of his life. Subsequently he executed "The Penny Wedding" for the Prince Regent, and "Reading of the Will" for the King of Bavaria, for which he received large prices. He spent two years upon his celebrated "Chelsea Pensioners Listening to the News of Waterloo," which he painted for the

Duke of Wellington, for which he received six thousand dollars. A critic said of this work, "It is a masterpiece of color, composition, and execution, rivalling in these respects the finest efforts of the Dutch school, and attracted so much admiration at the academy of 1822 that it was found necessary to put a railing in front of it."

In 1823 he was appointed limner to the king of Scotland, succeeding Sir Henry Raeburn. The appointment was a high tribute paid to his genius. In 1825 he started upon a Continental tour, and studied the old masters in Italy, Germany, and Spain. In 1830 he was made "painter in ordinary to the king," the office having been made vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence; and the same year he put on exhibition his full-length portrait of George IV. in a Highland dress.

Among the later subjects that added to his already great reputation were "John Knox Preaching the Reformation in St. Andrew's;" "Christopher Columbus Submitting the Chart of His Voyage for the Discovery of the New World to the Spanish Authorities;" "Mary, Queen of Scots, Escaping from Loch Leven;" "Sir David Baird Discovering the Body of Tippo Sahib;" "Benvenuto Cellini Submitting a Vase to the Inspection of Pope Paul III.;" together with portraits of William IV., Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, and other magnates.

Thus it will be seen that the artist boy who drew the Highland soldier in his childhood, put a vast amount of fine work into his profession before he died, in June, 1841, at fifty-six years of age. "Little causes produce great results," is the old saw; and it is illustrated in this case. It was a small thing for the picture of the

Highland soldier to fall into David's hand, but the outcome placed the whole world under a debt of gratitude to the artist who made the event capable of such possibilities. He reached a point, even in early manhood, where his enthusiasm nearly exhausted his physical powers. He wrote to his father, "My ambition has got beyond all bounds, and I have the vanity to hope that Scotland will one day be proud to boast of David Wilkie."

His health became so impaired, a year before his death, that he sought relief in foreign climes; but it proved of no avail, so he resolved to return to his native land, but died on the passage. One of his biographers says, —

"When the sad news of his death reached England, that grief fell upon the public which might well be caused by the loss of one to whom it had owed so much and such real gratification; whom an 'exquisite feeling of nature' had enabled to touch the hearts of all ranks; whom early training and a fine perception of character had fitted, above all others, to be the painter of the people; and who, when he was in possession of well-earned fame and honors, when some of his most cherished dreams were splendidly realized, continued the same modest, unassuming individual as he had been when his pencil traced grotesque figures on the walls of some Fifeshire manse, or his Scotch accent and eyes bright with intelligence amused and charmed the students at the Royal Academy."

E. K. Kane

XXVIII.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

THE CHRISTIAN HOPE THAT SAVED HIM FROM DISHONOR.

Elisha Kent Kane, the son of John K. Kane and Jane Sciper his wife, was born Feb. 3, 1820, in the city of Philadelphia. His father was an eminent lawyer of the city, and a fine scholar as well. His mother was a woman of many accomplishments, as heroic as she was intelligent. Both father and mother were members of the Presbyterian Church, in which communion they were influential and honored.

Elisha Kent was a frail child, the first-born, requiring the most tender care and patience to rear him. As he grew out of babyhood he developed a passionate disposition and imperious will. At times he was uncontrollable, and his parents were puzzled to know how to manage him. The average boy is usually a difficult problem to solve, but Elisha Kent was doubly so as a subject of discipline. No knotty point of law ever perplexed the father so much as how to deal with his self-willed and fractious son. Dr. Elder, his biographer, says of him in boyhood, —

"His frame was admirably fitted for all manner of athletic exercises; and his impulses kept it well up to

the limits of its capabilities, daring and doing everything within the liberties of boy-life with an intent seriousness of desperation which kept domestic rule upon the stretch, and threatened, as certainly as usual with boys whose only badness is their boldness, to bring down everybody's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. It was not the monkey mirthfulness nor the unprincipled recklessness of childhood that he was chargeable with, but something more of purpose and tenacity in exacting deference and enforcing equity than is usually allowed to boyhood. To arbitrary authority he was a regular little rebel. There was nothing of passive submission in his temper, and he did not overlay it with the little hypocrisies of good boy policy. He was absolutely fearless, and, withal, given to indignation quite up to his own measurement of wrongs and insults; and he had a pair of little fists that worked with the steam-power of passion in the administration of distributive justice, which he charged himself with executing at all hazards. In right of primogeniture, he was protector to his younger brothers, and was not yet nine years old when he assumed the office with all its duties and dangers."

This means that he was given to fighting — that with him it was a word and a blow. He loved his brothers and sisters dearly; and he would fight for them whenever, in his judgment, it was necessary. Once he was at school with a brother two years younger than himself. For some misdemeanor the brother was called up for punishment, when Elisha sprang from his seat and interposed. "Don't whip him, he's such a little fellow, whip me," he demanded. The master was somewhat

surprised at the boy's audacity, and he cried out, "I'll whip you too, sir," and he did, though it was a fight between him and the boy of ten years. Elisha's defiant spirit was aroused by the master's tone of authority, and he fought him as he would have fought a street adventurer. But the master flogged him until he was completely subdued, and he went home bearing the marks of a severe but just flagellation, which he wore for several weeks.

One day four or five large boys climbed upon the roof of a building in his father's yard, and were amusing themselves by firing putty-wads from blow-guns at the girls below. Elisha came along, and taking in the situation, called upon the boys to quit. Their reply was a shower of putty-wads in his own face. Immediately he climbed up the rain-spout and was among them almost before they knew he was coming. All the boys were larger than he; but that was no reason why he should not thrash the lot, so he proceeded to administer punishment. Seizing one by his collar, he dragged him to the edge of the roof, and threatened to push him over, unless he said that he was sorry and promised to do better. One after another he collared them and put them through the same ordeal, wholly reckless of the perils of such a tussle on the roof, and never questioning but that he was able to thrash every one of them. While this mode of punishment was progressing, his younger brother Thomas was observing the scene from the pavement, and cried out, "Come down, 'Lisha! O 'Lisha, come down!" But Elisha answered, "No, Tom, they ain't done apologizing yet."

One of the chimneys on his father's dwelling rose

sixteen feet above the roof, for the purpose of better draught. Elisha wanted to sit on the top of it, and he was bound to do it. But how to get there was the question. A cat could not go there, nor a squirrel. How, then, could a boy? Elisha talked it over with Thomas, and finally concluded that he could tie a stone to one end of the clothes-line, and throw it into the flue of the chimney, where it would fall down into the kitchen fireplace; and there he could fasten one end, while the other would be dangling from the top of the chimney upon the roof. But his father would veto such a measure were it attempted in the daytime; so Elisha proposed that it should be done in the night, when all were asleep.

Accordingly, one night they slipped out of bed, dressed, went out upon the roof of the front building, dropped themselves down upon the kitchen roof, where the clothes-line and stone had been deposited for use, and began operations. Again and again Elisha threw the stone at the flue, and missed. He had not stopped to think how difficult it would be for a small boy to throw a stone into a chimney sixteen feet high. But he always accomplished what he undertook, and he finally performed this feat, and the stone went thumping down the chimney into the fireplace below. Delighted, the young aspirant slid down the rain-spout, and soon the stone-end of the clothes-line was fastened. Back he climbed, squirrel-like, and soon was sitting squarely on the chimney's top, happy as a king.

"O Tom!" he exclaimed, "what a nice place this is! I'll get down into the flue to my waist, and pull you up too. Just make a loop in the rope, and I'll haul you in. Don't be afraid; it is so *grand* up here."

He tried the experiment of pulling Tom up; but his strength was not equal to the task, and the purpose was abandoned. Having enjoyed the view from the chimney's top to his heart's content, under a bright moonlight, the singular boy descended, and together they proceeded to the basement, to wash the clothes-line, that was black with soot. It was necessary for them to obliterate all traces of the daring feat, that parental ignorance might prove bliss to both parties. Having thus concealed their tracks, both took to the water-spout again, and hastened back to bed over the roof, and soon were asleep.

Such illustrations of the young dare-devil's life might be multiplied, but these serve our purpose. It should be said, however, that the same reckless and indomitable spirit characterized him in the schoolroom. One example given is proof of that. Restraint seemed to arouse his incorrigible nature, and he could scarcely see why an attempt should be made to secure his obedience. And yet he applied himself on certain lines of study, and was a good scholar in his way. His talents could not be concealed by his ungovernable disposition. And so it was not strange that his teachers regarded him as a "very singular piece of humanity!"

Evidently the boy was misunderstood. He was not so bad as he seemed to be. His parents and best friends thought he was on the road to ruin, and would accomplish the journey in a very short time. Putting together cause and effect as they saw them, it was the only conclusion to which they could arrive. What would come next in the young rebel's life was the anxiety of each recurring day. Could they have seen what only God

himself could see, however, they would have found some relief from fearful apprehensions.

At sixteen years of age Elisha began to recognize the value of education, and his father seized the opportunity to prepare him for college. This done, he entered the University of Virginia, where the course of study was elective, and this just suited him. He chose studies that would fit him for a civil engineer, and made rapid progress in chemistry, mineralogy, physical geography, and kindred branches. Near the close of his studies in this institution his health failed, and an organic affection of the heart appeared. However, he was graduated, and returned home seriously ill with "endocarditis, inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart." His condition was not concealed from him. He said to a friend, "The doctors tell me that if I throw off this paroxysm I may live a month, or perhaps half a year; but they know, and I know, that I may be struck down in half an hour."

"This was the period of a new birth to him," says Dr. Elder. He stood face to face with death, when a man thinks seriously, if he ever does. It was the first time in his life that he had ever realized his inability to do and dare. He was not under parental discipline now. He was not under the control of teachers. He was in the hand of God, and he realized the fact. Human wisdom and power are inadequate to guide and save such a youth. God assumed the management of the misunderstood youth, and he came out of the trial a new man. He was born again; and his second birth seemed absolutely necessary to make his first birth of any practical value to the world. God had a great

work for him to do, and he had endowed him with qualities well suited to that work, but which men had not understood; and now appears the Arctic explorer. Here was the crisis of his life, and he turned into the way of right and renown.

We need not discuss the details of his life as the great Arctic explorer. It is necessary to say only, that the earnest petition of Lady Franklin to President Taylor, in 1850, for an American expedition to be sent out in search of her husband, Sir John Franklin, secured an Act by Congress, whereby an expedition started under the leadership of young Kane, who was only thirty years of age, but just fitted, by nature and education, for such a responsibility.

He was a true, noble man now; and he went forth "governed by sound and thorough moral principle, and sanctified by the influences of the religion of the Bible, which reveals and offers to us Jesus the Christ of God as in all things a Saviour." He conducted two expeditions; and the following three rules he established when he went forth upon the second expedition: —

"1. Implicit and unvarying obedience to orders.

"2. Entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

"3. Daily devout worship of God in all circumstances."

He was beloved by his men; so kind and thoughtful, so attentive and tender when they were sick, so calm and cheerful in the most fearful storm and danger, and in all conditions so trustful and hopeful. "The boy was father of the man" in all the heroic virtues of a great soul.

His descent into the volcano of Tael proved that

religion did not modify his bravery; that he was still wholly regardless of danger. He was let down two hundred feet beyond the point usually visited, and then descended to the very edge of the boiling caldron, and filled his specimen bottles with the liquid fire. The sulphurous heat and air so overcame him that he had barely strength enough to tie the bamboo ropes around his body. He was totally insensible when he was drawn up to *terra firma*, but soon recovered. His boots were charred to pieces on his feet.

At one time a party of eight or ten was sent out to explore, and several days had elapsed when three of the number returned, almost crazed by the extreme cold and hardships (the thermometer was fifty-seven degrees below zero), and reported that the other members of the expedition were perishing miles away. Immediately Kane organized a company of ten to go to their rescue; and he himself led them, notwithstanding that his old heart trouble had returned with alarming symptoms. After eighteen hours of terrible adventure, in which Kane fainted three times, and two of his men were seized with fits, their perishing companions were found, more dead than alive, and restored to the ships. "We knew you would come; we knew you would come, brother!" said one of the men who was able to speak. Why did he know that Dr. Kane would come? Because he knew the stuff that he was made of, and that he would risk his life for any one of them.

Dr. Kane did not live to return to his native city. He died at Havana, Cuba, on the 16th of February, 1857, at thirty-seven years of age. The reception of his remains in this country was attended with all the

demonstrations of sorrow usually paid to dead conquerors and presidents. His pastor preached the funeral sermon, in which he quoted the following words of the departed hero: —

"A trust, based on experience as well as on promises, buoyed me up at the worst of times. Call it fatalism, as you ignorantly may, there is that in the story of every eventful life which teaches the inefficiency of human means, and the present control of a Supreme Agency. I never doubted for an instant that the same Providence which had guarded us through the long darkness of winter was still watching over us for good, and that it was yet in reserve for us — for some, I dared not hope for all — to bear back the tidings of our rescue to a Christian land."

The pastor closed his eloquent tribute with these words, "Let the chaplet be woven, let the banner be shrouded, let the dirge be wailed, and, with fair, fond pageantry, let dust be rendered back to its kindred dust; but we shall not have soared to the highest moral of the elegiac spectacle, until, from that eternity which lies beyond the tomb of blighted hope and buried glory, we return to write upon it, 'This also is vanity.'

"Are not the Arctic explorations a Christian Iliad? and is not our Achilles nobler than Thetis's son?"

XXIX.

HUGH MILLER.

THE ADVICE OF HIS BETROTHED THAT RAISED HIM FROM STONE-MASON TO SCHOLAR.

The ancestors of Hugh Miller were sailors, — a hardy, intelligent, adventurous race. His father was at first apprenticed to a farmer; but the attractions of the sea were too strong for him, and he became an expert sailor, and even served his country in the naval service, and fought battles like a hero.

When Hugh Miller was five years old, his father perished in a terrible storm. Not one on board his ship survived to tell the story of their fate. The boy was born at Cromarty, Scotland, Oct. 10, 1802, and was old enough to realize his loss. "Long after hope had died in every breast save his own, was little Miller seen looking wistfully out from the grassy protuberance of the old coast-line above his mother's house, into the Moray Frith, for the sloop with the white stripes and the square topsails; but sloop nor sire never came again."

After the father's death two uncles cared for Hugh and his sisters with as much devotion as they gave to their own children. Hugh was put into a school near by, where he became a great reader. He had learned

to read at home, but had no books to read. In this school, however, he "discovered that the art of reading is the art of finding stories in books," as he said in his manhood. From that time he devoured all the story-books he could find. Bible stories interested him, especially the story of Joseph, Samson, David, Goliath, Elisha, and kindred narratives. "Jack the Giant Killer," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Blue Beard," "Sindbad the Sailor," "Beauty and the Beast," "Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp," stirred his soul to its depths. Later on, "Pilgrim's Progress," Harvie's "Scots Worthies," "Naphthali; or, The Hind let Loose," Pope's "Iliad," with others of equal fascination, absorbed his attention. The consequence was that he loved reading better than he did study. He would steal away to read when he would not apply himself to arithmetic or geography. He remained in the above-named school one year.

Next he was placed in the grammar school of Cromarty, where there were one hundred and twenty pupils. Being wilful and stubborn, his teachers were greatly tried with him. He could excel in any branch of study undertaken, but he would not; nor could his teachers persuade or compel him to apply himself closely to study. At the same time, he would hold his companions spellbound by the narration of tales from the books he had read, and his listeners held him in high estimation. They treated him as the brightest and best-informed pupil in school. But the teachers complained of him to his uncles, and declared that there was no promise of future good in him. His uncles were bright, intelligent men, and could see for themselves that Hugh

was no common boy. They had high hopes of his future, if he could be placed under the requisite discipline.

A private school was opened in town, to which the more prominent class of citizens sent their children, and Hugh became a pupil. The first teacher, however, proved a failure, and the second also, and the third; so that Hugh derived little good from the two or three years he spent there. He was very much interested in natural history, and dearly loved to range field and forest, to study trees, plants, caves, stones, and animals; and these repeated interruptions of his school afforded him an opportunity to explore the country. It was at this time that, in company with a schoolfellow, he went to explore a cave on the shore; and the tide rose while they were prosecuting their researches, and they found themselves enclosed by water for the night. The townspeople were called together late in the evening to organize a searching party. Only when next morning broke were the young explorers found.

Once he went on a visit to relatives in the Highlands of Scotland, where he pursued his nature studies in his original way. One of his biographers puts it thus: "Drawing maps of the country in the sand, he arranged colored shells in the different compartments to represent inhabitants; and, as king of the imaginary realm, designed roads, canals, and harbors, proceeding to govern in accordance with the views he had gathered from books."

When he was seventeen his mother married again, and Hugh was apprenticed to a stone-mason in the town. It was not according to the wishes of his uncles,

who earnestly hoped that he would become a clergyman. But this profession had no attraction for such a boy. As stone-mason he would be admitted to one department of nature to which he had given some research. His uncles finally acquiesced, though they were much disappointed. Hugh applied himself more closely to cutting stone than he ever did to the solution of arithmetical problems. He became an expert stone-mason, and associated himself with several of the same craft, going about the country in search of work. About this time he built a stone house for his aunt in Cromarty.

During these years of toil he wrote many poems, several of which were published in the *Inverness Courier.* He continued to read and pursue his studies in natural history, thus improving his leisure time in a way that yielded fruit twenty years later. He advanced in literary taste from year to year, and intimate acquaintances began to think he would become distinguished.

He had been somewhat sceptical hitherto, and once he said that he was an atheist. But as years ripened he became more thoughtful, and discovered a close connection between science and religion. About 1823 he became a Christian, and from that period had no doubts or wavering about Christianity. Two years later both of his uncles died, also his dearest friend, William Ross; and these afflictions strengthened his religious sentiments.

In 1831 he formed the acquaintance of Miss Lydia Mackenzie Frazer, and that acquaintance ripened into an engagement. Miss Frazer was quite literary in her tastes; and to her close observation and unselfish love Hugh Miller seemed a greater man than others had supposed him to be. She advised him to relinquish

manual labor, and devote himself entirely to literary work. She saw that his literary and scientific acquisitions qualified him already to write essays on various subjects, and to make himself more useful to his race than he could be in hammering stone. She convinced him that he possessed talents for prose writing, and that on this line he would make rapid and sure advancement. Her sagacious counsel induced him to exchange the business of cutting stone for that of a clerkship in the Commercial Bank at Linlithgow, thereby supporting himself where he would find much time for intellectual pursuits. Here he completed and published his first prose work, "Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland," some months before he married Miss Frazer, on Jan. 7, 1837. But during the six years of their affianced life, Hugh Miller was continually stimulated and encouraged to press on towards the mark by the love and counsel of her who had promised to be his wife. He often said that but for her he never should have forsaken the quarry for the place and work of a scholar. And the same tender influence that turned him from manual to intellectual achievements, proved a benediction to his wedded life, leading him up higher, until his fame was world-wide.

We need not detail his intellectual and moral work from this time until his death. "The Old Red Sandstone," "First Impressions of England and its People," "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," "Footprints of the Creator," "My Schools and Schoolmasters," "Geology of the Bass Rock," and "Testimony of the Rocks," without naming other productions of his pen, have associated his name with the best scholars and greatest benefactors of mankind.

As years accumulated, his labors, public and private, multiplied. His wife, family physician, and other friends expostulated and warned him against overwork. They pointed out the inevitable outcome of mental shipwreck under so constant and pressing work. But it was all to no purpose. He wrote and studied until reason was dethroned; and, on the night of Dec. 23–24, 1856, he died by his own hand. On the table in his study lay the following letter addressed to his wife: —

"Dearest Lydia, — My brain burns. I must have *walked*, and a fearful dream rises upon me. I cannot bear the horrible thought. God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon me! Dearest Lydia, dear children, farewell. My brain burns as the recollection grows.

"My dear wife, farewell!

"Hugh Miller."

Smiles says of this life, "A truly noble and independent character in the humblest condition of life, — the condition in which a large mass of the people of this country are born and brought up; and it teaches to all, but especially to poor men, what it is in the power of each to accomplish for himself. The life of Hugh Miller is full of lessons of self-help and self-respect, and shows the efficacy of these in working out for a man an honorable competence and a solid reputation."

The quarry opened to his sharp observation, perseverance, and indomitable spirit, and proved better than school or college; while his devoted *fiancée* turned both talents and acquisitions into the way of scholarly achievement.

XXX.

MARIA MITCHELL.

THE DECISION AT SIXTEEN THAT ASSURED THE ASTRONOMER.

Lydia Coleman was one of the brightest Quaker girls of Nantucket, Mass., in the early part of the present century. She was clerk of the Friends' Meeting in town; also librarian successively of the two circulating libraries, every book of which she read through during her official connection with them. She was wont to relate to her associates the substance of her reading on evenings when they met, much to their enjoyment and profit. Among that coterie of friends was William Mitchell, a young schoolmaster, who was thoroughly captivated by her bright, intelligent appearance and lovely character. The outcome was that he fell in love with, and married her.

For seven years after his marriage he was associated with his father in the manufacture of soap, and then returned to schoolkeeping. He became master of a grammar school in Nantucket, where he served several years, and then opened a private school. In process of time he became the father of ten children, and was still a pedagogue in town. Maria was the third child of the flock, resembling her mother in her intellectual gifts

more than any other child of the ten. She was born Aug. 1, 1818; and at an early age became a member of her father's school. She loved reading as much as her mother ever did, and before she entered her teens developed a decided taste for scientific studies. Her father was quick to discover her intellectual tastes, and governed himself accordingly. Indeed, her father was a born astronomer. When he was only eight years of age his father told him about Saturn, and pointed out the planet to him; and from that time he was able to calculate his age from the position of that planet, year by year. He was ever studying the heavenly bodies through his youth; and at the time Maria became a member of his school he had an observatory upon his own land, and earned one hundred dollars a year in making astronomical calculations for the United States Survey.

Mr. Mitchell was in advance of public opinion respecting the education of girls. He believed that they should enjoy the same school curriculum as boys, as they were equal, if not superior, in intellectual power and endurance. Therefore his daughters received the same drill as his sons. Maria studied navigation and the higher mathematics, and found great delight in solving problems that staggered the brightest boy. Making play of study was not a *fad* of that day, so that a scholar's experience under Mr. Mitchell's instruction was hard, solid study. He was not very friendly to ornamental branches, such as music, needlework, painting, and the like, because there was not time enough to master the useful and command the ornamental too. For this reason Maria's time was de-

voted to studies that required constant application and the most discriminating thought. In consequence, thinking became both a duty and pastime to her, and her mind expanded and strengthened rapidly.

At sixteen her schooldays ended. The event had been discussed in the family, as it was contemplated in the distance. She was qualified to teach school, as her eldest sister was doing; and she might bring much-needed money into the family in that way. On the other hand, she could be of great service to her father in the work of the coast survey, though there was little money in it; and, possibly, this kind of service might lead to something better in the future. Here were the two issues from which to choose, — present good or future advantage. One open door, as the sequal proved, led directly to usefulness and renown in astronomical science; the other might have led away from intellectual achievements into the monotonous and commonplace routine of the schoolma'am's vocation. Here came the opportunity of her life, and it was a wise choice that embraced it. It was settled that she should become her father's assistant; and at seventeen years of age she took up what proved to be her life-work. The turning-point of her career was at sixteen.

Her father's astronomical labor was already drawing the attention of such scientific men as Silliman, Agassiz, and Bache; and the Mitchell home became the rendezvous of this class of thinkers. Maria was thus introduced directly into the best society for a girl of her mental calibre and aspirations to enjoy. Their conversation was not only instructive, but inspiring to her. Their discussions stimulated her mental faculties, and aroused

her to make greater endeavors at self-improvement. She became enthusiastic in the pursuit of astronomy.

But her father was poor. He lectured occasionally before learned bodies, and he wrote articles for *Silliman's Journal;* but the small remuneration that he received scarcely supplied the family with food and clothes. Under these circumstances Maria accepted the position of librarian in town, at sixty dollars for the first year, seventy-five for the second, and one hundred for the third. She could still be her father's assistant, and act as librarian also. For twenty years she filled this office, at one hundred dollars a year, and pursued her astronomical researches with unabated interest and perseverance. She once wrote, "I was born of only ordinary capacity, but of extraordinary persistency." It was this "extraordinary persistency" that kept her in her father's observatory when she might have been much better paid in some other pursuit. She had put her hand to the plough, and would not look back. The furrow must be made. Sunshine or storm, prosperity or adversity, she would move forward in her work.

We must not overlook what Maria Mitchell claimed was of inestimable value to her in womanhood; viz., the reading of the best books in her girlhood; not the best novels, or the best literature even, but useful, solid works that inspired thought, and, for that reason, disciplined the mind. She once said, "We always had books, and were bookish people. There was a public library in Nantucket before I was born. It was not a free library, but we always paid the subscription of one dollar per annum, and always read and studied from it.

I remember among its volumes Hannah More's books and Rollin's "Ancient History." I remember, too, that Charles Folger, the present secretary of the treasury, and I had both read this latter through before we were ten years old, though neither of us spoke of it to the other until a later period."

Her progress in astronomy was remarkable. At twenty-nine years of age, October, 1847, she discovered a comet. Startled and overjoyed, she called her father's attention to the discovery, and he was satisfied that it was a fact, and wrote to Prof. William C. Bond of Cambridge, as follows: —

"My dear Friend, — I write now merely to say that Maria discovered a telescopic comet at half-past ten on the evening of the 1st instant, at that hour nearly above Polaris five degrees. Last evening it had advanced westerly; this evening, still farther, and nearing the pole. It does not bear illumination. Maria has obtained its right ascension and declination, and will not suffer me to announce it. Pray tell me whether it is one of George's; and whether it has been seen by anybody. Maria supposes it may be an old story. If quite convenient, just drop a line to her. It will oblige me much. I expect to leave home in a day or two, and shall be in Boston next week; and I would like to have her hear from thee before I can meet thee. I hope it will not give thee much trouble amidst thy close engagements. Our regards are to all of you most truly.

"Yours truly.

"William Mitchell."

The result proved that Miss Mitchell had discovered a comet, and subsequently she received a gold medal, valued at twenty ducats, from Frederick VI. of Denmark, for being the discoverer of "Miss Mitchell's Comet." She was now famous among astronomers, and her name was blazoned upon the public prints of this and other lands as a young woman of superior talents and promise.

In 1857 she visited Europe. Her fame had preceded her; and everywhere she was received by the men and women of science with great demonstrations of respect and honor. She spent a whole year abroad, familiarizing herself with the observatories of Europe, and was *fêted* in every part of the country as a scholar of distinguished acquisitions. After the lapse of a year she returned to Nantucket.

In 1860 her mother died; and a year later she removed with her father to Lynn, Mass. Miss Mitchell was now receiving five hundred dollars for her government computations; and she had laid by sixteen hundred and fifty dollars, with which she purchased a humble home in Lynn. It was quite necessary that she and her father should be near Boston, hence the removal. In 1865 Vassar College was opened, with three hundred and fifty students; and Miss Mitchell was named by the trustees to occupy the observatory. No person thought of any one else for the position, a fact that shows her prominence as a scientist with the American people.

Her father was feeble, and needed her care; but he said, "Go, and I will go with you." So their residence in Lynn was exchanged for one in Poughkeepsie, where

the college was located. Her father lived four years to witness his daughter's success as professor in the first college established for females in the whole world. Before going to Vassar the women of America, under the leadership of Miss Elizabeth Peabody of Boston, presented her with a much larger and more valuable telescope than her father possessed. As professor in the college she was highly esteemed, and taught the young ladies many valuable lessons outside of astronomy; and by her humility and Christian life led many of them to value character more highly even than learning.

"The degree of LL.D. was conferred on her by Hanover in 1852, and by Columbia in 1887. She was a member of various scientific societies, having been elected a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1850, and a fellow of that organization in 1874. Miss Mitchell was the first woman to be elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences." The contributions of her pen to scientific journals were frequent and valuable; and it was all done for the advancement of science, and not for money or fame.

Impaired health compelled her to resign her position at Vassar in 1888, and she died on June 28, 1889, mourned by the thousands of her pupils, and honored by an appreciative and grateful public.

XXXI.

HENRY WILSON.

THE VILLAGE LYCEUM THAT TRANSFORMED THE COBBLER INTO A SENATOR.

Henry Wilson was born in Farmington, N.H., Feb. 16, 1812. His original name was Jeremiah Jones Colbaith, which he had changed, by legislative enactment, to Henry Wilson, when he became old enough to experience the inconvenience of a long name. His father was a day-laborer, industrious, honest, and respectable. He was very poor, too, and found it difficult to support his family. On this account he apprenticed Henry, at ten years of age, to a farmer in town. The boy was very competent for one of his years; and as willing to work as he was competent. His reputation in town as an unusually bright boy, fond of books and school, was already established. At six he was a good reader, and appropriated whatever reading matter came within his reach.

He was eight years old when the wife of the Hon. Nehemiah Eastman called him into her house, as he was going by, and inquired how well he could read. "I can read pretty well," he answered in a shy, modest way. Expressing her pleasure on hearing that, she added words of encouragement, and finally said, "Come here

to-morrow, and I will see you further about it." Henry promised. When he was leaving she gave him some clothes, of which he stood in pressing need, for which the delighted boy thanked her heartily.

Early the next morning Henry reported himself at the Eastman mansion, where he was received with tender interest; for the family knew of his love of learning, and desired to encourage him. Mrs. Eastman said to him: —

"I had intended to give a Testament to some good boy who would be likely to make a proper use of it. You tell me that you can read; now take this book, and let me hear you."

Henry took the book, which was a copy of the New Testament, and read a whole chapter to her. She commended his reading as being excellent for a boy so young, and advised him to employ all the time he could in acquiring knowledge.

"Now carry home the Testament," she said, "and when you have read it through it shall be yours."

Henry was almost overcome by his good fortune; and he ran home more nimbly than he came, to report to his mother. In seven days he read the whole of the Testament, and then appeared at the Eastman residence again to communicate the fact.

"Why, so soon!" exclaimed Mrs. Eastman. "It cannot be! But let me try you."

Henry consented to be examined, and Mrs. Eastman proceeded to question him. A few inquiries satisfied her that he had read the book thoughtfully and well.

"Now the book is yours," she added kindly. "Take it home and follow its counsels, and keep on learning, and you will never be sorry for it."

A happier boy never lived than Henry was when he hurried home with the first book he had ever owned. The family rejoiced with him in acquiring so valuable a treasure.

Two years later his father apprenticed him to a farmer on the following conditions. He was to serve until he became twenty-one, receiving board, clothes, and one month's schooling annually; and, on becoming of age, should receive six sheep and a yoke of oxen. Those were days of want and hardship, and Henry's experience was on that line. The farmer was kind, but a hard-working man. He was obliged to work hard, early and late, in order to wring out of his farm a scanty livelihood. Up at four o'clock in the morning, and still at work when the evening shades prevailed, was his ordinary rule; and Henry was expected to conform substantially to the family routine. For a boy of ten years to enter upon such a life, on a rugged farm in the "Granite State," was to accept a rough, bitter experience. But Henry was not the boy to flinch; and he never found any time to repine over his lot; for when he was not at work he had a book in his hand; and reading proved so great a solace, that he scarcely stopped to think of his hard lot.

Mr. and Mrs. Eastman kept their eye upon the young farmer, and encouraged him to improve every moment he could command in self-improvement. They had quite a library, and gave Henry full liberty to explore it. He could visit it at any time he pleased, and carry away as many books as he desired to read. Judge Whitehouse also invited him to use his library. That Henry made good use of these privileges is evident

from the fact that when he reached his majority he had read a thousand volumes, including all the numbers of the *North American Review*, published at that time. He was obliged to make heavy drafts upon night-time to accomplish this feat, but it was the highest pleasure to him; and his physical constitution was able to endure the strain. At the same time he never shirked work on the farm. His guardian called him a good worker; and both he and his wife became strongly attached to Henry.

On attaining to his majority he received the promised six sheep and yoke of oxen; and he sold them immediately for eighty-four dollars. Up to this time all the money he ever had did not amount to two dollars, and he had never spent more than one dollar. Of course eighty-four dollars was a large amount for him to possess, and he regarded it in that light, and was disposed to husband his resources.

Here he was, a young man of twenty-one years, not having attended school more than twelve months in his life, and yet possessing more information on general subjects than any young man of his age known to the oldest inhabitant. With a capital of eighty-four dollars and the clothes on his back, where should he go? What could he do? He had pondered these questions for several years, and had decided not to be a New Hampshire farmer. So much was settled. He had learned somewhat of the boot-and-shoe business in Massachusetts; and he finally decided to go to that State, and he settled in Natick. Soon he was engaged in making brogans in that wide-awake town, at satisfactory remuneration. He was pleased with the business, and

displayed much tact for a beginner. His success was assured at the start. His intelligence and industry were just suited to make him an expert cobbler, which he became within a few months, earning as high wages as any workman in the shop.

Here we approach the turning-point of his life. His habit of reading continued, and companions considered him a bookworm. Employees in the shoe business of that day were not very intelligent as a class. They had little to do with books or what they represent. For this reason Henry Wilson was an exceptional young man among them. Nor did he parade his knowledge before them, for he was modest and somewhat retiring.

There was a lyceum in the village, supported by the older and wiser citizens, and Henry enjoyed listening to the debates. Often a line of argument was suggested to him; but he lacked courage to join in the debate. He had no confidence in his ability to express his thoughts on his feet. So for months he was a quiet listener, all the while wishing he could engage in the discussion.

At length one evening an unusual interest was awakened by the debate, when, as usual, the discussion was thrown open to the audience. Young Wilson arose with fear and trembling, but soon was surprised to find how easily and happily he could express his thoughts. Others were surprised too. That the modest, shy young man could debate as well as he could make brogans surprised them. If his maiden effort was so efficient and noble, what capabilities he may develop in the future, was the thought of many. Friends congratulated him on every hand. A revelation had come to

them. His pastor called upon him to express his gratification, and to advise him to go up higher. That Wilson was cheered and encouraged by such kind expressions of his friends need scarcely be said. More than that, he was profoundly stirred; and from that time began to think of a higher and nobler future. He continued to delight his friends in the lyceum; and many citizens attended these debates on purpose to hear him. His pastor, in consequence, urged him to seek an education; and his wise counsels exerted an uplifting influence upon the young debater. Subsequently he returned to New Hampshire, and attended school at Strafford, Wolfborough, and Concord, making decided progress in knowledge. Nor did his onward and upward course slacken from that day. He returned to Natick to become a public man.

His early habit of reading had stored his mind with knowledge, and at the same time inspired thought and purpose, so that when the lyceum debate brought him to his feet, almost before he dreamed that he had intellectual resources from which to draw, no one was more surprised than himself at his success. It was the lyceum that settled his destiny. All his previous acquisitions might never have been of any service to the public, but for its appeal to his dormant ability as a debater. But for that he would have continued, without doubt, to manufacture brogans, an intelligent, industrious, and honored citizen, but not a public benefactor.

The anti-slavery question was uppermost when he returned to Natick, and he took strong ground against slavery in public addresses. He was earnest, logical, and eloquent in his public efforts.

In 1840 the Whig party secured his services for the Harrison campaign, and he delivered over forty speeches in Massachusetts. Everywhere he was introduced as the "Natick Cobbler." That year he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives; also in 1841. He served in the State Senate from 1843 to 1849. In 1845 he was instrumental in organizing a State convention to oppose the admission of Texas into the Union as a slave State; and he, with the poet Whittier, were chosen delegates to bear a large petition to Congress against the proposed annexation. In 1846 he offered a vigorous resolution in condemnation of slavery in the Legislature, and supported it with a speech that held the members spellbound. In 1848 he was a delegate to the Whig National Convention in Philadelphia; and when that body rejected some anti-slavery resolutions that a member presented, he made a stirring speech, protesting against the action, and then withdrew.

On his return he purchased the *Republican*, a Boston newspaper, and ably conducted it for two years as the organ of the Free Soil party. He was chairman of the Free Soil State Committee from 1849 to 1852. In 1850 he was elected again to the State Senate, and was president of that body the two years following. He presided over the National Free Soil Convention at Pittsburg, Pa., in 1852, and was made chairman of the national committee of the party. As chairman of the State Free Soil Committee he was instrumental in electing George S. Boutwell governor of Massachusetts, by a union of Free Soilers and Democrats, in 1851, and sending Charles Sumner and Robert Rantoul to the United States Senate.

He was the Free Soil candidate for his Congressional district in 1852, and was defeated by ninety-three votes only, when the majority against the Free Soil party in the district was nearly eight thousand. In 1853 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and proposed the provision to admit colored men into the militia organization. In the same year he was the Free Soil candidate for governor, and was defeated. In 1855 he acted with the American party, and was elected to the United States Senate, to succeed Edward Everett. He was a delegate to the National Convention of the American party in that year; and when the convention adopted a platform that favored slavery, he shook the dust from his feet, and withdrew.

The American party was overthrown by its pro-slavery action, and Mr. Wilson became prominent in organizing the Republican party on the basis of opposition to the extension of slavery. He took that ground in the United States Senate, and soon after he became a member of that body, delivered a rousing speech against the Fugitive Slave Act, and for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. On May 22, 1856, Preston S. Brooks struck down Charles Sumner in the Senate chamber; and the next day Wilson stood up in his seat fearlessly, and denounced the act as "brutal, murderous, and cowardly." For this noble speech the would-be assassin, Brooks, challenged him to fight a duel. Wilson declined to fight, and seized the opportunity to denounce the practice of duelling as "barbarous and unlawful," at the same time assuring the Southern barbarian that he believed in self-defence.

During the Civil War he was one of the most patri-

otic and efficient members of Congress. Although without eloquence or elegance, as a debater he stood without a peer in the Senate. The nation's history, civil and political, was at his tongue's end, so that he excelled nearly all of the members in citing facts, that are stubborn things. He proved himself a power on the most important questions of that stormy time; and as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, his services became indispensable in conquering the Rebellion. Once before the outbreak of Secession, a Southerner referred to Northern laborers as "mudsills." On the spur of the moment Wilson sprang to his feet, and, in one of the most impassioned and powerful speeches he ever made, rebuked the insolence of the member. In that speech was the following paragraph: —

"Poverty cast her dark and chilling shadow over the home of my childhood; and Want was there sometimes, an unbidden guest. At the age of ten years, to aid him who gave me being in keeping the gaunt spectre from the hearth of the mother who bore me, I left the home of my boyhood, and went to earn my bread by daily labor."

In 1871 he was elected vice-president of the United States, on the ticket with General Grant. On March 3, 1873, he resigned his seat in the United States Senate, which he had occupied eighteen years, to become the president of that body. Thirty-eight years from the time he reached his majority, and went out into the world with six sheep, a yoke of oxen, and a fertile brain for capital, he was called to preside over this august body of thinkers and doers, as vice-president of the Republic! A brilliant record for a village debating-society to assure!

Mr. Wilson died in Washington, Nov. 22, 1873, of apoplexy. A grateful people sorrowed over his departure, as a patriot, statesman, and Christian. He made a public profession of religion in Natick, after he had become distinguished as a United States Senator. He wrote many pamphlets, made many speeches, and published several books on the great public questions and history of his time; but in none of them did he find more satisfaction than in his "Testimonies of American Statesmen and Jurists to the Truths of Christianity." These truths were the strength of his heart when worldly honors faded away; and he went down to his grave bearing witness to the power of the gospel of Christ.

He was a great man. His countrymen recognized in him the greatness of a self-made statesman. He achieved success by his own unaided efforts, and the fact evoked the admiration of all. Few public men of our country were ever more respected and honored in life than he, or more lamented in death.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE.

XXXII.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE.

THE REMARK THAT LED HIM TO INVENT THE TELEGRAPH.

The telegraph is one of the most valuable agencies of modern civilization, and its originator was one of the world's greatest benefactors. When we know that a fire in the headquarters of the largest telegraph company in New York City stopped the business of the world for a day, we can form some idea of the value of the telegraph to mankind. Take it away from modern society, with all the improvements it has wrought, and we should be put back a century in our progress. It is worth our while to know how a man became the originator of so valuable an agency. The knowledge will convince us that supernatural wisdom arranges, guides, and controls the instrumentalities of human progress.

S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was the son of a distinguished Congregational clergyman, the Rev. Jedediah Morse of Charlestown, Mass. He was born in that city, April 27, 1791. In his boyhood he was bright and aspiring. A precocious scholar, full of life, especially fond of art, he awakened high expectations in the hearts of his parents. That he possessed talents of a high order, especially on certain lines, was

obvious to all. And he loved study. He desired a liberal education as much as his parents desired that he should have it. Hence, he devoted himself to preparation for college with all his heart. There was only one drawback in his school-work. He had a talent for drawing and painting, and the temptation to gratify it often interfered with his school-work; so his father thought. He could produce an almost perfect likeness of his schoolmates, and draw animals and landscapes with equal skill. But his father considered this an interruption to his studies. He did not design that he should be an artist. He was not going to college for any such purpose.

At twelve years of age Samuel was fitted for college, and entered Yale, at New Haven, Conn. This fact alone speaks well for the boy. He must have been a brilliant scholar to have been qualified to enter that institution at such an early age. No wonder that high hopes of his future were cherished! But in college he had no anxious father to watch over him, and see that his love of art might not compromise his love of science. Within a short period he began to indulge his propensity for drawing and painting to the neglect of his studies. He maintained that he devoted only his leisure time to art; but it is evident that President Dwight thought otherwise, because he administered a severe reprimand to him on one occasion, and advised him to abandon drawing and painting entirely. That he did not follow that advice implicitly is evident from the fact that he wrote to his father as follows, in his senior year: "My price is five dollars for a miniature on ivory, and I have engaged three or four at that price. My price for

profiles is one dollar, and everybody is willing to engage me at that price." His father concluded, no doubt, after receiving this intelligence, that what is bred in the bone cannot be readily eliminated.

Electricity was a revelation to him. Professor Day's lectures on that subject filled him with wonder. He became enthusiastic in the study of that science. He wrote to his father, "Professor Day's lectures are very interesting. They are upon electricity. He has given us some very fine experiments. The whole class, taking hold of hands, formed the circuit of communication; and we all received the shock apparently at the same moment. I never took an electric shock before. It felt as if some person had struck me a slight blow across the arm." As we shall learn in the sequel, Samuel never forgot that "all received the shock apparently at the same moment;" and the fact became prominent in his electrical studies a quarter of a century thereafter.

There is no doubt that his father strongly hoped that he would choose one of the learned professions, possibly the clerical, after he was graduated. But he was not so inclined. He must be a painter. Nothing else would satisfy him. His father took in the situation, and consented that he should become an artist. He was placed under the tuition of Washington Allston, and accompanied him to London in 1811, where he became a member of the Royal Academy. He remained in London four years, under the instruction of Allston and Benjamin West, making rapid progress in his art. In 1813 he completed a colossal "Dying Hercules," and exhibited it in the Royal Academy; and it "was classed by critics as among the first twelve paintings there."

He made a plaster model to assist him in his painting, which received the gold medal of the Adelphi Society of Arts. England was at war with our country at that time, and the gift of the medal was cited to show with what impartiality American artists were treated in the mother country.

Morse returned to this country in 1815, and settled in Boston, with a view of pursuing historical painting, to which he had given close attention in London. He was disappointed, however, in patronage received. All visitors admired his "Judgment of Jupiter," but few of them became his patrons. Failing to receive support in historic painting, he turned his attention to portraits, and in the next two years painted many in the larger towns of New Hampshire and Vermont. In 1818 he opened a studio in Charleston, S.C., and there had more orders than he could fill. At one time he had one hundred and fifty orders in advance. He wrote to his old teacher, Washington Allston, "I am painting from morning until night, and have continual applications." He painted a portrait of James Monroe, who was president of the United States at that time, for the city government of Charleston; and it was hung in the City Hall.

In 1823 he settled in New York City, where he continued his art of portrait-painting. He executed a portrait of Lafayette for the city of New York, and another of Fitz-Greene Halleck for the Astor Library. His work was highly valued, and he was ranked with the best artists known. He became president of the "New York Drawing Association;" also of the "National Academy of the Arts of Design;" and, still later,

of "The Sketch Club." He also delivered a course of popular lectures on "The Fine Arts" before the New York Athenæum, for which he received great praise.

In 1829 he visited Europe again, for the purpose of pursuing art-studies in France and Italy. He was abroad three years, during which time he formed the acquaintance of some of the most renowned painters, and added largely to his knowledge of the old masters.

It was on his homeward voyage, in 1832, that the current of his life was turned. Hitherto the artist only was seen in his career. His thoughts, words, and deeds were all about art. True, he had not forgotten Professor Day's lectures on electricity at Yale, nor those of Professor Dana on electro-magnetism in New York City, and he loved to discuss those subjects with professionals; but he had no thought of being other than an artist. He was a painter, and he expected to live and die in the pursuit of art.

Charles T. Jackson of Boston was on board the ship with him. He had been studying electricity and magnetism in France. He was just the man to attract Morse. They discussed the subjects Jackson had been studying. Morse inquired,

"Is the velocity of electricity retarded by the length of the wire?"

"Dr. Franklin's experiments proved that electricity passes instantaneously over a wire of any length," was Jackson's answer.

"Then," continued Morse, "if electricity can be made visible in any part of the circuit, I see no reason why

intelligence may not be transmitted instantaneously by electricity. If it will go ten miles without stopping, I can make it go around the globe."

Here the telegraph was born. Morse had not thought of such a thing before. The remark of Jackson suggested the possibility to him. He became completely absorbed in the possibility of conveying messages by electricity. He went immediately to work, and on the voyage invented the "dot-and-dash alphabet." On shipboard he thought out and planned essentially the electric telegraph as it exists to-day. The artist became lost in the inventor. Painting was exchanged for electrical science. On reaching New York he secured rooms, and proceeded to reduce his ideas to practice. It was not, however, until Sept. 28, 1837, that he made application for a patent; and three months later petitioned Congress for an appropriation to build a telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore. His petition was not granted. He visited Europe in 1838, hoping to interest the governments of England and France in the enterprise; but he was unsuccessful. After about a year's absence he returned, as he said, "without a farthing in my pocket, and have to borrow even for my meals; and, even worse than this, I have incurred a debt of rent by my absence." But he had faith in the telegraph, and worked on; sometimes going without food for twenty-four hours, — too proud to beg, and too plucky to surrender. Nor did he cease to petition Congress; and was rewarded for his perseverance by an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars to establish a telegraph-line from Washington to Baltimore. Four years of want, toil, and wearing anxiety had elapsed since he returned

disheartened from Europe; and now his cup of joy was overflowing, and a fortune was assured.

In 1844 his first telegraph-line was completed, connecting Washington and Baltimore. The first message transmitted was, "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!" Its success electrified the country. Wonder and gladness burst forth from sea to sea. Morse had become a great man, one of the noblest benefactors of his age. Honorary degrees from colleges, gold medals from literary societies, badges of honor from foreign nations, resolutions of respect from public bodies, and emblems of greatness from kings and emperors, were lavished upon him; and no one doubted the propriety of the grateful tribute.

We need not prolong the story of the telegraph; to tell it all would require a volume — a marvellous outcome of a casual remark on the packet-ship! Morse became a rich man, as well as an honored one; and he died in New York City, April 2, 1872, vastly more celebrated than he would have been if he had continued painting all his days. One of his biographers says: —

"As no other means of communication has ever performed such extensive or important functions as the electric telegraph is now doing, we cannot help regarding its discovery as the greatest step towards the universal brotherhood of nations that mankind has yet taken. Most truly has it annihilated space, and thus joined the hands of all peoples on the face of the globe in one grand, magnetic impulse towards a higher civilization, which instant interchange of deeds or ideas is silently working out its promised fulfilment. Before this discovery Archimedes' boast fades into insignifi-

cance. With a spark Professor Morse has not only moved the world, but has illuminated it without other fulcrum than his own superior intelligence. This, in point of fact, is the *point d'appui* of the nineteenth century."

XXXIII.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE WAR IN CHINA THAT FORCED HIM TO BECOME THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, the brave African explorer, won the confidence and admiration of his fellow-men in all lands, by his self-sacrificing labors for science and a benighted people. Born in poverty and obscurity, he rose by his own persistent efforts to a post of honor, trust, and influence, that made his name immortal. How he came to explore the darkest continent on earth is a point well worth our knowing. The wonder-working providence of God becomes marvellous when we study the philosophy of so grand a life.

David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, March 19, 1813. His parents were highly respected people, descendants of an ancestry with a stainless name, but so poor as to make the struggle for existence a hardship. In the introduction of one of his published works, Livingstone speaks as follows of the ancestral family: —

"One great-grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings; and one grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, where my father was born.

It is one of that cluster of the Hebrides thus spoken of by Sir Walter Scott : —

> 'And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,
> And all the groups of islets gay,
> That guard famed Staffa round.'

"Our grandfather was intimately acquainted with all the traditionary legends which that great writer has since made use of in the 'Tales of a Grandfather,' and other works. As a boy, I remember listening with delight; for his memory was stored with a never-ending stock of stories, many of which were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sitting by the African evening fires. Our grandmother, too, used to sing Gaelic songs, some of which, as she believed, had been composed by captive Highlanders languishing among the Turks."

David's father was a grocer in a small way, and his income was altogether too limited to meet the expenses of his growing family. In consequence, David was put into a factory as a "piecer" when he was ten years old, where he was obliged to work from six o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night. Of course his was a hard life, and in some respects his experience was a cruel one; but he made the best of the circumstances, and toiled without a murmur. He loved to read at that time especially scientific works, and books of travel. His father wanted he should read such books as "The Cloud of Witnesses," "Boston's Fourfold State," and Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity." And he flogged David once for refusing to read the last-named work. He did read some volumes of that class, but his

taste for travels and scientific works led him in another direction. Perhaps his father's persistency in requiring him to read only religious works awakened his opposition to that kind of reading for the time being. A little later on he read "The Philosophy of Religion," and "The Philosophy of a Future State," by Thomas Dick, which confirmed him in his opinion "that religion and science are not hostile, but friendly, to each other;" and also guided him into a true Christian experience.

David's thirst for knowledge was so great that he managed to find time to read and study, even after he became a mill-operative. He devoted from eight to twelve o'clock at night to self-improvement. Week after week, and month after month, he followed this programme, notwithstanding that his mother and other friends warned him of the danger. Eighteen hours for work and study, and only six for rest! The fact shows that the boy was impelled by great love of learning to pay the highest price for his acquisitions.

He began the study of Latin at this time. Purchasing Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin" with a portion of his first week's earnings, he sat down to the study of that ancient language with a will; and he mastered it in an incredibly brief period. He would even study or read when at work. He would arrange a book on the spinning-jenny, so that he could take an occasional glance at it; and in that way he treasured many bright thoughts, and learned many good lessons.

At nineteen years of age he was promoted to cotton-spinner, where he received much higher wages. By laboring eight months of the year he could earn enough to pay his way through the winter at a medical school

in Glasgow. That school was nine miles away, and he walked the whole distance daily, and returned. He was expecting to become a missionary to China, where a medical education would be a great acquisition to him; and his enthusiasm was equal to the emergency. At twenty-three he had laid by enough to pay for a college course, which he entered upon with all his heart He bent all his energies to the studies before him; and no one ever got more out of a given curriculum than he did. After he was graduated he spent two or three years more in the study of theology and taking his medical degree. Thus, well-equipped mentally and morally for missionary labor, he was prepared to enter upon his life-work.

Here the hand of Providence guided him in a way he knew not. He had expected to go as a missionary to China. All his preparation and plans had been directed with that end in view. But there was war in China. The country was in a ferment of excitement and trouble, and the friends of missions thought it would be presumptuous for him to go thither in such unfavorable circumstances. He abandoned that mission. But where should he go? His daring spirit could not rest in inaction now that it was prepared to soar. The Rev. Robert Moffat was laboring in Africa with favorable results. His missionary labors were challenging the attention of Christendom, and young Livingstone was captivated by the narrative. He resolved to go to Africa, and applied to the London Missionary Society for an appointment. He received his appointment after having passed a satisfactory examination. After spending a short time in a missionary training-school at

Essex, he sailed for Africa in 1840, and there commenced a Christian work that is now famous the world over.

It was fortunate for him, Africa, and the world, that the "Opium War" in China turned him from that field of labor to the "Dark Continent." No mere human wisdom did it; it was that infinite knowledge that compasses all lands and ages, and knows just where to guide each consecrated agent whose talents will accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number. The result proved that there was great gain in turning the Christian hero from the "flowery kingdom" to the darkest nation on earth. God knew Africa, and he knew his devoted servant — that one was a match for the other; and so the change is satisfactorily explained.

Immediately Livingstone began to make explorations. By careful examination he satisfied himself that the way to evangelize Africa was to keep pushing out farther and farther; planting new stations, and leaving the old ones to be conducted by native missionaries. On this idea he based all his future efforts. He penetrated the wilderness to Lake Ngami, and was the first white man to gaze upon its waters. With remarkable fortitude, and heroic faith and endurance, he worked his way to the great falls of Zambesi. He discovered and explored Lake Nyassa on the east coast, experiencing hairbreadth escapes almost daily, and treasuring knowledge for the advancement of science and religion. He married a daughter of Missionary Moffat. In 1856 he returned to his native land with his wife.

In 1858 he returned to Africa, to plunge still farther into its mysterious domain. With the tenderness of a

woman, and the heart of a lion, he prosecuted his great mission, accompanied by his wife. At length, in the month of April, Mrs. Livingstone was prostrated with fever, and died within a few days; and she "was buried under the shadow of a giant baobab-tree."

In his wonderful explorations he became lost to the world at large, and no tidings were received from him for so long a time, that the people of his native land concluded he was dead, or else had become a captive among the barbarous tribes. Hence the famous Stanley expedition to search for the lost missionary and explorer. Stanley was the correspondent of the New York *Herald* in Spain, where civil war was raging. Mr. Bennett, proprietor of the *Herald*, was in Paris, to which place he summoned Stanley by telegram. Reaching Paris in the night, he proceeded directly to Mr. Bennett's room at the Grand Hotel, and knocked.

"Come in," responded Mr. Bennett, who was in bed. Stanley entered.

"Who are you?"

"My name is Stanley."

"Ah, yes; sit down. Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"Really, sir, I have no idea."

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be, and he may not."

"Well, I think he is alive; and I am afraid he may be in want. So I intend that you shall go to him. Take whatever you need for yourself and for him. Go as you please, and do as you please. *But find Livingstone.*"

"Yes, sir; but the cost," Stanley suggested.

"How much will it be?"

"I am afraid it will be over twelve thousand dollars."

"Very well. Draw a thousand pounds now. When it is gone, another thousand; when it is gone, another; when it is gone, another; and so on as long and as often as necessary. *But find Livingstone.*"

The thrilling story of Stanley's adventures we need not repeat. Everybody knows it. *He did find Livingstone.*

David Livingstone died near Ujiji, Africa, May 4, 1873. His remains were taken to his native land, where a nation of mourners consigned them to a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. His casket bore the following inscription: —

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
Born at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland,
19th March, 1813;
Died at Ilala, Central Africa,
4th May, 1873."

His biographer, Drake, pays the following tribute to the memory of the great explorer: —

"Funeral anthems sometimes bear an exulting resemblance to songs of triumph; and never was the likeness more marked than when, on April 18, 1874, Westminster Abbey received the dust of Livingstone. The glory of the dead hero was pure. His scutcheon could be held up fearlessly in the face of the world; the most malignant scrutiny would fail to discover a blot on that stainless surface. He had fought no battles but those of religion and civilization, had spilt no blood, and had dried tears instead of causing them. . . . The career

of Livingstone shines with a clear, splendid light. 'Jesus, my king, my life, my all,' wrote the great explorer, as a few days after his parting with Stanley, he, on the last birthday save one that earth had to offer him, renewed the vow of his youth, 'I again dedicate my whole self to thee.' Well did his life bear out the spirit of his pledge — so well that, were there space for generous emotion in the grave, the most princely coffin resting beneath the pavement in the Abbey would have been proud to welcome that of the Scottish traveller to a place beside it."

PETER COOPER.

XXXIV.

PETER COOPER.

THE CHOICE OF A BUSINESS THAT CHANGED HIM FROM A "ROLLING-STONE" TO BENEFACTOR.

THE ancestors of Peter Cooper were highly respected people, and figured in the Revolutionary War. His maternal grandfather was an alderman in New York City at one time, and was quartermaster during the struggle of the colonies for independence. His paternal grandfather served in the Continental army, and his father also; the latter becoming lieutenant. With hundreds of others, these patriots were paid in Continental money that became utterly worthless, plunging them into poverty.

At the time Peter was born, Feb. 12, 1791, his father was having a hard time with want. He was a hatter by trade; but the business was poor, and the country was in an unsettled condition. Public affairs had not recovered from the effects of the protracted war for freedom. In these circumstances, Mr. Cooper's tact and industry were taxed to support his family.

As soon as Peter "was as tall as a table," he began to assist his father in making hats. He was obliged to work instead of going to school. The first thing he did was to pull the hair out of rabbit-skins. In time he was

promoted to some other and more important branch of the business. By the time he was twelve years of age he could make every part of a hat, and do it as well as his father could. He possessed the knack of adjusting things, and could do it with a hat as readily as with anything else.

But the business could not support the family, and Mr. Cooper was forced to seek some other employment. He removed to Peekskill, and started a brewery. He manufactured ale, and Peter delivered the kegs. This pursuit proved a failure also; at least it could not keep the wolf of hunger from the door. He abandoned the occupation and removed to Catskill, where he resumed the hat business on a small scale; at the same time engaging in the manufacture of bricks. Peter was employed "in carrying and handling the bricks for the drying process." But neither hat nor brick brought success to the hard-working father. Another move was made, this time to Brooklyn, where, strange to say, Mr. Cooper tried the brewery business again. Another failure, of course, with its disappointments and vexations, leaving the family more destitute than before.

It was now 1808, and Peter was seventeen years of age, old enough to learn a trade and earn his daily bread. He had been to school only by days and half-days, just as circumstances directed, the whole amount of his schooling being less than a year. Of course he was ignorant, uncouth, and awkward. But he was apprenticed to John Woodward, a carriage-builder, and remained with him until he reached his majority. He proved a very apt pupil in this industrial school, and

produced one invention that was of great value to his employer. It was a machine for mortising the hubs of carriages. He was so faithful, efficient, and true as an apprentice, that Mr. Woodward treated him with great consideration, and offered to set him up in business when he became twenty-one.

Peter did not accept the offer of his employer, but went to Hempstead, L.I., and engaged in the manufacture of a machine for shearing cloth. At the end of three years he had saved enough money to purchase the right to manufacture and sell the machine for the State of New York. At once he commenced to manufacture the machine, and the business proved very lucrative. The war with Great Britain was in progress; and this improved his business, and made it very successful. He was much aided, also, by an ingenious device of his own, that added great value to the machine. But the close of the war destroyed his business, and he found himself obliged to try another occupation. He converted his shop into a factory for the manufacture of furniture; but the venture was unsuccessful.

In the meantime he married Sarah Bedel of Hempstead, who made him a noble wife for fifty-six years. With her approval and encouragement he removed to New York, and opened a grocery store. In this enterprise he was partially successful, and added a little to the capital he accumulated by the sale of his cloth-shearing machine. But he was not satisfied with the business, and resolved to try another.

We are reminded here of the old maxim, "A rolling-stone gathers no moss." Up to this time Peter Cooper appeared to be a "rolling-stone." He had tried several

occupations; but on the whole they had not proved successful. But now his sharp observation and inventive genius were busied in working out a new problem. The article of glue was a very useful one, but only the poorest quality was manufactured. Cooper studied the market, and saw that there was a wide opening for the manufacture of a nice quality of glue, and that the demand would be constantly increasing. Besides, the materials of which it was made were of the cheapest quality, and the profits very large. Canvassing the whole subject carefully, pro and con, he decided to go into the glue business; and leased a tract of land between Twenty-First and Twenty-Fourth Streets, on which to erect a factory. In a few months he was a well-established glue manufacturer.

This venture proved to be the best choice of his life. He ceased to be a "rolling-stone." From the time he engaged in this business his success was phenomenal. He labored diligently, studied economy, improved his method of making glue, and moved on without hindrance. At first he went about with a team to gather the hoofs of slaughtered cattle, without asking whether it compromised his dignity or not. It was necessary for him to do it, and that was enough. He thought it was always proper to do necessary things. His business and profits grew to large proportions in a few years. This time his selection of a business was fortunate and permanent. There was great wealth in the manufacture of glue as long as he might continue it. It provided him with money to use in other enterprises, as well as for philanthropic purposes. All his life long he had reason to bless the day that he risked his all

on glue, and started out to make it. It was the turning-point of his career.

The lease of the land on which his factory stood having expired, he purchased ten acres on Maspeth Avenue, Brooklyn, on which he erected a glue factory, planned for a much larger business; and there it stands to-day. Out of it flowed a deep, wide stream of profits year after year, to enable him to undertake great works of philanthropy.

Without interrupting his manufacture of glue, in 1828 he purchased three thousand acres of land within the city limits of Baltimore. He had been studying the iron industry of our country for several years, and he saw how it might be wonderfully improved; and he bought the aforesaid land for that purpose, and on it erected the Canton Iron Works — the first great enterprise of the kind to develop the iron industry of our land. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was in process of construction at the time, and some mechanics said that its many and short turns would prevent the use of a locomotive. Cooper thought otherwise, and he went to work, devised and constructed the first locomotive ever made in the United States; and it worked well, and saved the railroad company from bankruptcy. After a few years he sold his Canton Iron Works at a great advance, and received part of his pay in stock at forty-four dollars a share, and sold afterwards at two hundred and thirty dollars.

He returned to New York, and erected an iron factory, which he afterwards converted into a rolling-mill, in which he proved that anthracite coal could be used successfully in the puddling of iron. "In 1845 he

built three blast-furnaces in Phillipsburg, near Easton, Pa., which were the largest then known; and, to control the manufacture completely, purchased the Andover iron-mines, and built a railroad through a rough country for eight miles, in order to bring the ore down to the furnaces at the rate of forty thousand tons a year. Later the entire plant was combined into a corporation known as the Ironton Iron Works. At these works the first wrought-iron beams for fireproof buildings were made."

In the laying of the Atlantic cable, Mr. Field found his ablest and most persistent helper in Peter Cooper. When others lost heart, and advised to abandon the enterprise, Cooper stood by to encourage him to persevere until victory was won. They rejoiced together in the signal triumph that was finally achieved.

But it was in the wide field of benevolence and philanthropy that Mr. Cooper endeared himself to mankind. He constantly experienced the inconvenience and mortification of being without education. Business had been the most profitable school he ever attended; and he had got much culture out of it, as his excellent public addresses on political, economic, and moral questions abundantly proved. But he claimed that want of early education had hampered him continually; and he wanted every poor boy and girl to have a better chance than he did in his early life. For this reason he studied and planned to use his money for the highest good of the rising generation. He came to the conclusion that industrial education for the class situated as he was in his youth would be altogether the most practical and useful. Hence "The Cooper Union

for the Advancement of Science and Art." The corner-stone was laid in 1854; and five years thereafter the whole property was transferred to the city. It costs sixty thousand dollars annually to support it; and this amount is realized from rents and income for portions of the building designed for business purposes. Mr. Cooper provided two hundred thousand dollars to support its reading-room and library, and three hundred thousand more for other purposes. In all, nearly a million and a half dollars was given to this institution.

Before he founded the Cooper Union he was foremost in a movement for the better instruction of New York children in the public schools. He was president of the association organized for that purpose, which finally grew into the present board of education. He held offices of trust in the city government at different times, as councilman and alderman, and gave his time and money largely to every movement to relieve suffering humanity.

William O. Stoddard says of him: "Mr. Cooper was, by general acknowledgment, the 'first citizen' of the municipality he had served so well. He was not a politician, but any public meeting of a general nature, of public trouble, or of popular rejoicing, was hardly complete without him upon the platform; and his entrance was sure to be recognized by a round of applause. The plain, old-fashioned buggy in which he drove around the city was a chariot before which all other vehicles turned out. The children all grew up to know him, and to reverence his good gray head; and the long evening of his busy life was spent in honor and in peace."

A grand outcome of a life that began in poverty and obscurity! Turned from a "rolling-stone" to a permanent, abiding factor in the commercial, educational, and Christian institutions of a great metropolis.

Perhaps the study of such a life as Cooper's is the more profitable on account of the many changes in its early years. For the facts show that the underlying qualities of a noble character will finally assert themselves, and application, observation, tact, and industry make their way. Cooper never attempted to make a close bargain with time for the sake of a "short cut" to success. He devoted all the time necessary to each enterprise, and his patience was liberally rewarded.

XXXV.

WILLIAM LEARNED MARCY.

THE TEACHER'S WISDOM THAT SAVED HIM FOR CABINET OFFICER.

The Marcy family of Southbridge, Mass., were very respectable people, though their advantages were quite limited. Both father and mother possessed a good share of natural ability, and their sound common-sense was noticeable. They favored education, although they possessed little of it themselves. Perhaps, for this reason, they were all the more anxious that their children should enjoy the best school privileges the time and place afforded. Here William Learned was born, Dec. 12, 1786.

About the time that William began to attend school, the family removed to Charlton, Mass., where he developed into a bad boy. He was headstrong, disobedient, rough, profane, and ugly. That is, he was so considered. That he was not understood, subsequent events abundantly proved. Neither his parents nor his teachers understood him. Parental patience became exhausted, and William was told that he was the worst boy in town. Every day he was reminded of his badness, at home and elsewhere. Teachers told him that he was bad clear through, and that he was going to ruin as fast as he could. He was often in trouble with

schoolmates, and they rehearsed his badness to his face. He was told this story so much, that it was fairly dinged into him, until he believed it as really as parents or neighbors. He concluded that he was a bad boy, and never could be anything else; and so accepted the situation as a matter of course.

In school he was no better than he was at home; in some respects more turbulent. He was just as determined to have his own way there as he was elsewhere. The result was that he was several times temporarily expelled from school. The school committee arrived at the conclusion that it would be better for teacher and school to expel him for his first offence at the opening of each term. All this while the boy was misunderstood. Teachers could master the most difficult problems in mathematics, but they could not solve this incorrigible pupil. It was a great relief when they could turn him out of school. His reputation for badness became town-wide. Most people thought his doom was sealed, and they had no sympathy to waste upon him.

Finally a teacher of rare wisdom came to town when Marcy was fourteen or fifteen years of age. Before he opened the winter term, one of the committee said to him, "You will have a scholar by the name of Marcy, — the worst boy in town by all odds, — and the sooner you expel him the better. That is what the teachers have been obliged to do with him, and sooner or later you will have to do it. I advise you to do it at his first offence."

The teacher made no reply, but evidently had his own thoughts and kept his own counsel. Of course he watched the Marcy boy with peculiar interest. He ex-

pected at any moment to witness some outburst of iniquity on the part of the young desperado; but he did not. He took pains to speak with him kindly, and to encourage him in his studies. A whole week having passed without any outbreak by the young rebel, the teacher whispered to him one day, "I would like to have you come to my room this evening: will you come?" William assented, and went; not with fear and trembling, for the teacher's pleasant manner assured him that peace, rather than war, was meant.

"I asked you to call to-night because I want to talk with you about your winter's work. I am very much pleased with the manner you have entered upon the work of the term; indeed, I am happily disappointed. For I was told that you had been expelled from school, and that I should have to do the same. But I am thoroughly convinced that you are misunderstood, and that you can satisfy every citizen in town this winter that they do not know you. Now, I shall be so glad to help you in every way I can, that I wanted to talk the matter over, particularly with regard to the progress you can make this winter. You have the ability to lead the school; and I do not say it to flatter you: I honestly believe it."

William's heart was touched. That he was somewhat surprised by such a greeting we need scarcely say; but the teacher had won him. He assured the schoolmaster that he desired to make progress in his studies, and that he would do the best he could. With tears in his eyes he bade his wise instructor good-night, and returned to his home with a giant resolve in his soul. The teacher let his parents into the secret at once, but the commu-

nity in general was ignorant of what was going on. They waited for a fracas and expulsion. Week after week they waited, inquiring, wondering, and surmising. But William Marcy was still a pupil in school, studious, obedient, exemplary, and in love with his teacher. What did it all mean? It was almost too good to be true. The fact could not be gainsaid, however. And thus he continued to the end of the term, perfect in his deportment, and the best scholar in school. What is more and better, his teacher, who was a college student, had inspired within him the determination to secure a liberal education. His future career was mapped out.

That the wisdom of a good teacher saved young Marcy from ruin is as clear as noonday. That it turned his steps into the path of knowledge and rectitude is equally clear. But for him the talented boy would have lived on misunderstood, despised, and kicked, until prison or gallows terminated a worthless career. What follows will show how great a life one humble counsellor gave to the world by his study of human nature.

Young Marcy was encouraged by his parents to prepare for college, and all friends and neighbors rejoiced in this new departure. With almost unparalleled application he devoted himself to his studies, and entered Brown University, Providence, R.I. His college course was all that could be desired for industry, progress, and good behavior. He was graduated in 1808 with honors, and immediately proceeded to the study of law in Troy, N.Y. Here he was admitted to the bar, and opened an office in that town. He was having a fair practice when the War of 1812 with Great Britain opened, in which his patriotism led him to participate. He

offered his services to the governor of New York, and was sent in command of a company to the French Mills on the Northern frontier. Here, on the night of Oct. 23, 1812, he surprised and captured the Canadian forces stationed at St. Regis. These were the first prisoners taken in the war; and theirs was the first flag captured. The exploit contributed largely to his fame. When his time of enlistment expired he returned to the practice of law, and soon after became the proprietor and editor of the *Troy Budget*, which he made an organ of the Democratic party, with which he was identified.

In 1821 he became adjutant-general of the State militia, and subsequently comptroller of the State, an important office in that day. In 1829 he was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of New York, and as such presided over many famous trials; notably that of the alleged murderers of William Morgan. He continued on the bench until he was elected to the United States Senate in 1831. He ranked high as a senator. He was a strong thinker, ready debater, and honest and earnest in defence of any measure that he supported. His first speech was a reply to Henry Clay; and soon after he replied to Daniel Webster's speech on the apportionment. He resigned in 1833 to become the governor of New York, which office he filled six years. In 1839 he was defeated by William H. Seward. As governor he was regarded with great favor by the people, and his popularity was well earned.

He was one of the foremost friends of James K. Polk; and no man ever rendered better service than he did in the political campaign that preceded his election.

On taking his seat, President Polk made Mr. Marcy his secretary of war; in which office he proved himself a statesman. The Mexican War was waged during his term of service, and his conduct of affairs was considered able and honorable, notwithstanding that the two victorious generals in that war, Scott and Taylor, were Whigs. There was some friction between them; but, on the whole, Marcy's administration was wise and efficient. In settling the "Oregon boundary question," much credit was conceded to him. He was active in securing the tariff legislation of 1846. All the while he took the pro-slavery ground of his party, and advocated non-interference.

He was foremost, also, in securing the election of Franklin Pierce for president in 1853; and President Pierce made him his secretary of state, in which position he exhibited his "ability as a writer, statesman, and diplomatist." He had the courage of his convictions when difficult questions demanded settlement, but was always courteous, thoughtful, and patriotic.

At the close of the Pierce administration he returned home with health somewhat impaired, fully resolved to engage no further in public life. He had served the public for about a half-century, into which he had crowded a great amount of labor, and surely he was entitled now to the rest and quiet of private life. Only four months had elapsed, however, when a servant stepped into his library one evening, and found him dead in his chair. An open volume lay before him, showing that he passed away very suddenly, when engaged in looking up some question of law or statesmanship.

Return now to the little town of Charlton, where he was a constant menace to the family and neighborhood, until a wise teacher turned him into the way of honor and success, and mark the contrast! A short record of youthful folly; and a long record of manhood, power, and greatness! A more telling illustration of the truth that the "noblest study of man is man" is not recorded. It appeals to every parent and instructor of the young to master the most difficult of all tasks, — to know a boy.

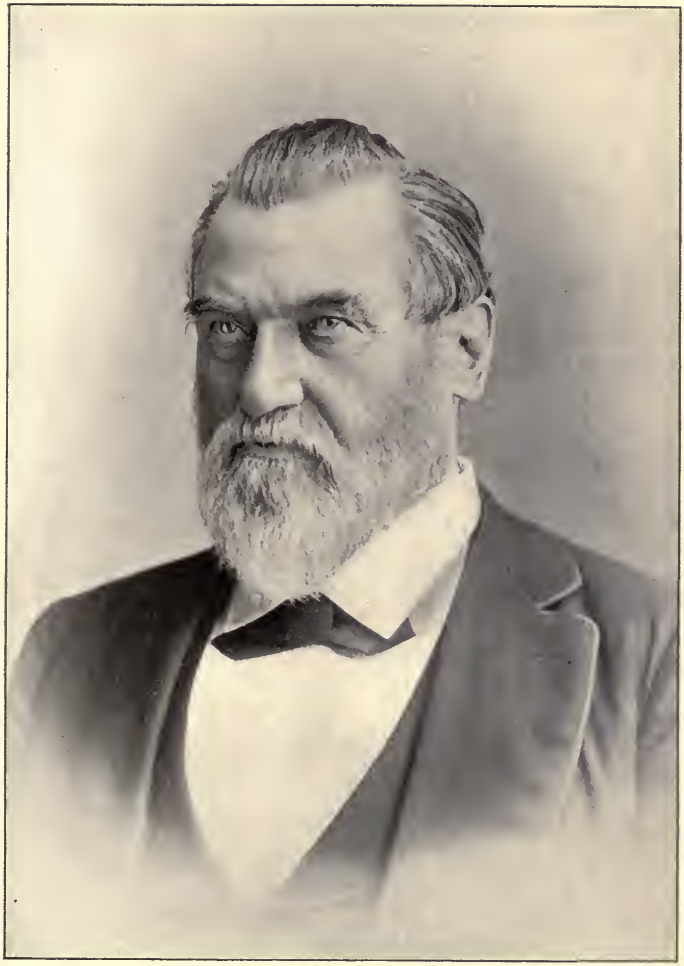
XXXVI.

LELAND STANFORD.

THE RAILWAY SCHEME THAT BROUGHT HIM WEALTH AND FAME.

One of the most notable public men of our country in the present century was Leland Stanford. The great enterprises that he created and worked, the immense wealth that he accumulated while engineering some of the most important schemes for national prosperity ever undertaken, and his wide influence for education and human liberty, give him a prominent niche in history.

Mr. Stanford was born in Watervliet, Albany County, N.Y., March 9, 1824. His father was a farmer of influence in the town, well-read for his day, the friend of religion and schools, and a very practical citizen. His mother was a woman of strong convictions, sound judgment, and motherly to the last degree. Her home was her kingdom, where she ruled in love, having a family of seven sons and one daughter, under model discipline. Leland was the fourth son, much more of a scholar than his brothers, and just as good a worker on the farm. He loved books better than he did farming; and yet he performed every task as if it were the choice of his heart. Of a cheerful disposition, quick-witted, and very energetic, he was a capital boy to have about the farm. At



LELAND STANFORD.

the same time, he thought much about getting an education; and his parents thought about it also, nothing being in the way but lack of money.

Leland had an eye for business from boyhood. When he was six years old the garden was overrun with horse-radish, and his father desired to exterminate it. So he set Leland and two of his brothers to digging it up. When the work was completed, there was quite a pile of the root; and Leland suggested that they wash it nicely, and carry it to Schenectady for sale. The proposition was considered a good one by the brothers; and in due time they realized six shillings for the luxury. Leland's share of two shillings seemed a little fortune to him. In his manhood he often rehearsed the incident, and its influence in introducing him into the world of business.

At eight years of age another enterprise engaged the young speculator's attention. Chestnuts were very plenty; and Leland suggested that they gather all they could, store them away, and wait for a good time to sell them in the market at Schenectady. They gathered several bushels, and laid them away until a market was found for them. Nor did they have to wait long. The hired man returned from Schenectady one day, and announced that chestnuts were very high. The boys were elated, and lost no time in transporting the chestnuts to market, for which they realized *twenty-five dollars.* Leland began to think by this time that money-making was the easiest thing in the world. His father encouraged the boys in all such enterprises, as he believed it prepared them for business in the future.

At fifteen Leland was a large, stout boy of his age, and could do a man's work on the farm. He was also a

good scholar, and loved school, and desired an education more than ever. The schools were poor, and he could attend only in the winter; still, he made decided progress. There was an academy not far away, to which he went, subsequently, several terms. All the while he was hoping to be a lawyer some time and somehow in the future, though he could not tell when or how. There was no money in the family for such a purpose.

Thus matters stood until he was eighteen years old, tall, vigorous, and powerful. Then his father purchased a tract of woodland adjoining his farm, which he wished to clear, but had no money to pay for doing it. One day it occurred to him that Leland might possibly make enough out of the wood and timber to enable him to study law. If he could, he would be glad to give him his time. So he offered his strapping boy all the wood and timber he could get from the woodland, if he would clear it. Leland accepted the proposition, and went to work with a will. He could wield an axe like an expert, and not tire at the hard work. He had laid up money enough to enable him to hire several choppers, at twenty-five cents a day, the wages at that time. The land was cleared in the most expeditious manner; and Leland sold his cordwood and timber to the Mohawk and Hudson River Railroad, and cleared TWO THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS. This settled the question of his becoming a lawyer; he could pay the bills now.

He was twenty years old when he commenced to study law in the office of Wheaton, Doolittle, & Hadley, in Albany, N.Y. He applied himself closely to his studies, and was admitted to the bar in 1849. Where should he open an office? There were more than enough lawyers

in Albany; the profession was overcrowded there. The discovery of gold in California had created a furor of excitement, and thousands of men were rushing to the Golden Gate. Three of Leland's brothers decided to go; why should not Leland go with them? But Leland did not catch the gold-fever; it was the law-fever that had taken hold of him, and California was not then an inviting field for a lawyer. Besides, Leland had selected his future wife from the girls of Albany, — Miss Jane Lathrop; and it was a part of his plan to wed her as soon as he entered upon his law-practice, or, at least, as soon as he had secured a fair business.

His final decision was to open a law-office in Port Washington, on Lake Michigan. It was a new, thriving town, promising much in the future. Business came to him at once, and he found himself making money fast enough to warrant establishing a home of his own. So he returned to Albany for his bride; and when he appeared at his office again, he was one of the married men of Port Washington. He was popular, too, both with old and young. Possessed of fine social qualities, manly in his bearing, with superior abilities, he commanded the respect and confidence of the people. But these pleasant relations were not to continue. One night a fire swept out of existence his house, furniture, library, all, and he was left almost a bankrupt.

Here was a great misfortune. What did it all mean? Must he leave Port Washington? His brothers were doing well in California, and society had become organized there; and, on the whole, things were inviting. He resolved to pack up and go to the "Golden State." Accompanied by his wife, he arrived at Sacramento,

July 12, 1852. Instead of practising law, however, he became a merchant. His brothers were transacting a large business, with branches here and there; and they sent Leland to Michigan Bluffs in Placer County, to take charge of their business there. It was not long before Leland's head was rated by his brothers as best of all, and he was taken into company with them on equal shares.

Stanford invested in mining enterprises with great success, in addition to mercantile business. He took front rank, also, as a sagacious public man. A majority of the adventurers in California were from the Slave States then; and when the South threatened to secede from the Union, they said that California would secede too. But Leland Stanford thought otherwise. He was opposed to human bondage, and abhorred the whole system of American slavery; and he stood by the Union fearlessly and triumphantly. California must remain in the Union. The new Republican party must keep it in. Such were his thoughts and determination. The Lord was leading him in a way he knew not. He hailed the Republican party as timely and providential. At the same time the grandest thought of all flashed upon his mind: "A railway across the Rocky Mountains will forever link the destinies of California with the United States!" The thought was too startling to be tolerated at first. It suggested an impossible enterprise even to the thinker. But the more he pondered it, the stronger it grew upon him. A railroad across the Rockies! No wonder that even he, the projector, was staggered by the magnitude of the work! But he was turning a point now, rounding a mighty

curve in his life; and the angels of human progress must have guided his feet, or he would have dashed them against a stone.

He was made Republican governor of the State; and he proved to be the wisest and most popular of governors; and this fact was another link in the chain of events that assured the transcontinental railway. The South had fired on Sumter, and thus declared war against the national government. This was a strong reason for a railroad across the Rocky Mountains; for California was so far separated from the other States, that a foreign power might readily take possession of it. A railroad would prevent such a calamity. So thought Leland Stanford and a half-dozen other men who joined their fortunes with his; and they moved forward with their stupendous project, in spite of huge obstacles. Nothing but the most implicit faith in the enterprise, and the most marvellous perseverance to consummate it, could have triumphed over the obstacles. More than once Mr. Stanford would have sold out his interest in the road for twenty-five cents on the dollar; but he was where he had to move forward or become bankrupt; and he might become bankrupt by moving on. Providence pushed him forward. The future of American history was wrapped up in the completion of the railway. He must go forward, and bless the land and the world thereby. The road was completed in *three years, six months, and ten days*, a fact that shows how little faith the general public had in the enterprise. For even General Sherman said, "I should be unwilling to buy a ticket over it for my grandchildren." But God was in the gigantic work for the sake of mankind and his

cause. His Providence turned Leland Stanford from the law by burning up his library; and from traffic and mining to railroad-building, that the greatest secular enterprise of modern times might prove successful.

The scene at Promontory Point, Utah Territory, on May 10, 1869, was described by a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Crofutt, as follows: "The hour and minute designated arrived, and Leland Stanford, president, assisted by other officers of the Central Pacific, came forward. T. C. Durant, vice-president of the Union Pacific, assisted by General Dodge and others of the same company, met them at the end of the rail, where they reverently paused, while Rev. Dr. Todd of Massachusetts invoked the divine blessing. Then the last tie, a beautiful piece of workmanship of California laurel, with silver plates on which were suitable inscriptions, was put in place, and the last connecting rails were laid by parties from each company. The last spikes were then presented, — one of gold from California; one of silver from Nevada; and one of gold, silver, and iron from Arizona. President Stanford then took the hammer, made of solid silver, and to the handle of which were attached the telegraph wires; and with the first tap on the head of the gold spike, at twelve, noon, the news of the event was flashed over the continent. Speeches were made as each spike was driven; and, when all was completed, cheer after cheer rent the air from the enthusiastic assemblage."

The completion of this marvellous railway made Mr. Stanford many times a millionnaire. He might have accumulated a fortune in the mercantile and mining business, but the day on which he conceived the

possibility of a railroad across the continent changed his future life as a financier and public benefactor.

What should he do with his many millions? He was a generous, public-spirited man, and he looked about for an answer to his inquiry. He had travelled in Europe with his wife and son, and the latter had died suddenly at Florence. He resolved to found the "Leland Stanford, Jr., University of California," as a memorial of his son, on the broadest, grandest scale possible for liberal education. In 1885 he appropriated TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS to the object, after which he added other millions to the fund. The corner-stone was laid on the 14th of May, 1887; and the University was opened in October, 1891, with several hundred pupils of both sexes in attendance.

In 1887 Mr. Stanford was elected to the United States Senate, where he proved himself to be as wise in legislation as he had been in business. His previous arduous labors, incidental to the great enterprises he carried, had worn upon his health; and, ere he was fully aware of the inroads disease had made upon his constitution, he was prostrated; and he died at Palo Alto, Cal., where his University is, on June 20, 1893, fifty-nine years of age.

XXXVII.

MARY LYON.

THE REJECTED OFFER OF MARRIAGE THAT LAID THE FOUNDATION OF HOLYOKE SEMINARY.

The little town of Buckland, Mass., gave to the world the most remarkable woman (Mary Lyon), all things considered, who ever figured in American history. Her father was a farmer, a true-hearted, Christian man, who lived for God as really as Abraham or Moses did; and his wife was simply another Sarah, revised and improved by the progress of the age. The father died suddenly when Mary was four years old, too young to appreciate her loss, and yet old enough to feel the great sorrow that darkened the "mountain home," and to remember the tender and earnest prayers of the mother at the family altar all through the cold, bleak winter that followed the father's demise. In womanhood she wrote of those supplications thus: "What child of that household could ever forget those extraordinary prayers of the sorrowing mother for the salvation of her fatherless children, as they were offered up day by day through all the long, cold winter?"

Mary Lyon was born on Feb. 28, 1797, the fifth of seven children. She was a fine scholar from her first day in school onward. She could commit a lesson in

an incredibly short time, and her memory tenaciously retained it. She learned Alexander's Grammar in four days, and recited it to her teacher, the latter regarding it as a wonderful feat. When, later, she took up Adams's Latin Grammar, she committed it in three days. She was in love with learning, and the older she grew the more she valued it. Yet the poverty of the family made it necessary for her to assist her mother at housework, and to sew, knit, and spin, all of which she did cheerfully and well.

When she was fourteen years old her mother married a second time, and removed to the State of New York. It was arranged that her eldest brother, who had cared for the farm, should continue in charge, and that Mary should keep house for him. Knowing how desirous his sister was to go to school and study the higher branches, the brother offered to pay her one dollar a week, which was twenty-five cents a week more than girls of her age could get in families at that time. Four years she acted as housekeeper for him, improving her leisure time in self-culture. As before, she spun all the cloth used in the family, and often earned a little by spinning for a neighbor.

After four years her brother was married, and removed to New York; and Mary laid her plans to attend Sanderson Academy, Ashfield, Mass. She had laid by money enough to pay her expenses there one term. If possible, she wanted to qualify herself for teaching a district school. She was by far the best scholar in the school, endearing herself to her teachers, and surprising them by her intellectual feats. When she was reciting her lessons, other pupils would unconsciously cease studying to

listen to her. There was fascination in her bright, intelligent, facile way of reciting that captivated them.

At the close of the term her resources were exhausted, and she was planning to leave school. But the trustees offered her the advantages of another term free. She possessed a bed and bedding, and some other articles of furniture, which the proprietor of the boarding-house received in payment for her board. Thus she was provided with another term of school, which she improved without mercy to her body. She slept only four hours of the twenty-four each day, spent no time in recreation, ate her meals hurriedly, and pursued her studies with all her might, believing that her schooldays would terminate with that term. Her progress was so marvellous that she became known in all the region as the most gifted student ever connected with the Academy. The result was that her services were wanted as teacher in several places, and she left the institution to teach and study the remainder of her life. From the start she was a successful teacher. Between school sessions she would study the sciences, drawing, painting, penmanship, and pursue other branches of knowledge with experts in these departments. At one time she pursued natural science under the Rev. Edward Hitchcock, who afterwards became president of Amherst College, and also took lessons in drawing and painting of his wife. Time was precious to her beyond estimate; she would not lose a moment.

At twenty-four she had saved money enough to pay for a year's instruction at the Rev. Joseph Emerson's school in Byfield, Mass. He was a noted teacher, and was one of the few men of that day who believed in the

higher education of girls. He saw no good reason why young women should not study science and art as well as theology, with as much profit as young men. He was not afraid of having girls understand metaphysics as well as boys; he believed that the better their education the nobler women they would make. This was Mary Lyon's opinion also; and so she was drawn to the Emerson school. She thought it was a shame for educators to hold such narrow views of female education as most of them did; and she began to say to herself that if God spared her life she would yet do something for the better culture of girls. She desired to pursue such studies as the colleges offered to young men; but there was not a college in the land that would admit her, even to attend a course of lectures. Mr. Emerson's school was the nearest she could get to her ideal opportunities.

She attained a higher mark in this school than ever. One of her classmates wrote to a mutual friend, "Mary sends love to all; but time with her is too precious to spend it in writing letters. She is gaining knowledge by handfuls." She had scarcely closed her connection with the Emerson school, when an assistant teacher was wanted at Sanderson Academy. The trustees had employed a male teacher hitherto, and were disposed to continue the practice; but the principal suggested that Mary Lyon would do better than a man. The counsel was adopted, and she became assistant teacher. Within a short time, however, she was called to a much larger field. Miss Grant, who was one of her instructors in Mr. Emerson's school, had opened a female seminary in Derry, N.H.; and Mary Lyon was the first person she thought of for assistant. There were ninety

pupils in the school; just the school to test her tact and ability. She accepted the position promptly, and more than met the expectations of Miss Grant. But the school was not in session through the winter. So she taught summers in Derry, and in winters in her native town, Buckland, where her popularity became so great that a building was erected for her school, which grew from twenty-five pupils to one hundred; and the Ministers' Association passed a resolution requesting her to settle there permanently.

But Miss Grant removed her seminary to Ipswich, Mass., to be open summer and winter; and she invited Miss Lyon to become associated with her. For six years she was associated with Miss Grant in this famous school, and endeared herself to her pupils by her constant and affectionate interest. It was here that she first began to think of an institution dedicated to the higher education of girls. There was no such seminary existing as she had in mind; and she found few people to sympathize with her proposition. "As girls would not become lawyers, doctors, or ministers, there is no need of a higher education," was the stereotyped objection. But all the cold water dashed upon her enterprise did not cool her ardor. The scheme grew upon her mind, and her purpose strengthened with it.

While her mind was intensely exercised upon this plan of a seminary on a grand scale for women, she received an offer of marriage. This was a turn of affairs that she had not dreamed of. Matrimony had never become a factor in her life-plans. Nor was it an ordinary opportunity to enter into matrimonial relations. It was a rare offer, and one that she might

have accepted without the least misgiving. But for the ideal institution for the education of girls that was absorbing her thoughts, she might have accepted the offer as providential. But the ideal seminary had taken such full possession of her heart that there was no room for another enterprise. The time had not exactly come for her to inaugurate her scheme, but she felt sure that it was close by. She had no more doubt that it would become a fact than she had of her own existence. She believed in God, and she believed in the higher education of girls because she believed in God. Between the seminary and a husband she did not hesitate to choose. No particular time was required to make the choice. "If I take the husband, I cannot have the seminary," she thought; and that was true. For in that day, when little or no attention was paid to female education, to enter into wedlock meant the discontinuance of teaching and all large endeavors for the public welfare, and being shut up to the narrow circle of home and family, which was well enough for women generally, but not for her. She took the seminary in lieu of the husband.

Had she taken the husband, there is little doubt that female education would have been delayed half a century. For not oftener than once in a century does such a woman as Mary Lyon appear. Certainly there would have been no Mount Holyoke Female Seminary to train thousands of young girls for usefulness. The turning-point of her career came with the offer of marriage; and to-day our own country, and some foreign lands as well, are reaping the benefits of her wise choice. A new and brighter era dawned upon the

world of letters when Mary Lyon decided not to change her name.

More than ever she was determined to have her institution of learning. Only here and there a person whom she consulted believed that the enterprise was wise. But the more opposition and apathy she met with, the more resolute and persistent she seemed to become. She wrote to a friend, "During the past year my heart has so yearned over the adult female youth in the common walks of life, that it has sometimes seemed as though a fire were shut up in my bones." Of course she went to work with a will for her pet project.

The story of her struggles in raising money for the institution proved how little interest there was in the better education of girls. It disclosed also the invincible spirit that characterized the author of the scheme. Some called it masculine resolution, and advised her to do something more womanly; but she only pitied them for their folly. Others said that the enterprise was against nature; that God never designed such education for females; and she left them to become ashamed of themselves in due time. She raised the necessary funds to start with, in spite of ignorance, indifference, and opposition; and the corner-stone of the seminary was laid Oct. 3, 1836. Miss Lyon wrote, "It was a day of deep interest. The stones and brick and mortar speak a language which vibrates through my very soul." With what joy and exultation she watched the building as it rose! She said, "Had I a thousand lives I could sacrifice them all in suffering and hardship for the sake of Mount Holyoke Seminary. Did I possess the greatest fortune, I could readily relinquish it all, and become

poor, and more than poor, if its prosperity should demand it."

Such a woman is inspired for a purpose. She and God constitute the majority for that purpose.

The seminary opened in the autumn of 1837, with one hundred and sixteen pupils, while the building would accommodate but eighty. The expense was only one dollar and twenty-five cents a week for each scholar; and Miss Lyon fixed her own salary at two hundred dollars, and never would receive any more. The seminary grew in popularity and magnitude. New buildings and facilities for instruction were demanded, and the money to pay for them was cheerfully contributed. The property is now valued at more than three hundred thousand dollars, and the seminary has become a college of the highest grade. More than six thousand pupils have been instructed there, three-fourths of whom have become teachers in this and other countries, two hundred of them missionaries in the home and foreign field. Large numbers of the graduates have become the wives of ministers, lawyers, physicians, teachers, and public educators. In this way the influence of the institution has belted the globe, to the honor of the founder who had done so much to make it a grand success.

In 1849 a contagious disease broke out in the seminary, and the pupils became greatly alarmed. Many of them were running hither and thither, preparing to flee from the school in their fright. Miss Lyon called them together in the chapel, and discoursed to them upon the providence of God, and the unwisdom of such consternation, when calm, quiet repose ought to be their possession under the watch and care of the kindest Father.

"There is nothing in the universe that I am afraid of," she said, "but that I shall not know and do all my duty." In one week from that time she died of that disease.

There was mourning everywhere over her death. In every State of the American Union, and in many foreign lands, there were found her devoted pupils, who received the tidings of her decease with tears, as if a personal bereavement. A lady in Montreal wrote, "Long ere this, amid the hunting-grounds of the Sioux and the villages of the Cherokees, the tear of the missionary has wet the page which has told of her departure. The Sandwich Islander will ask why his white teacher's eye is dim as she reads her American letters. The swarthy African will lament with his sorrowing guide, who cries, 'Help, Lord, for the godly ceaseth.' The cinnamon groves of Ceylon, and the palm-trees of India, overshadow her early-deceased missionary pupils; while those left to bear the burden and heat of the day will wail the saint whose prayers and letters they so prized. Among the Nestorians of Persia, and at the base of Mount Olympus, will her name be breathed softly, as the household name of one whom God hath taken."

Said Dr. Hitchcock, "At her death she had opened a perennial fountain of influence, whose streams had already reached the remotest nations of the earth, and which through future generations is destined to do more for the happiness of the world than all the acts of the mightiest queen who ever ruled. Surely the whole picture impresses us forcibly with its moral sublimity; and we might almost have expected that the chariot and horses of fire would have been granted to close a scene so much like an angel visit."

XXXVIII.

HORACE BRIGHAM CLAFLIN.

THE CHOICE BETWEEN COLLEGE AND THE STORE THAT MADE THE GREAT MERCHANT.

John Claflin was a merchant and farmer in Milford, Mass. He had a general country store, the only one in the small town at the time; and also he cultivated a farm. He was a citizen of recognized executive ability, interested in the public welfare, and was justice of the peace. His son, Horace Brigham, born Dec. 18, 1811, developed into a boy of great force of character, accompanied with a fair share of practical sense. He was a good scholar, although he was not particularly fond of going to school. His parents strongly desired that he should be liberally educated, and fill one of the learned professions. Nor did Horace object to this. He loved study well enough to favor the wishes of his parents; and so he attended the common school, and, later, the academy in town. His school-life was satisfactory to both teacher and parents. Few boys improve kindred opportunities better than he did. It was what his father desired, and that was sufficient to enlist his best efforts.

Yet Horace was full of fun, the life and soul of the youthful circle in which he moved. A good time was generally expected where he was. But a remarkable

sense of propriety characterized him even in boyhood, so that his animal spirits were never allowed to compromise his manly bearing or obedience to his parents. His self-control was one of his best traits.

It was generally supposed that Mr. Claflin would send Horace to college. Neighbors so understood it, and so did his teachers, and it was discussed in the family. It was the custom then for boys to devote their whole time in school to the English branches until fifteen or sixteen years of age, when Greek and Latin could be taken up in preparation for college. Horace had not objected at all to the plans of his father for his liberal education; he had appeared to accept that view of his life as a matter of course. True, he often assisted his father in the store, and enjoyed the business thoroughly, and was a very energetic and handy boy there. Possibly he may have expressed his satisfaction with mercantile business; but his father had planned otherwise, and that was enough for him to know. Doubtless his father noticed the facility with which he waited upon customers in the store, how readily he turned his hand to any part of the business; but he was too anxious for his son to follow one of the learned professions to be influenced by any such exhibit of judgment and tact.

But the time came when a decision had to be made. Horace was fifteen years of age, and the principal of the academy said that he must take up Latin and Greek if he were going to college.

"I don't want you should prepare for college unless your heart is in it," said his father; "but it has always been my desire that you should have a liberal education, and now I should be more than glad if you think and feel as I do."

Horace listened to his father without a syllable of dissent. He acceded to his proposition to begin the study of languages at once, without betraying the least reluctanee. The wishes of his father appear to have been suffieient for his decision. But subsequently, on conversing with his teacher upon the subject, he said, —

"Well, I will try the dead languages, and see how they agree with me."

Nothing more was said, and he took up his new line of study with the resolution that he had the English branches. But evidently his mind was silently exercised upon another theme. For, after a few weeks, he approaehed his teacher, and said, —

"My purpose is to spend my life in trade, and I do not see how the study of Latin and Greek will be beneficial to me in that pursuit. I want to be in business this minute. I am young, but that is no objection. The younger I begin the better for me."

The preceptor lost no time in communicating the above conversation to Mr. Claflin. "Very well," responded the wise merchant and father; "why should he study Greek and Latin if he is going to be a merehant? I am sure that I do not want he should go to college unless he desires to. If his natural bent is in the line of trade, and I am inclined to think it may be, it is a thousand times better for him to be a merehant. I want he should follow his natural bent, anyway."

The outcome was, that he was installed as clerk in his father's store within three months, and there began a most remarkable mercantile career.

The turning-point came when he was forced to choose his life-pursuit. Evidently it was a grave matter with

the boy, for his father's wishes were all-important to him. There is no doubt that he would have succeeded as a scholar, for he had an active, discriminating mind; but there can be no question that his final decision was in the line of his highest qualities. The choice between college and store made him manager of the largest dry-goods house in the world.

Horace found his place in the store very congenial, and his father was convinced that his choosing trade instead of an education was wise. He put new life into the business, and it prospered more than ever. At twenty years of age Horace received this proposition, that he and his brother Aaron, and his brother-in-law, Samuel Daniels, should take the business, and let the father retire. This proposition was accepted; and the three young men moved forward, making such changes as they thought were necessary.

At that time country stores kept groceries on sale, including all sorts of intoxicating liquors. Horace was an enemy to strong drink; he had seen much of its destructive influence. So he proposed that they clean the cellar out of everything of the kind, and run a temperance grocery. His partners agreed to it, and every gallon of intoxicants was brought out of the cellar and emptied into the gutter. That was before a prohibitory law was dreamed of; and the fact shows that Horace was far in advance of his times on this and other questions.

The first year of traffic was a profitable one to the young firm; and at its close Horace proposed that they open a branch in Worcester, for the sale of dry goods only. The enterprise was heartily espoused by all, and it proved successful beyond their most sanguine expecta-

tions. Horace introduced a new element of trade in the Worcester store, — large sales and small profits. The idea took with Worcester people, and their business increased rapidly. It was altogether a new venture in Worcester, and rather disturbed the old traders at first; but the outcome was good, both for merchant and patron.

At the close of the first year in Worcester, the partnership was dissolved, Aaron taking the Milford store, and Horace continuing in Worcester. For ten years Horace did business in that city, his volume of trade increasing largely from year to year. At the start, old merchants prophesied that their driving young brother in trade would fail, as it was quite impossible for any man to run such a business on profits so small. Often the rumor went abroad that young Claflin had gone under; and no wonder. But he was at the top all the while; and at the end of ten years, when he decided to remove to New York City, he had accumulated *thirty thousand dollars.* Friends endeavored to dissuade him from relinquishing a business so large and profitable for an uncertainty in a great city overcrowded with merchants. But the young man had his wits about him. He had studied New York and its market; and he believed that there was a grand opening in that metropolis for a mammoth store, run on his principle of *large sales and small profits.* At any rate, he wanted to try it for himself; and in 1843 he entered into partnership with William M. Bulkley, and opened a store at No. 46 Cedar Street, which seemed to most people far out of the way for the traffic of that day. But Horace Claflin had an eye upon the growth of the city when he selected a location; and every change he made subsequently was settled in like manner.

He struck into a good business at once, and its growth was more rapid than in Worcester. Large sales and small profits took even better in New York than in Massachusetts, and the new house won friends and trade on every hand. In seven years his accommodations were altogether too small for his trade; and he was forced to remove to No. 57 Broadway, where two or three times his present volume of business could be transacted. Nor did his business attain to so great proportions by sending runners to hotels and theatres, and joining clubs, as was the custom with many merchants; for Mr. Claflin found his highest enjoyment in his Brooklyn home out of business hours, and never felt the least necessity of resorting to questionable expedients to increase customers. The anti-slavery movement assumed large proportions a few years after he opened his New York house, and he stood in the front rank in the fight. He had become a leading merchant of New York then, and his influence was wide and strong. His Southern business was extensive; and Southern customers remonstrated against his hostility to their pet institution, and threatened to quit trading with him unless he would quit attacking slavery. But his only answer was, "MY GOODS, NOT MY PRINCIPLES, ARE FOR SALE." He had the courage of his convictions at whatever cost; and his integrity was absolutely above reproach. At the time of his death the Chamber of Commerce paid a glowing tribute to his spotless character.

His enormous business was worked upon the line of strict honesty, completely demolishing that old subterfuge, that business cannot be conducted on strictly honest methods. In 1852 his business footed up over one

million dollars, which was large for that day; and it was rapidly increasing, making another move imperative. He erected an immense warehouse at No. 111 Broadway, and occupied it in 1853. In 1860 his business amounted to nearly FOURTEEN MILLION DOLLARS, leading all mercantile houses of the kind in the world.

The Civil War was unexpected to him, and it made havoc with his enormous traffic. He was obliged to ask his creditors for an extension for five months; but he paid every dollar of his obligations in three months, with interest. Again the financial crisis of 1873 brought him into great straits, and he asked for another extension; but paid every dollar, with interest, long before the specified time arrived. At this time his traffic had reached the unparalleled proportion of SEVENTY–TWO MILLION DOLLARS in a single year! And yet this tremendous business was done without a breath of suspicion resting upon the gifted manager. His word was as current as his bond. His great warehouse, with its unquestioned honesty inside, was a colossal answer to the picayune claim, that absolute uprightness cannot be maintained in the commercial world.

Mr. Claflin had the reputation of training more young men for business, and helping them to start for themselves, than any other man in New York City. He was a discriminating student of human nature, and he saw at a glance who possessed the qualities and character indispensable to success. To such his kindness, generosity, and wise counsels were free as air; and to-day there are many merchants of property and position living who cherish his memory as that of their most honored benefactor.

Mr. Claflin died in Fordham, N.Y., his country residence, Nov. 14, 1885. By his death an important factor and force dropped out of New York trade; though his grand example lived on, and will continue to live so long as tact and integrity are recognized elements of success.

XXXIX.

ALEXANDER TURNEY STEWART.

THE LOAN THAT CONVERTED THE PEDAGOGUE INTO A MERCHANT PRINCE.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Belfast, Ireland, Oct. 12, 1803. His father was a farmer, of Scotch descent, well known and honored for his intelligence, industry, and high character. He belonged to the Church of England, and set a higher value upon his church relations than upon any others. His first thought was, when his son Alexander Turney was born, to devote him to the Church of England. That was the best expression of his love for the church, and it was honest and hearty. Mr. Stewart was not rich in worldly goods; but he was industrious, economical, and aspiring, and felt sure that he could command the means of defraying the expenses of his son in acquiring a liberal education. For this he planned from the earliest boyhood of his son, familiarly discussing the matter with him, and directing his course of study to this end.

Alexander was a remarkable boy in many respects. He possessed a good mind and heart, and was disposed to make the best possible use of his opportunities. He required no urging to studious habits, and no watchful-

ness to secure his implicit obedience. He was both studious and obedient as a matter of course, as if born with these two qualities in his make-up. Of course his parents were delighted with his good behavior and noble aspirations, and gladly economized in every possible way to keep him in school.

While Alexander was away at school his father died, leaving him to the care of a guardian, with money enough to pay the bills for his education. At this time he was seventeen years old, and had thought much about the profession he was designed to fill. In his own mind he had become convinced that he was not fitted for the ministry; and he really shrank from the responsibility. He had never hinted as much to his father or his teachers; he had only thought it. But now that his father's death had changed affairs, and his approach to manhood rendered a speedy decision imperative, he opened the subject to his guardian.

"I have not the qualities a clergyman ought to possess," he said; "indeed, I have not the least desire to enter the ministry, I rather shrink from it. So long as I feel so, it seems to me unwise to go on with my preparation for sacred orders."

His guardian was a wise man, with heartfelt interest in Alexander's welfare. So he listened to this revelation, and answered thoughtfully, —

"Perhaps you are right; I am not prepared to say that your views are wrong. I am quite sure that no young man should enter the ministry against his own judgment and wishes; but we need to give the subject serious consideration, that we may settle it wisely."

It is enough to say that after Alexander's guardian

had canvassed the matter with him over and over, becoming familiar with his tastes and habits, and discovering in him an aptitude for business, he became thoroughly convinced that the ministry was not the profession for a young man of his qualities to enter. Therefore, further preparation for that calling was abandoned, and the remainder of his school-life, until he was twenty years of age, was spent in the pursuit of studies that would serve him well as teacher or merchant. He had signified a preference for mercantile business; and his guardian appears to have discovered in him a decided fitness for that sphere.

Alexander was in love with the United States. He had heard and read much of its wonderful advantages for young men in various pursuits. He had been told that it was the paradise of schoolmasters; and he was abundantly qualified to teach school. He was sure that New York City had an opening for him, could he reach that great metropolis. His guardian sympathized with him in all these plans and aspirations, the outcome of which was that he became a citizen of New York when he was twenty years of age.

His purse was not filled to repletion, so that he could not waste much time in studying the city and its people. He made an early application for the position of teacher in a well-known private school on Roosevelt Street, and was successful. Here he began life in the New World as pedagogue, and proved at once that he was well adapted to that calling. He was a careful, popular instructor, and enjoyed the work far more than he expected. He laid no plans for other business; he was content with this, at least for the present.

Among the new and many friends that Stewart early made in New York, was a young man of good habits and much enterprise, who wanted to set up business for himself in a cautious way. To make out the small amount of money he wanted, Stewart loaned him seventy-eight dollars. They were fast friends, and confided their personal experiences to each other. The young man was not successful in his venture, and he became exceedingly troubled. He unbosomed his anxieties to Stewart, and finally told him that the only way for him to secure his loan of seventy-eight dollars was to buy him out and prosecute the business himself. It was an unexpected proposition, and therefore was not accepted immediately. But the crisis in his life had come; and the unexpected usually comes with a crisis. He was about to enter upon his life-pursuit, though he knew it not. Finally he accepted the proposition, resigned his position in school, and was installed as a merchant on a small scale. But his ideas and plans grew rapidly. He reached his majority sometime before, and his guardian was holding his inheritance of two or three thousand dollars for him at home. He decided to go to Ireland for it. He went, accomplished his object, and returned to open a store at 283 Broadway. Incidental to coming into possession of the paternal inheritance, was an arrangement that he made, when at home, to handle Belfast laces. This proved a fortunate venture, for his display of these valuable laces in his New York store drew many customers at once. His store accommodations were very limited. The rent was only two hundred and fifty dollars per annum; but Belfast laces drew the shoppers like a two

thousand dollar rental. It was only a large front room for the store, and a smaller one back of it in which the proprietor lodged at night.

It was a good start that he made. Perhaps it never would have been made but for the loan of seventy-eight dollars to his friend. He might have continued a pedagogue, had not disaster overtaken his honest creditor. Obliged to exchange pedagoguing for trade, to "save his bacon," he discovered that his aptitude for traffic was greater than his aptitude for teaching. Within a few years he knew that he was more of a merchant than he ever could have been of an instructor. He had found his place in the body politic, and no one lived to doubt it.

Mr. Stewart started his business on the basis of one price and small profits. The one-price system was new in New York, and was not quite popular at first. Many shoppers enjoyed beating down merchants on their prices; shopping was scarcely shopping without it. But the young Irish trader meant business, and his rule was iron. One price, take it or leave it. But the small-profit rule was always popular; and when sufficient time had elapsed to adjust the two rules, they worked admirably; and in one year the business outgrew the building, and he removed to more ample quarters at 262 Broadway. His business had grown to quite large proportions, and his accumulation of wealth was rapid and sure.

A few years later he erected the huge marble palace for his business, occupying the whole front on Broadway between Chambers and Reade Streets, at an expense of more than two million dollars. In this great store he employed two thousand clerks, and, under the proprie-

tor's efficient management everything moved like clockwork. A training for business in this establishment came to be more highly prized than a course in a business college. No exaggeration, misrepresentation, or untruthfulness was allowed in the store. Clerks were obliged to possess character first, tact next. Fathers considered themselves fortunate when they found positions for their sons in this famous house.

Later on Mr. Stewart erected, for his retail trade, the largest dry-goods store in the world at that time. It occupied "the entire block bounded by Broadway and Fourth Avenue, between Ninth and Tenth Streets," and the cost was nearly three million dollars. The marble palace was reserved for his wholesale business. The magnitude of his traffic reached almost incredible figures. The annual expense of running his business amounted to from one to two million dollars. The aggregate sales for three years previous to Mr. Stewart's death were $203,000,000.

Mr. Stewart won a world-wide reputation as a financier. It was said that a merchant who can superintend and guide to success so great a business, could command an army with equal tact. President Grant paid a high tribute to his financial ability by appointing him Secretary of the Treasury in 1869. He could not accept the position, however, because the law prohibited importers to fill the office; and Mr. Stewart was the prince of importers.

His influence in New York City became marked, and it was on the right side of important moral questions. He declined to accept any political office, but, at the same time, promptly joined with others in fighting cor-

rupt administrations, such as the "Tweed Ring." When told that fifty thousand dollars would secure an ordinance from the Board of Alderman to widen Laurens Street, and thus add hundreds of thousands to the value of his real estate in that vicinity, and was asked if he would give it, his answer was emphatic and characteristic: "No; but I will give fifty thousand this minute to know the names of the aldermen who expect to get the money."

His heart responded cheerfully to the calls of charity. When the famine prevailed in Ireland in 1846, he sent a ship-load of provisions to the sufferers, and instructed his agents to bring back, free of charge, a cargo of Irish immigrants, selecting respectable families who could read and write. With kindred generosity he sent a shipload of flour to France after the disastrous war with Germany. His gift to Chicago, after its great fire, was fifty thousand dollars. But we have not space to record the thousands and tens of thousands of dollars that he sent here and there to relieve suffering humanity. In the city of his adoption almost every society to ameliorate the hard lot of thousands dispensed his bounties. The seventy-eight dollars that he loaned many years before had become millions, to benefit art and science, and carry relief and hope to thousands of hapless homes.

Mr. Stewart died April 10, 1876. Although his mental and physical powers had been subjected to a fearful strain for many years, he lived quite beyond the average age of business men. Respected in his life, lamented in his death, his memory is cherished as that of an honest, useful, remarkable public man.

XL.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE SICKNESS THAT TRANSFORMED HIM INTO A LITERARY BENEFACTOR.

THE father of Leigh Hunt was a clergyman, and the son was expected to follow the same profession. The family belonged to Barbadoes, in the West Indies, where the grandfather of Leigh officiated as a clergyman also. Leigh's father was sent to Philadelphia in his early youth to be educated, as that city belonged to the English-American colonies, and was somewhat known for its culture at that early day. He was a wild youth, and found plenty of students like himself in the Quaker City. Still, he pursued his studies with a good degree of success, and was graduated in due time, a handsome, gentlemanly, affable fellow. His oration on commencement day, together with his grace and beauty, captivated two young ladies, who fell in love with him; one of them he subsequently married.

It seems that he studied both law and gospel, but practised law only. He settled in Philadelphia, and at the outbreak of the American Revolution had quite a law-practice to support his growing family. He espoused the cause of the Crown, for which he was persecuted and mobbed. The son says of his father at this time, in his "Autobiography:" —

"He entered with so much zeal into the cause of the British Government, that, besides pleading for the Loyalists with great fervor at the bar, he wrote pamphlets equally full of party warmth, which drew on him the popular odium. His fortunes then came to a crisis in America. Early one morning a great concourse of people appeared before his house. He came out, or was brought. They put him into a cart prepared for the purpose, and, after parading him about the streets, were joined by a party of the Revolutionary soldiers with drum and fife. The multitude then went to the house of Dr. Kearsley, who was dragged out and placed in the cart. . . . At length, after being carried through every street in Philadelphia, the two captives were deposited, in the evening, in a prison in Market Street. What became of Dr. Kearsley I cannot say. My father, by means of a large sum of money given to the sentinel who had charge of him, was enabled to escape at midnight. He went immediately on board a ship in the Delaware, that belonged to my grandfather, and was bound for the West Indies. She dropped down the river the same night, and my father went first to Barbadoes, and afterward to England, where he settled."

There his family joined him a few months later.

The family settled in Southgate, Middlesex; and here Leigh was born, Oct. 19, 1784. He was a delicate, sickly child, and was raised only by the most tender nursing. However, his health improved so that he could attend school and make decided progress. He began to write verses at eight or ten years of age, and at twelve composed poetry that appeared in print. His father beheld in these poetical effusions evidence of unusual talents;

and, when Leigh was sixteen years of age, he collected his poems and published them in a volume. Friends regarded them with great favor; but the author of them said, in his manhood, "They were a heap of imitations, all but absolutely worthless."

His maternal grandfather in America heard of his remarkable promise, and wrote to him that if he would come to America he would "make a man of him." Leigh replied, "Men grow in England as well as America." The boy was right, and so was his grandfather. As yet, however, Leigh had not really decided to "make a man" of himself. He was vacillating, unsettled in his plans and purposes, more brilliant than solid and serious.

He went to school at Christ Church Hospital, where Lamb and Coleridge were educated about the same time. In that day thrashing was the chief method of securing obedience in school, and fighting the principal way of settling difficulties out of school, all of which horrified Leigh; for, like his mother, he was nervous, sensitive, and tender. In his "Autobiography" he says this of his mother: "The sight of two men fighting in the streets would drive her in tears down another road; and I remember, when we lived near the park, she would take me a long circuit out of the way, rather than hazard the spectacle of the soldiers. Little did she think of the timidity with which she was inoculating me, and what difficulty I should have, when I went to school, to sustain all these pure theories, and that unbending resistance to oppression which she inculcated."

Leigh was ridiculed for his aversion to fight, and taunted as a coward by the students, until one day he

arose in his might, and thrashed a fellow-student who added one too many to his cutting taunts. It was the only time he engaged in a fight; for his whole soul remonstrated against the barbarity.

He left school at fifteen years of age, and for several years appears to have drifted, writing poetry, "joining as a private in the volunteers, who were called into existence by the rumor of Bonaparte's coming, and going the round of the London theatres, taking his full of pleasure," as one of his biographers says. Not a very enterprising or promising mode of life; and yet his time was not altogether wasted. For he wrote poetry, and finally composed articles in prose for a newspaper, in the meantime reading Goldsmith and other poets, and history to some extent.

At length, in 1805, when he was about twenty years of age, he went to live with his brother, who had established a journal called *The News*. He went to work on this newspaper with commendable industry and resolution. More of his genuine ability began to appear.

His labors were interrupted, however, by a serious illness, long and painful, in which time he reviewed his life, saw his grave mistake, and resolved to consecrate his talents to better work, should God restore him to health. In his "Autobiography" he says of that sickness, "One great benefit resulted to me from this suffering. It gave me an amount of reflection such as, in all probability, I never should have had without it; and if readers have derived any good from the graver portion of my writings, I attribute it to this experience of evil. It taught me patience; it taught me charity; it taught me charity even towards myself; it taught me the worth

of little pleasures, as well as the utility and dignity of great pains; it taught that evil itself contained good; nay, it taught me to doubt whether any such thing as evil, considered in itself, existed; whether things altogether, as far as our planet knows them, could have been so good without it; whether the desire, nevertheless, which nature has implanted in us for its destruction, be not the signal and the means to that end; and whether its destruction, finally, will not prove its existence, in the meantime, to have been necessary to the very bliss that supersedes it."

From that time Leigh Hunt was a changed man. All crankiness and shiftlessness disappeared, with his inordinate love of pleasure; and a determination to be serious and useful, and give the best possible to the reading world, took possession of his heart. He turned into a new way, higher, nobler, grander, as his future life proved. Sickness did for him what neither schools nor books provided. Chastisement alone was sufficient to produce a radical change in his method of life, aspirations, and endeavors. From that time he began to put the world under obligations to himself as a literary benefactor. A biographer says, "What reader of books is there who does not feel that he owes a debt of gratitude to Leigh Hunt for his many beautiful thoughts, his always cheerful views of life, and his generous efforts, extending over a period of half a century, on behalf of the freedom and happiness of the human family? His name is associated in our minds with all manner of kindness, love, beauty, and gentleness. He has given us a fresh insight into nature; made the flowers seem gayer, the earth greener, the skies more bright, and all things

more full of happiness and blessing. By the magical touch of his pen he 'kissed dead things to life.' Age, that dries up the geniality of so many, brought no change to him. To the last he was spoken of as the 'gray-haired boy,'—'the old-young poet with gray hairs on his head, but youth in his eyes.'" All this secured to the world by the reflections incident to a sick-bed experience!

Soon after Leigh Hunt recovered from the sickness described, his thoughts were turned to a literary publication of a higher grade than any known in England at the time, and well adapted to lift humanity to a higher plane of living. His thoughts grew into a definite plan, and the result was the establishment of the *Examiner*, that has existed to this day. Leigh was not quite twenty-five years of age when this publication was started; and he brought to its support the ardor and strength of his youth, proving day by day that he possessed talents of the highest order. Such literary characters as Shelley, Hook, Campbell, Fuseli, Matthews, Godwin, Bonnycastle, Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, and many others of like reputation, became interested in the journal; and Leigh Hunt was their intimate companion — a rich experience and school to him.

Leigh Hunt was a fearless writer. He never minced matters. He stood squarely by his convictions. What he thought was right he defended, never stopping to think of personal sacrifice. Therefore the *Examiner* criticised public wrongs severely. It did not hesitate to attack the government itself, and its highest officials, for wrong-doing. The consequence was that government authorities desired to silence it, and suits were entered

against it; but none of them was successful. The *Examiner* maintained its character for antagonizing wrong.

At length, however, the two Hunt brothers launched a quarterly magazine, called the *Reflector*, in which the government received a more severe castigation for wrong-doing than ever. Leigh was the editor, and he seems to have increased his intellectual power three or four fold for the conflict with evil. The government withstood four numbers of the quarterly, just a year's production, when it pounced upon the proprietors with a determination to destroy the publication, *Examiner*, and all. The following account of it is from a reliable source.

"In it first appeared Leigh Hunt's 'Feast of the Poets,' in which he satirized many of his Tory contemporaries; amongst others, Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly*, the only man for whom he seems to have entertained a thorough dislike. Amongst the poetical effusions in the *Reflector* also appeared one on a famous dinner given by the Prince of Wales to a hundred and fifty of his particular friends. The Prince had just deserted the Whig party, and gone over to the Tories, so that there was a strong savor of political gall in the piece. About the same time an article on the Prince, in connection with the annual dinner on St. Patrick's Day, was inserted in the *Examiner;* and on this the government fastened, as the means of crushing the paper and its proprietors. The point in the article at which the Prince was understood to have taken violent offence was that he whom his adulators styled 'An Adonis in loveliness,' should be plainly designated as 'a corpulent man of fifty,' which he was. The government prosecution succeeded. The proprietors of the paper were fined one

hundred pounds, and condemned to two years' imprisonment, each in separate jails."

Leigh Hunt was not the man to shrink from a jail. He had a clear conscience and a cheerful heart, and he converted the prison into a palace. He had the room he occupied papered and painted in the best style, and friends adorned it with bric-a-brac. A little yard outside he converted into a flower-garden. Charles Lamb said of his room, "There is no other like it except in a fairy tale;" and Thomas Moore said of his garden, after looking it over, "I have no such heart's-ease." His old literary associates, like Lamb, Moore, Hazlitt, Shelley, Byron, and others, paid him frequent visits, and he was allowed to have his family with him constantly. Here, too, all the books and periodicals he desired were provided, and he wrote both poetry and prose for the *Examiner* and other publications. While in prison his famous book, "Story of Rimini," was written.

The time intervening between his release from prison and death, which occurred Aug. 28, 1859, was filled with literary work, notwithstanding the fact that his long imprisonment enfeebled his health. He wrote many essays and poems for magazines and books; a novel called "Sir Ralph Esher," "Captain Sword and Captain Pen," "Legend of Florence," "The Palfrey," "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humour," "Stories from the Indian Poets," "Jar of Honey," "Book for a Corner," "The Town," and contributed largely to such periodicals as the *Tatler*, *Companion*, *True Sun*, *Monthly Reporter*, and *London Journal*.

Like most of his literary associates, he laid by no money for a rainy day. Literary benefactors in all ages

have labored mostly for their food and clothes, and many of them have depended more or less upon friends for these. Leigh Hunt was no exception; yet he died a contented man. For he did not write for honor or riches, but for the advancement of his race.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

XLI.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

THE CRUSHING SORROW THAT INTRODUCED HER TO AUTHORSHIP.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON was born in Amherst, Mass., Oct. 18, 1831. Her father was Nathan W. Fiske, professor of languages in the college. The daughter, of course, was born into a life of grand opportunities. Such parents as hers would be satisfied with nothing less. Helen did not realize it, however. She was bright and talented, and she was headstrong and disobedient too — one of those precocious children whose waywardness awakens great parental solicitude. The following story of her girlhood has been told over and over, and it illustrates the temper of the child better than any mere description.

Helen loved nature, including trees, flowers, birds, beasts, and whatever else could be seen in a tramp through field and forest. One morning her mother gave her permission to go into the field near by to pick checkerberries before school. A younger sister and a neighbor's little daughter accompanied her. The adjacent forest was more inviting to her than the checkerberries in the meadow, and she proposed that they scour the woods. But her younger sister

who was more thoughtful and obedient, refused to go. "It will be schooltime before we get back," she said, "and mamma expects us to go to school." Helen urged and coaxed, but her sister could not be induced to do wrong. Not so with the neighbor's daughter, however; she consented to go, and they started off with the purpose of spending the day in the woods. In their enjoyment and enthusiasm they forgot all about home and parents, and travelled on, admiring everything they saw. After several hours they became very hungry, and seeing a house in the distance (having just emerged from the woods through which they had passed), they hurried forward towards it. It was the home of a farmer, who was just leaving the house to attend a funeral in the village. Helen made known their wants, to which the farmer's wife responded by giving each of them a bowl of bread and milk. As they desired to lock up their house, the children ate their dinner beside the garden hedge, and were instructed to push the bowls under the bushes when they left. Helen was happy as a queen, with the freedom of forest and field, and a bowl of bread and milk to eat. What more could she want, or even ask for. She was that kind of a girl; no thought about a mother's wishes or anxieties, or school.

"Let us go to the funeral," Helen proposed to her companion; and the proposition was accepted without discussion. On they trudged into the village of Hadley, enjoying the trip as only unconscious truants can. Many vehicles about the house of worship told them that the funeral was there. The bier was placed outside the door, and they sat down upon it to rest their

weary limbs. But there was not excitement enough in this; so they started on, one of them losing a shoe in the mud, and both wetting their feet. "Let us stop here and dry our stockings," said Helen to her companion, as they came to a house. The latter assented, and both were soon regaling themselves with fire and food; for it was almost night, and they were both weary and hungry. While enjoying themselves finely in this comfortable home, two college professors from Amherst drove up and captured them. The village of Amherst had been thoroughly excited over the disappearance of the girls, and searching parties began late in the afternoon to scour the country round about. These two professors went in the direction of Hadley, and soon got upon the trail of the children.

They were taken into the carriage against the protestation of Helen, who resented such infringement of her liberty. They had scarcely started upon their homeward journey when Helen leaped out of the carriage, determined to be free. But she was soon taken back, and was closely watched and guarded until delivered to her parents about ten o'clock at night. Helen walked into the house as if she had been away upon a well-planned excursion, and exclaimed, "O mother! I have had a perfectly splendid time!" And that was true; she ran away in order to have a "splendid time," and she had it. That she had done anything wrong never entered her head. That anybody could be alarmed at her absence she did not dream. It was just one thoughtless episode of her girl-life.

Her father had a sound philosophy on such matters, and he waited a week to see what might transpire.

Then he called Helen into his study, and said, "My daughter does not appear to be sorry for running away last week; and now she may retire to the garret where she will have a chance to think it over without interruption. Go."

Helen answered not a word, nor shed a tear. But she knew that her father's *yea* was *yea*, and his *nay*, *nay*. So, without uttering a syllable, she retired to the attic in the worst of temper. Could she have put what she thought into words, it would have been strong language. But she took a nail, and impressed her temper on the plastering instead. With the nail she made great holes in the plastered walls. It was her way of saying that she was angered all through, and defied her father.

Professor Fiske was anxious to know whether his daughter was penitent or not; and he visited the attic after waiting a proper time. He discovered no penitence in his daughter, but saw that she had stamped defiance on the wall. Without asking or waiting for an explanation, he administered a flogging commensurate with her naughtiness, and kept her in the garret for a week. Helen always claimed that his punishment did her no good. If it did not, so much the worse for her. For it was well-deserved and well-timed. How Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson could be made out of such a girl, is not a conundrum; it will become clear as noonday as we proceed.

When Helen was twelve years old her father and mother died, and she was left to the care of a grandfather, who placed her in the school of J. S. C. Abbott, New York City. There was an atmosphere about this

school just right for Helen to breathe — refreshing, stimulating, inspiring. She began to realize what she was in this world for. She was precocious, in her way, in the Amherst schools; but here she began to be brilliant. She was impulsive, as usual, but womanhood began to be foreshadowed in her. She liked the school and teachers, and all her surroundings, and was happy and even studious. She excelled in conversation and composition. Her talents illuminated her school-work.

At twenty-one years of age she married Major Edward B. Hunt, who was an officer in the army — a fine young man, a graduate of West Point, and of recognized ability and promise. Their first child died; but a second was born to them, and lived to be ten years old.

Mr. Hunt invented a submarine gun, and was experimenting with it at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, when he was instantly killed. That was on Oct. 2, 1863, when their son was eight years old. The terrible blow completely prostrated Mrs. Hunt. Since her marriage her life had been a round of pleasures. It had been spent chiefly at Newport and West Point, where she enjoyed the society of the wealthy and refined. Her husband was brother of Governor Hunt of New York, a relationship that ushered her into high social circles; so that, on every hand, there was an appeal to her love of pleasure constantly. She was brilliant and beautiful herself, just the woman to be popular and become a society woman. For this reason she was poorly prepared for such a crushing sorrow. But for her eight-year-old son, to whom she now clung with a stronger love, if possible, she might have been completely crushed by the sorrow.

She was nearing the crisis. There was to be a turn

in her career, and Providence was preparing the way. In two years after her husband's death she stood by the side of her dying boy. That dreaded destroyer, diphtheria, was snatching him from her embrace. She was almost frantic. She rebelled against the Providence that would take her all. She would not be comforted. In the midst of her heart-rending grief, her dear boy looked up and said, "Promise me, mamma, that you will not kill yourself." The distracted woman promised, and her darling child passed on.

Mrs. Hunt was inconsolable. She shut herself up in her own room, and would not admit her most familiar friends. Attempts at consolation seemed to increase the poignancy of her grief. "Any one who really loves me ought to pray that I may die, too, like Bennie," she said. Friends feared that she would become insane. Her physician thought surely she would die of grief. But she was going through the "fiery trial," and her resolute, irrepressible spirit required a hot furnace. There was much gold there, and the crucial test must be critical enough to remove the dross. God was purifying her soul for the work of life. She had not begun her life-work yet; she had only been thinking of herself, not of others, having a good time in the world, with no thought of the higher and nobler things of which she was capable. When she had been in the furnace of affliction long enough, she came forth as gold tried in the fire, a woman of such intellectual power and moral and spiritual aspirations as to surprise her dearest friends. But for her great sorrow she might have continued to enjoy the society of Newport and West Point, without knowing that she possessed talents to bless the world.

Her terrible bereavement developed both mind and heart. Three or four months after the death of Bennie, she wrote her first poem, which we give below; and it proves beyond a doubt that the turning-point of her life was her overwhelming sorrow. The title of the poem was "Lifted Over;" and it was published in the *Nation*.

"As tender mothers, guiding baby steps,
When places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on;
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?"

The poem created widespread interest, for it was copied and sent all over the land. And here commenced her literary career, when she was thirty-four years of age. She became the author of some of the finest literary productions known. Among her works are the following, "Bits of Travel," "Bits of Talks About Home Matters," "Bits of Talks for Young People," "Bits of Travel at Home," "Nellie's Silver-mine," "The Story of Boon," "Mammy Tittleback and Her Family," "The Training of Children," "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," "Hetty's Strange History," "Sonnets and Lyrics," "A Century of Dishonor," "Ramona," with

others. She wrote much for periodicals. One of her first articles was published in the *Independent*, for which journal she wrote, subsequently, three hundred and seventy articles.

In 1869 she went abroad. On her return she devoted herself to the cause of the American Indian, and it was out of her labors in this philanthropic sphere that her "Century of Dishonor" and "Ramona" grew. In 1875 she went to Colorado for her health. There, in 1876, she married a wealthy Christian banker, by the name of William S. Jackson; and their home was at Colorado Springs, visited by literary men and women from all lands. Here she was constantly engaged in writing useful books and performing deeds of philanthropy. She was regarded as one of the most remarkable women of her day.

In 1884 an accident caused declining health, and she was taken to San Francisco for relief. On entering her apartments in that city, and looking out upon the bay in front, she said, "I did not imagine it was so pleasant! What a beautiful place to die in." She had surrendered all hope of living, although her friends had not; and a delightful Christian spirit pervaded her daily life. She wrote to a friend: —

"You must not think, because I speak of not getting well, that I am sad over it. On the contrary, I am more and more relieved in my mind as it seems to grow more and more sure that I shall die. You see that I am growing old, and I do believe that my work is done. You have never realized how, for the past five years, my whole soul has been centred on the Indian question. "Ramona" was the outcome of these five years. The

Indian cause is on its feet now; powerful friends are at work." Again she wrote: "I am heartily, honestly, and cheerfully ready to go. In fact, I am glad to go. Death is only just passing from one country to another."

She died in San Francisco, Aug. 12, 1885. She wrote her last poem only a few days before her decease, and it breathes the beautiful spirit of resignation and cheerful hope that characterized her life after she was tried in the furnace of affliction.

"Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;

So clear I see that things I thought
Were right and harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aim to win;

So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task thou hast,
Let me, repentant, work for thee!"

XLII.

BENJAMIN WEST.

THE FRIENDS' COUNCIL THAT VOTED HIM A PAINTER.

In the first half of the last century, there lived in Springfield, Chester County, Penn., a Quaker family of much intelligence and standing, by the name of West. The parents were conscientiously devoted to their sect, and their children were reared to respect the religious opinions of that class. Of the nine sons and daughters in the family, Benjamin was the youngest, born Oct. 10, 1738. Very early in life he exhibited a decided talent for sketching portraits, and would do it with remarkable accuracy. At seven years of age he was directed to keep the flies off the sleeping babe of his eldest sister. He was so attracted by the beauty of the child at sleep that he proceeded to sketch its portrait with black and red ink that he found in the room, and completed the picture before any member of the family returned to look after the baby. Then his mother came in, and looking at the picture of the babe he had drawn, exclaimed, "I declare, he has made a likeness of little Sally, and it is perfect." In her surprise and wonder she kissed the artist boy, praised his work, and encouraged him to go on. The whole family were delighted with the accuracy with which the baby-likeness was drawn,

and it became the theme of remark in the family and neighborhood.

Indians were plenty and friendly in that region. Benjamin was familiar with them, and he learned from them the use of red and yellow colors with which they decorated their belts and ornaments. Before that, however, he used charcoal and chalk mixed with the juice of berries, and manufactured his brushes with material drawn from the old cat's tail. With these, after he drew the likeness of the baby as narrated, he sketched all the members of a neighboring family on a sheet of paper, and did it with so much tact and correctness that it was considered wonderful. When he was twelve years old he made a portrait of himself, a feat which artists regard as a difficult task. It was a very good portrait too. By this time he was known throughout that region as a born artist, and there was much talk about the chance his parents ought to give him to become renowned.

In other respects he was a promising boy. Of a mild and gentle disposition, obedient, and affectionate, he was a pet in the household. He was quick to learn, and improved his schooldays with commendable application. At the same time his thoughts dwelt chiefly upon art; and he seems to have had an exalted idea of a painter's calling, and the opposite opinion of some other pursuits. For example, as he was riding with another boy one day, their conversation turned upon what occupation they would follow in manhood. "I will be a tailor," said Benjamin's companion, and he went on to extol the advantages of that trade.

"And do you really mean to be a tailor?" inquired West.

"Indeed, I do," answered the boy, without the least reserve.

"Then you may ride alone," responded Benjamin, leaping from the carriage; "I mean to be a painter, the companion of kings and emperors. I'll not ride with a boy who is willing to be a tailor."

He got bravely over this freak later on, if he ever meant anything by it.

From year to year it became more and more evident that Benjamin possessed great talents for an artist. He could not be denied pencil and brush. He improved every opportunity to gratify his genius. But it was not according to the religious belief of Quakers to make artists of their children. No matter what precocity in this direction Benjamin might exhibit, his parents could not consent to his becoming a painter without violating Quaker rules. They were observing and wise, and were perfectly satisfied that Benjamin would distinguish himself in art, and they wanted to provide him with the opportunity. How could it be done? Some of the Quakers thought it would be wrong, and did not hesitate to say so. Others said that, if Benjamin were their son, they would make him a painter in spite of all the Quakers in Christendom. Thus the matter was discussed, pro and con, the whole community becoming interested in the result. A large majority of even the Quakers, however, were in favor of making a painter of the boy.

Benjamin's parents wanted to do right; and, most of all, they desired to avoid all difficulty with the sect to which they were religiously attached. They would rather make a tailor of him than have trouble in the

church. So when it was proposed by a wise woman to submit the question to a Quaker council, Mr. and Mrs. West accepted the proposition as the best way out of the difficulty. If the council should decide against making a painter of their child, they would submit gracefully. The council was summoned; and as soon as the assembly was called to order, one of the number arose solemnly, and said, "God hath bestowed on this youth a genius for art; shall we question his wisdom? I see the divine hand in this. We shall do well to sanction the art, and encourage this youth." The speaker sat down as seriously as he arose; and then the women of the assembly, one after another, arose and kissed the born artist, who was seated in the centre of the room with his parents near him. Afterwards the men, one after another, arose and laid their hands on Benjamin's head in benediction. All seemed moved by the spirit in the same direction, and Quaker discipline was ignored. After other forms and demonstrations, it was announced that "Benjamin West was solemnly consecrated to the service of the Great Art." Instead of destroying a great painter, the council saved him.

At sixteen Benjamin was sent to Philadelphia, where he could have the best of instruction, and access to all the great paintings of the city. His instruction was in portrait-painting, with intervals of time which he devoted to copying celebrated pictures. He became so intensely interested in his work, that he scarcely gave himself time to eat and sleep. The result was a severe sickness, in which a high fever raged until he was thought to be delirious, though it turned out to be his way of inventing a *camera obscura*. It was on this wise, as narrated by one of his biographers: —

"As he was lying in bed, slowly recovering from a fever, he was surprised to see the form of a white cow enter at one side of the roof, and, walking over the bed, gradually vanish at the other. The phenomenon surprised him exceedingly, and he feared that his mind was impaired by his disease, which his sister also suspected, when, on entering to inquire how he felt himself, he related to her what he had seen. She soon left the room, and informed her husband, who accompanied her back to the apartment; and as they were both standing near the bed, West repeated the story, exclaiming that he saw, at the very moment in which he was speaking, several little pigs running along the roof. This confirmed them in the apprehension of his delirium, and they sent for a physician; but his pulse was regular, the skin moist and cool, the thirst abated, and, indeed, everything about the patient indicated convalescence. Still, the painter persisted in his story, and assured them that he then saw the figures of several of their mutual friends passing on the roof, over the bed; and that he even saw fowls picking, and the very stones of the street. All this seemed to them very extraordinary, for their eyes, not accustomed to the gloom of the chamber, could discover nothing; and the physician himself, in spite of the symptoms, began to suspect that the convalescent was really delirious. Prescribing, therefore, a composing mixture, he took his leave, requesting Mrs. Clarkson and her husband to come away and not disturb the patient. After they had retired the artist got up, determined to find out the cause of the strange apparitions which had so alarmed them all. In a short time he discovered a diagonal knot-hole in one of the window-

shutters, and upon placing his hand over it, the visionary paintings on the roof disappeared. This confirmed him in an opinion that he began to form, that there must be some simple, natural cause for what he had seen; and having thus ascertained the way in which it acted, he called his sister and her husband into the room, and explained to them. He profited by this investigation; made a box with one of its sides perforated, and thus, without ever having heard of the invention, contrived a *camera obscura*."

For good reasons it was thought best for the young artist to remove to New York, where he pursued his studies for nearly a year. Here his remarkable genius created an interest among a class of wealthy men, one of them the father of General Wayne. They said that he ought to be sent to Italy, to enjoy the best advantages that land of art could afford. When he returned to Philadelphia he was engaged on a portrait for a rich merchant of New York, by the name of Kelley. On completing the portrait, and sending it to New York, he mentioned his purpose of going to Italy, whereupon Mr. Kelley sent him a present of fifty guineas to aid in defraying his expenses. He had abundant pecuniary means to pay his bills in Italy; for friends rose up on every hand and proffered assistance. He reached Rome on the 10th of July, 1760.

He had a letter of introduction to Cardinal Albani, who was old, and nearly blind. The cardinal received the young artist with fatherly consideration; and, in order to judge of his features, passed his hand over his face. "This young savage," he said, "has good features; but what is his complexion? Is he black or white?"

"The gentleman who introduced West answered, "He is very fair."

"What!" exclaimed the cardinal, "fair as I am?" As the cardinal was exceedingly plain, the remark caused considerable merriment.

West spent three years in Italy, and his genius was universally recognized among artists and judges of art. He designed to return to his native land; but he found so many friends in England among its great men, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Lord Nelson, and Dr. Johnson, that he resolved to settle in London. His fame was established in an incredibly brief period. Young King George III. became his warm friend, and engaged him to paint, "The Departure of Regulus." Lord Rockingham offered him a salary of three thousand, five hundred dollars a year to produce pictures for his costly family mansion; but West declined the offer, because he desired to keep before the public. He was then regarded as the foremost of living historical painters.

He was now twenty-seven years old, with a business that warranted the support of a wife. He sent to America for his affianced; and his father accompanied her to London, where they were married.

A volume of considerable size would be required to contain the names and description of all of West's famous paintings. King George III. gave him an order for thirty large pictures, illustrative of revealed religion, for a new chapel at Windsor Castle. He designed all of them, and completed twenty-eight, one of the largest, costliest, and noblest orders ever filled by a painter. We cannot state the exact number of his paintings; but

it has been claimed that they would fill a gallery four hundred feet long, fifty wide, and forty high. He was paid over a half-million dollars for work in England alone.

He died in London, March 11, 1820, and was buried with the pomp that had characterized the burial of royal personages, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Mr. Galt writes of him, "As an artist he will stand in the first rank. His name will be classed with those of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle; but he possessed little in common with either. He undoubtedly possessed but in a slight degree that energy and physical expression of character in which Michael Angelo excelled, and in a still less degree that serene sublimity which constitutes the charm of Raffaelle's great productions; but he was their equal in the fulness, the perspicuity, and the propriety of his compositions. In all his great works, the scene intended to be brought before the spectator is represented in such a manner that the imagination has nothing to supply. The incident, the time, and the place are there as we think they must have been; and it is this wonderful force of conception which renders the sketches of Mr. West so extraordinary."

XLIII.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE RASH DEED THAT WAS OVERRULED TO MAKE A PHILOSOPHER.

BANCROFT says of Franklin, "Not half of Franklin's merits have been told. He was the true father of the American Union. It was he who went forth to lay the foundation of that great design at Albany; and in New York he lifted up his voice. Here among us he appeared as the apostle of the Union. It was Franklin who suggested the Congress of 1774; and but for his wisdom, and the confidence that wisdom inspired, it is a matter of doubt whether that Congress would have taken effect. It was Franklin who suggested the bond of the Union which binds these States from Florida to Maine. Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon. He never spoke a word too much. He never failed to speak the right word at the right season."

And yet Benjamin Franklin's early life was a struggle with poverty, obscurity, difficulties, and hardships. He was born on Sunday, Jan. 6, 1706, old style, on what is now Franklin Street, Boston. On the afternoon of the same day he was wrapped in blankets, and taken into the Old South Church, which was just across the street,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

fifty feet distant, and baptized by the Rev. Samuel Willard. He was the fifteenth child of Josiah and Abiah Franklin, just as welcome to these Christian parents as the first, fifth, or tenth was. He had a good home, good instructions, and good books. He learned to read when he was quite young. In manhood he said, "I do not remember when I could not read, so it must have been very early." He was an irrepressible little fellow, whose intuition and observation were better than school; always learning more out of school than he did in it.

The first spending-money ever given to him was when he was seven years old. It was on a holiday; and he was allowed to go out alone, and spend the money as he pleased. About the first person he met was a boy blowing a whistle. He was charmed by the music, and in ten minutes invested all his money in a whistle, paying twice what it was worth. He was satisfied, however. He wanted nothing more. He had seen all he wanted to see. He had bought all he wanted to buy. The whole holiday was crowded into that whistle. To him that was all there was of it. Sweetmeats and knick-knacks had no attractions for him. Military parade had no charm for him; for he could parade himself now. A band of music had lost its fascination, now that he had become a band himself. He went home directly, to be laughed at by his brothers and sisters for "*paying too dear for the whistle.*" Many years afterward he wrote of this holiday's experience, "This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, '*Don't give too much for the whistle;*' and I saved my money."

Benjamin learned to read before his parents dreamed of such a thing; for he had no teachers. When he began his schooldays, at eight years of age, he was a great reader, and had laid up much knowledge. He attended Mr. Nathaniel Williams's school one year, when he was sent one term to that of Mr. Brownell to receive additional instruction in penmanship and arithmetic. This completed his schooldays, for the poverty of his father made it necessary for Benjamin to assist him in making candles. He could cut wicks, fill the moulds for cast candles, keep the shop in order, run hither and thither on errands, and do other things to save his father's time.

Benjamin was a tallow-chandler at ten, but he did not like the business at all, and his father permitted him to learn cutlery; but disagreement about terms with the proprietor caused him to abandon that trade. In the meantime his brother James returned from England, where he went to learn the art of printing, and opened a printing-office in Boston. Benjamin was apprenticed to him until he became of age. This was a pursuit according to his taste, and he devoted himself to it with all his heart. It brought him into a new relation to thought and knowledge, through the matter printed. A new love for books took possession of him. He offered to board himself for half what it cost his brother to board him, and the proposition was accepted. By this arrangement he saved money to expend for books; and at noon he saved nearly an hour for reading, by dining on a single roll and drinking a glass of water.

When Benjamin had been in the printing-office three years, his brother started a newspaper, the third one

in the country. It was called *The New England Courant*, the first number bearing date Aug. 21, 1721. There was one newspaper in Boston at the time, *The Boston News-Letter*, very small, the size of a half-sheet of letter paper, about the size of an eight-by-twelve pane of glass. There was also *The American Weekly Mercury* in Philadelphia. James Franklin thought that a third newspaper might be supported in the country, though most people considered it a visionary scheme.

The paper was launched, and it proved a godsend for Benjamin. He was intensely interested in the enterprise, and soon began to write for its columns sharp criticisms on the times, and crisp, witty paragraphs. It was here that his talent for writing first appeared; and when it became known that certain articles were written by young Ben Franklin, the surprise and interest were great. In his boyhood, at home, he had read "Pilgrim's Progress," "Grace Abounding," "Holy War," Defoe's "Essay On Projects," Cotton Mather's "Essay To Do Good," Plutarch's "Lives," Burton's "Historical Collections," and a few other books which his father owned. But at sixteen, when his fame as a talented boy was known to patrons of the printing-office, one Matthew Adams invited him to visit his library at any time, and take out such books as he pleased. From that time Benjamin revelled in books; and he often turned night into day that he might make the contents of certain volumes his own. At one time his brother was imprisoned for attacking the government in the columns of the *Courant;* and then Benjamin became its editor, perhaps the youngest editor ever known in the United States.

But James Franklin was overbearing and without

natural affection; he did not treat Benjamin as a brother at all. He abused him; often scolded and struck him when his temper was up. Once he attempted to flog him; but Benjamin defended himself and soon brought the encounter to an end. At length Benjamin resolved to quit his brother and go to New York, and so told him. Believing that his father and brother would prevent his leaving Boston, unless he left clandestinely, he planned to sail for New York without their knowledge. He sold most of his books, and thereby added to his funds for his adventure. He left Boston without divulging his plans to any one but his familiar friend, John Collins.

Runaways usually run to the bad. That Benjamin was an exception to the rule does not prove that running away is wise or proper. It was just as unfilial and reckless for this young printer to run away as for any other boy to do it. But his rash deed was overruled for good by a wise Providence. It proved to be the turning-point of his career. So talented a youth must have won for himself a good reputation in Boston, or he would not have been introduced to that field of conduct, where he became, as Bancroft says, "the true father of the American Union." He who makes the wrath of man praise Him is quite able to overrule an elder brother's cruelty and a younger brother's thoughtlessness, for the welfare of mankind.

Benjamin could not find work in New York; so he proceeded to Philadelphia, where he arrived on Sunday morning, hungry, dirty, shabby. Going up Market Street, he stepped into a bakery, and purchased "three pennyworth of bread." To his surprise three large rolls

were given to him; and taking one under each arm, and the third in his right hand, he continued up the street eating it. He was a sight to behold — a walking comedy. His best suit of clothes was in his trunk, and the one on his back was much the worse for wear. He was an embryo "Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France," but his appearance was that of a shack.

Benjamin found work in the printing-office of one Reimer, and boarded in the family of Mr. Reed, whose daughter he married some years afterwards. From the beginning of his life in Philadelphia, his career was onward and upward. His intelligence, knowledge, love of books, and good habits won for him a strong position. He drew about himself a class of young men known for their thirst for learning and efforts at self-improvement. "The Junto" was the name of the literary club which they organized, and in which Benjamin Franklin developed rapidly his intellectual strength.

After a residence of seven or eight months in Philadelphia, Benjamin returned to Boston on a flying visit to his parents. They had not heard a syllable from him since he left, and were mourning over him as dead. His return was a great surprise to them, and their joy was boundless. The result of the visit was complete reconciliation, and a return to his work in Philadelphia a happier son and brother. Subsequently he went to England and worked in the printing-office of one Watts, near Lincoln's Inn Field, London. Here his studious habits continued, and he wrote some essays that surprised his employer by their critical and elaborate character. On account of his teetotal principles he was called "our water-drinker." Every other employee used beer and

ale, or something stronger. One day a fellow-workman inquired, "Are all Americans like you?" referring to his temperance views. "No," answered Benjamin, "I am sorry to say that a great many of them are like you." What surprised them was that a man who drank water only could lift more, set more type in a day, and do better work, than any other printer in the office. Benjamin returned from England in 1826, when he was twenty years of age.

At thirty years of age Benjamin Franklin was a leading citizen of Philadelphia. He had a printing establishment of his own, published a paper called *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, editing it himself, issued annually *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which was filled with many of his striking maxims that challenged public attention; and, at the same time, he was postmaster of the city, clerk of the Assembly, and leader generally in establishing a night-watch and fire department for the city, and in organizing the State militia. He was founder of the University of Philadelphia also. His income was large, too, and he was laying the foundation of a fortune.

At forty-two years of age Franklin secured a partner, that he might be relieved from the duties of the printing-office and devote himself to science. He had become widely known as a philosopher even then, although he had given only fragments of time to scientific research. But from this time onward his advancement in science was rapid. His fame spread abroad, both in Europe and America, so that in a few years he became one of the most renowned philosophers in the world. His experiment with the kite in a thunder-storm to prove that

lightning and the electric fluid are identical, placed him at the head of students of electricity. He was elected a member of the Royal Society of London, which bestowed upon him the Copley medal the next year. Yale College conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, and Harvard the same. The Academy of Science of Paris made him an associate member, as it had Newton and Leibnitz. All the learned bodies of Europe admitted him into their ranks. Kant, the celebrated German philosopher, called him "the Prometheus of modern times." Mignet said of him, "Thus, all at once distinguished, the Philadelphia sage became the object of universal regard, and was abundantly loaded with academic honors."

Later on, the Universities of St. Andrews, London, and Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Europe vied with America in tributes of honor and praise. American universities, colleges, State legislatures and literary societies showered their highest honors upon his head.

Although he was in no sense an office-seeker, but a true statesman and patriot, he was called to fill the following important offices, in addition to those already named: A legislator of Pennsylvania for twenty years; colonel of militia, which he organized; chairman of committee of public safety in time of war; agent of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Georgia to the King of England; Minister to the Court of England in 1764; one of the authors of the Continental Congress, and a member of it; Minister Plenipotentiary to France in 1776; author of first treaty for America in 1778; one of five to draft the Declaration of Independence;

one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States.

The leaders in governmental affairs in the mother country meant to hold the colonies in subjection. For this reason it was necessary for them to be represented in England by their strongest statesman, and Franklin was the one on whom they depended. His first diplomatic career in England extended from 1751 to 1762. Remaining at home over a year, he was appointed "Minister to England," and was continued ten years in this office, a long, stormy period of political troubles, culminating in the Declaration of Independence and the American Revolution.

The scenes of the Revolution followed. Through the agency of Franklin, as Minister Plenipotentiary to France, that government formed an alliance with the colonies, and the eight years' war was waged to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown; and freedom was achieved.

Franklin was in France in 1785, and a nephew wrote to him that the town in Massachusetts bearing his name was erecting a house of worship, and suggested that the gift of a bell would be very acceptable to them. Instead of sending a bell, he forwarded a library of valuable books, saying in his letter, "SENSE IS PREFERABLE TO SOUND." Dr. Nathaniel Emmons was the clergyman of the town; and he preached a sermon in commemoration of the gift, his subject being, "The Dignity of Man; A Discourse Addressed to the Congregation in Franklin upon the Occasion of their Receiving from Doctor Franklin the Mark of his Respect in a rich Donation of Books, Appropriated to the Use of a Parish Library." The ser-

mon was printed in 1787, with the following dedication: "To His Excellency Benjamin Franklin, President of the State of Pennsylvania, the Ornament of Genius, the Patron of Science, and the Boast of Man, this Discourse is inscribed, with the Greatest Deference, Humility, and Gratitude, by his Obliged and Most Humble Servant, the Author."

A remarkable record for a runaway boy, who lived to deplore his thoughtless act, in which a grateful posterity beholds the overruling Providence of God.

Franklin died on the 17th day of April, 1790. For two years before his death he was a great sufferer. One day a groan was extorted from him by his pain, when he said, "I fear that I do not bear pain as I ought. It is designed, no doubt, to wean me from the world, in which I am no longer competent to act my part." To a clerical friend who witnessed his paroxysms as he was about to retire, Dr. F. said, "Oh, no, do not go away. These pains will soon be over. They are for my good; and, besides, what are the pains of a moment in comparison with the pleasures of eternity?"

In a codicil to his will was this bequest: —

"My fine crab-tree walking-stick, with a gold head, curiously wrought in the form of a cap of liberty, I give to my friend, and the friend of mankind, George Washington. If it were a sceptre he has merited it, and would become it."

XLIV.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE CHOICE THAT MADE HIM A GREAT WRITER.

THE father of Charles Dickens was in the English naval service in the War of 1812, the year in which the son was born. At the close of the war he was pensioned by the government, and retired to private life. He was a man of talents and culture, the firm friend of education, well suited to serve or rule, as the case might be. For some reason he removed to London, where, after a little, he became a reporter for the *Chronicle*, his work being to report the debates of Parliament. He continued in this employment six or eight years.

His son Charles was designated for the legal profession. His father thought he possessed marked qualities for the bar, and his education was conducted with that end in view. Charles was not consulted about it at all; it was solely the father's judgment and decision. He was a good scholar, disposed to improve his opportunities, and in no sense a shirk. These qualities rather confirmed his father in his decision to make a lawyer of him. As Charles studied law for a brief period, we infer that he made no serious objection to his father's decree. But, subsequently, he resolutely objected to become a lawyer, and expressed his preference for some

connection with the press — reporter, he proposed. Before the matter was settled, he undertook the mastery of short-hand writing, that he might more easily secure a position on some journal. He described his experience in learning short-hand in the following amusing way: —

"I bought an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of stenography, and plunged into a sea of perplexity that brought me in a few weeks to the confines of distraction. The changes that were run upon dots, which in one position meant such a thing, and in another position something else entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs; the tremendous effects of a curve in the wrong place — not only troubled my waking hours, but reappeared before me in my sleep. When I had groped my way blindly through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, which was an Egyptian temple in itself, there then appeared a procession of new horrors, called arbitrary characters — the most despotic characters I have ever known — who insisted, for instance, that a thing like the beginning of a cobweb meant expectation, that a pen-and-ink sky-rocket stood for disadvantageous. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind, I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then, beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up I dropped the other fragments of the system — in short, it was almost heart-breaking."

But he was in dead earnest, and conquered. He became master of short-hand, and also succeeded in overcoming his father's objections. In the circumstances, it

was not strange that Mr. Dickens should much prefer his son should be an honored lawyer than a common newspaper man. At that time journalism was not so much respected as it is to-day; and Mr. Dickens did not stop to think that it might become the stepping-stone to something higher and grander. But he yielded to his son's importunity, and allowed him to follow his bent. Charles was happy, and lost no time in securing a position. He found one on *The True Sun*, but, soon after, exchanged it for a better one on the *Morning Chronicle*. He succeeded from the start, and very soon he began to write articles for the journal; original sketches that appeared in the evening edition under the caption "Sketches by Boz." They were written in somewhat the style of his later productions, and challenged the attention of the public at once. Their humor, strength, raciness, and rollicking spirit differed from newspaper articles of that day, and his characters belonged to common life. The people read them with avidity, and called for more. They increased the circulation of the paper largely, and a publishing house sought the young author to enlist him in a class of work which they had on the docket. Out of this arrangement grew his famous "Pickwick Papers."

The foregoing facts prove beyond question that the son was wiser than his father. He felt the throbbings of a new and nobler life within, which was revealed to the father as above. Doubtless there was mutual satisfaction when it was made so plain that the son's choice of an occupation was the turning-point of his great career. He found his place, and filled it marvellously well.

The "Pickwick Papers" were an exposure of the abuses and wrongs of the Fleet Prison, and they created a decided sensation. Everybody wanted to read them, not only at home, but abroad as well. "Nicholas Nickleby" followed, adding to the reputation of the author, and confirming the opinion that Charles Dickens made no mistake when he decided for the press instead of the law. This work assailed the Yorkshire schools without mercy, and they richly deserved it; for here children suffered abuse and cruelty, sometimes dying under the harsh treatment. They were schools only in name. Dickens's exposure brought about a reformation in them.

The *Bentley Miscellany* was started, and Dickens became its editor. Immediately it grew to success by an unprecedented circulation. "Oliver Twist" was published in it as a serial, claimed by many to be his best production. *Household Words* was a journal that he established, a number of writers akin to himself being connected with it. *Master Humphrey's Clock* he started as a magazine for short stories, essays, and other articles. In this appeared "Old Curiosity Shop." "Barnaby Rudge" was next in order — a work of great power and purpose.

Here Dickens paused to visit America. He was received in this country with the highest honors. His literary works had created great interest here, and Americans were glad to welcome the famous author. He was greeted everywhere with unbounded hospitality. On returning to England he wrote his "Notes" on this country, in which severe criticisms caused many an American to grow red in the face. Then appeared his novel, "Martin Chuzzlewit," another bit of his experi-

ence while sojourning in this country — a just exposure of the land-swindles that prevailed at the time. Possessing a remarkable insight into human nature, and great facility in expressing his thoughts, his method of exposing absurd customs and habits, and fastening public attention upon evils that should be uprooted, both charmed and instructed.

It is needless to enumerate the great number of Dickens's publications, for they are known throughout the civilized world. "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," "Hard Times," "Child's History of England," "Christmas Books," and many others are found in many languages and many lands, a monument that perpetuates the recollection of his great genius. As a lawyer he might have adorned his limited sphere of action, though such a result was somewhat doubtful; but, as an author, his circle of influence extended around the world.

Dickens was an example of industry to the young men of all lands. From the time he began to serve as a reporter to *The True Sun* to the day of his death, he was a tremendous toiler. He loved literary work for its own sake. He disclaimed the usual credit, that he was a genius, and declared that he won his position as an author by hard work; and, further still, he maintained that all successful careers were achieved in the same way. He said before a large assembly in London, "I have tried with all my heart to do well, and whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely, that in great aims and small I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that natural or improved ability can claim im-

munity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfilment on this earth."

On this point, after Dickens's death, Sir Arthur Helps said of him: "He was one of the most precise and accurate men in the world; and he grudged no labor in his work. Those who have seen his manuscript well recollect what elaborate notes and comments and plans (some adopted, many rejected) went to form the basis of his works. To see those manuscripts would cure anybody of the idle and presumptious notion that men of genius require no forethought or preparation for their greatest efforts, but that these are dashed off by the aid of a mysterious something which is comprehended in the mysterious word 'genius.' It was one of Mr. Dickens's theories, and I believe a true one, that men differ in hardly anything so much as in their power of attention; and he certainly, whatever he did, attended to it with all his might."

Charles Dickens died Feb. 7, 1870, at the age of fifty-eight. His death was very sudden and unexpected; for his power for literary work did not seem to be abated. But apoplexy, induced by overwork no doubt, struck him down one day, when he appeared to be in his usual health, and he remained unconscious until death closed his career. He was buried in the "Poets' Corner," Westminster Abbey; and his funeral was attended by the great men of state, science, and authorship. The sermon was preached by Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, from which we make an extract, as appropriate close of this sketch. In it is a paragraph from the last "Will and Testament" of Dickens, showing the religious

element of his character, with which the general public is not familiar. We quote from Dr. Mackenzie's "Life of Charles Dickens:"—

"Many, many are the feet which have trodden, and will tread, the consecrated ground around that narrow grave; many, many are the hearts which both in the Old and in the New World are drawn towards it, as towards the resting-place of a dear personal friend; many are the flowers that have been strewed, many the tears shed, by the grateful affection of 'the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and those that had none to help them.' May I speak to these a few sacred words which perhaps will come with a new meaning and a deeper force, because they come from the lips of a lost friend, because they are the most solemn utterance of lips now forever closed in the grave. They are extracted from the will of Charles Dickens, dated 'May 12, 1869,' and they will be heard by most here for the first time. After the emphatic injunctions respecting 'the inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner' of the funeral, which were carried out to the very letter, he thus continues, 'I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. . . . I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto. I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its

broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there.'

"In that simple but sufficient faith he lived and died; in that faith he bids you live and die. If any of you have learned from his works the value, the eternal value, of generosity, purity, kindness, unselfishness, and have learned to show these in your own hearts and lives, these are the best monuments, memorials, and testimonials of the friend whom you loved, and who loved, with a rare and touching love, his friends, his country, and his fellow-men — monuments which he would not refuse, and which the humblest, the poorest, the youngest, have it in their power to raise to his memory."

XLV.

HARRIET HOSMER.

THE CLAY-PIT THAT PREPARED THE WAY FOR THE SCULPTOR.

Dr. Hosmer was a practising physician in Watertown, Mass. His wife was a delicate woman, having inherited consumption from a feeble ancestry, and she died soon after the birth of her second child; and the child died of the same disease also. Satisfied that the surviving child, Harriet, born Oct. 9, 1830, would go in the same way unless saved by the closest watch and care, Dr. Hosmer resolved to make a "tomboy" of her for several years. He reasoned on this wise: "The physical nature must be developed and established in soundness during the first few years of life, or never. The mental faculties can be developed and trained later on; and with a sound body, a sound, strong mind is sure."

There is no question but that his philosophy was correct, as the sequel proved. It was scriptural, too, although neighbors very generally criticised his "applied Christianity."

"I should rather have a girl of mine feeble than to make such a 'tomboy' of her," said one. "She will be a ruined child," remarked another. "Too masculine and

rough even for a boy!" exclaimed a third. And so on, criticisms were bandied about; but the good doctor paid no attention to them. There was philosophy in his view of the matter; but neither reason nor philosophy in the criticisms. He meant to save his child from an early grave if he could, in spite of critics and perilous customs.

The following methods were what challenged criticism. Harriet was allowed to play ball and other games with boys when she was nothing but a toddler. Instead of a doll, a pet dog was her companion, with which she romped in the yard and on the street. She dug in the dirt, carried on a bakery for mud pies and cakes, and ran an express-wagon from the woodpile to the shed. She climbed trees, too, earlier than any boy in the neighborhood, and would climb higher in less time. She scoured the fields with her father, also, and collected flowers, curious stones, toads, beetles, bats, birds, and snakes. Some of these were preserved in bottles, others stuffed and mounted, and all placed in her room, with suitable inscriptions, so that she understood their characteristics, and became deeply interested in them as creatures of God.

As soon as she was old enough she was provided with a boat on Charles River, that flowed near by; and it was much earlier than most parents would risk a child in a boat. She could row to her heart's content on the river, alone or in company, and rapidly acquired the reputation of being an expert rower. Her father built a Venetian gondola for her, beautifully finished and furnished — a piece of folly that neighbors thought would soon spoil her for this world and the next. Even a gun

was purchased for her, and she was taught to fire at a mark. She delighted in this "unladylike" amusement, and therefore engaged in it often, to the amazement of observers. She became a better marksman than any boy in the town, and was not at all ashamed of her proficiency in this art. Some people were ashamed of her; but it was all the same to her whether they were or not — a strong girl was being made out of a weak one. At twelve years of age she could walk any distance without being fatigued.

Near her father's house was a clay-pit that she converted into a sculptor's studio, and there moulded dogs, horses, cats, birds, and the human form divine. Some persons discovered nothing but the freaks of a wild, undisciplined nature in all this; but her father beheld talent and genius in such things.

Harriet was a great reader as well as a sporting-girl. Her father encouraged her reading propensity under limitations; and every day she added to her stock of information. Her father could see what no other observer could, and was satisfied with his method of discipline. She continued to play and romp and read, sporting like a boy and reading like a girl, until the time arrived to send her away to school. Now she excelled all girls of her age in physical agility and strength. She had a sound body for a sound mind to dwell in. It was time for her mental culture to begin in earnest.

She was placed in a school under the management of a brother-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Being unused to bit and bridle, it was difficult for her to come under the rules of the school without chafing. The

principal never had a pupil who was reared in the way Harriet Hosmer was, and he scarcely knew how to manage her. In fact, he did not know how to control her, and there was trouble. Her human nature was not understood, and it asserted itself against such ignorance. Discouraged and out of patience, the principal wrote to her father, "I can do nothing with her."

Dr. Hosmer removed his daughter to the school of Mrs. Sedgwick in Lenox, Mass. Mrs. Sedgwick was told plainly all about the girl, and she replied with a smile, "I have a reputation for training wild colts, and I will try this one." Her training proved remarkably successful. Harriet soon learned to love and trust her. Mutual confidence grew up between them; and the girl showed daily that her natural abilities were of high order. Mrs. Sedgwick wrote of her, "She was the most difficult pupil to manage I ever had; but I think I never had one in whom I took so deep an interest, and whom I learned to love so well."

She remained three years in Mrs. Sedgwick's school, all the while observing her father's instructions about exercise in the open air, — walking, running, boating, riding, and playing games. At the end of three years she returned to Watertown, and began to take private lessons in drawing and anatomical studies in Boston, often walking to the city and back, a distance of fourteen miles.

It was at this time that she reached the turning-point. She had scarcely asked hitherto, What shall be my life-work? Her father was rich, and there was really no reason for her raising this question. But both she and her father believed in some chosen pursuit, no

matter how much wealth there might be in the family. So this matter was discussed. Dr. Hosmer remembered the clay-pit, where she practised modelling in her own original way, and the evidence he discovered then of her talents in the line of sculpture. Nor did Harriet forget that lovely experience of her girlhood; and she had never seen the time since those play-days when her taste did not guide her in that direction. The clay-pit revelation proved the key to the situation now. It was settled that she should take lessons in modelling in Boston, carrying along with it a thorough course of study in anatomy, knowledge indispensable to a sculptor.

She applied to the Boston Medical School for admission, but was refused on account of her sex. Then she went to a medical college in St. Louis, where she distinguished herself for application, research, and advancement. Her instructors spoke in the highest terms of her intellectual powers and moral character. On her return to Watertown, her father fitted up a studio for her in his own house; and there she commenced a work that has made her name immortal.

One incident should be recorded here, as showing that there was a merry side to Miss Hosmer's life. After her return from Lenox, she had some ailment, for which her father requested a noted Boston physician to treat her. The physician came at irregular times, thus interfering with her systematic way of boating, riding, and other exercise; and she complained. "I will be here to-morrow" (naming the hour) "if I am alive," said the doctor.

"And if you are not here I am to conclude that you are dead," Miss Hosmer replied. The doctor assented, laughing.

The doctor failed to be there at the time; and she took her father's horse, drove into Boston, and reported to several newspaper offices that Dr. —— was dead. Judge of the surprise of the great physician to read about his own death in the next issue of the papers.

Her first work of art was "Canova's Napoleon," carved in marble for her father. This was followed by a bust of "Hesper," which Lydia Maria Child described as so fine "that it seems like a thing that breathes," adding, "She did every stroke of the work with her own small hands. . . . Slight girl as she was, she wielded for eight or ten hours a day a leaden mallet weighing four pounds and a half. Had it not been for the strength and flexibility of muscle acquired by rowing and other athletic exercises, such arduous labor would have been impossible." Now the wisdom of her father's discipline was beginning to show in her chosen pursuit.

In 1852, at the age of twenty-two, she accompanied her father to Rome, arriving there November 12. Her strong desire was to become a pupil of John Gibson; but he said, "Young women become discouraged easily; I must decline to receive her." Friends showed him the photograph of her "Hesper;" and, after studying it, he said, "Send the young lady to me, and whatever I know, and can teach her, she shall learn." Miss Hosmer was overjoyed, and wrote to a friend, "The dearest wish of my heart is gratified in that I am acknowledged by Gibson as a pupil. He has been resident in Rome thirty-four years, and leads the van. I am greatly in luck. He has just finished the model of the statue of the queen; and, as his room is vacant, he permits me to use it, and I am now in his own studio. I have also a

little room for work which was formerly occupied by Canova; and perhaps inspiration may be drawn from the walls."

Under Gibson she copied the "Venus de Milo" first. Just as she completed the work, it fell and broke in pieces. Most girls would have cried; but she neither cried nor complained, but went to work and reproduced it. Mr. Gibson regarded this spirit as the harbinger of great success. Then she produced "Cupid," which was followed by her first original work, "Daphne;" "Medusa," "Œnone, the nymph of Mount Ida," "Beatrice Cenci," a girl "lying asleep before her execution, after the terrible torture," followed, winning wide reputation for her. "I can teach her nothing," said Gibson.

After an absence of five years she returned to America in 1857, to spend several months at home. On going back to Rome, she produced "Zenobia," Queen of Palmyra, of which Whittier said, "It very fully expresses my conception of what historical sculpture should be. It tells its whole proud, melancholy story. In looking at it, I felt that the artist had been as truly serving her country while working out her magnificent design abroad, as our soldiers in the field, and our public officers in their departments." This piece of sculpture won for her wider reputation than ever, proving her determination, when she said, a few years before, "I will not be an amateur; I will work as if I had to earn my daily bread." Some of the London newspapers said that Gibson himself wrought it. Miss Hosmer soon satisfied them on this point by bringing a suit for libel against them.

Of her many other productions we will not speak, ex-

cept to add opinions of her "Sleeping Faun," that was put on exhibition at the Dublin Exhibition in 1865. The *London Times* said, "In the groups of statues are many works of exquisite beauty; but there is one which at once arrests attention and extorts admiration. It is a curious fact that amid all the statues in this court, contributed by the natives of lands in which the fine arts were naturally thousands of years ago, one of the finest should be the production of an American artist." The *London Art Journal* said, "The works of Miss Hosmer, Hiram Powers, and others we might name, have placed America on a level with the best modern sculptors of Europe."

Miss Hosmer's works have brought her wealth. Her father lost his property before she closed her studies with John Gibson; but she was able to contribute to his support, so that he lacked for nothing the remainder of his life. He never regretted the method of training his daughter, and saw, before he died, that it gave the best female sculptor to the world. She never called in question the wisdom of her father, since it proved that a woman in art can dispute its laurels with a man.

XLVI.

JOHN KITTO.

THE MISFORTUNE THAT CHANGED THE PAUPER TO BIBLICAL SCHOLAR.

The father of John Kitto was one of the poorest men in old Plymouth, England; and, worse than all, he was intemperate. He was a mason by trade, and labored well except when he was incapacitated by drink. He was a good workman too; and his work was first-class, except when liquor fuddled his brain. As usual, when strong drink was in, wit was out. Sometimes he would have a job several miles away, and would be absent all the week, returning on Saturday night. Often, however, his return home was hindered by a beer-shop, one or more of them, into which once introduced, he would not leave until his last cent was squandered. For this reason he would not put in an appearance at home until Sunday morning; and then he would be penniless, shiftless, and heartless. His family had a wretched time, of course; bread and clothes were poor and scarce, and hope and happiness found no resting-place there.

Into such a home John Kitto was born, Dec. 4, 1804. His mother was a tender, loving, noble woman, and did the best that she could for him. In his babyhood she discovered that he was a child of unusual parts, and she

loved and watched him with singular devotion, and found in this a kind of solace for her woes.

John showed his love of books very early. He could read quite well at four years of age. He was affectionate, and obedient also, never so happy as when he could help and please his mother. He realized, too, that his home was a poor one because his father was not what he ought to be. About this time poverty was so heavy a burden to the mother, that relief must come from some quarter. So it was arranged for Grandmother Pickens to take John home with her, and keep him until a better day dawned upon the Kitto family. Mrs. Pickens was pleased with the arrangement, for John was her pet. She thought he was a wonderfully bright child; and her opinion of him was correct. John, too, was gratified with the change; for, next to his mother, he loved his grandmother best of all.

It was fortunate for John that this change was imperative. He could attend school, dwell in a happy home, he fed and clothed properly, and look daily upon the better side of life. His grandmother could devote much time to him, telling him stories, reading to him, walking with him in the fields to gather flowers, nuts, and curiosities. John enjoyed these things so much that he cared little to join boys and girls in their amusements. He preferred the society of his grandmother, and she preferred his; and they became inseparable. John developed rapidly into a precocious, talented boy.

Near by Mrs. Pickens dwelt a jolly shoemaker, who was a great story-teller; and he thought "Johnny" was the brightest boy of his age he ever knew. John delighted to sit in the cobbler's shop and listen to his won-

derful stories of "Blue Beard," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Cinderella," "Beauty and the Beast," and others similar in character. They were the first stories of a marvellous character to which the boy had listened, and they filled him with wonder. At the same time the shoemaker told him that these stories were in print, and could be purchased separately at Mrs. Bamicle's shop, at the head of Market Street. This proved to be important information to John; for he communicated it to his grandmother, who advised him to save every halfpenny and buy the stories. In eighteen months from that time he possessed all of them, and packed them into a box seven inches long, four wide, and three deep. He read them over and over; and from that time his love of reading knew no bounds. He ransacked his grandmother's dwelling, and brought to light a copy of "Gulliver's Travels" and "Pilgrim's Progress," greater treasures to him, in the circumstances, than all he owned before. The old family Bible and his mother's Prayer Book he had known before; but new interest invested them now, especially the Bible, which was illustrated with pictures. Pictorial illustrations also adorned "Gulliver's Travels" and "Pilgrim's Progress," awakening the youngster's artistic propensity; and he proceeded to color them with his grandmother's indigo. A neighbor, who became interested in the young artist's work, presented him with a box of water-colors, which filled his young life with joy. Reading and painting now occupied his time, and he lost what little interest he ever had in childish plays.

Neighbors and friends interested themselves now in the gifted boy, and books of various kinds were loaned

to the voracious reader. He revelled in books; and his mind grew with his knowledge, increasing his grandmother's admiration for the boy.

When he had lived six years with Mrs. Pickens, her health was so much impaired that she was forced to break up housekeeping, and live with her daughter, John's mother. John went with her, of course, and thus again became an inmate of a drunkard's home. The condition of the family had not improved in the least, and it seemed as if John were thrust back into poverty and woe to complete his ruin. Near by was Sutton-Pool, a harbor, or basin, into which trading vessels discharged their cargoes. At low water it was converted into a mass of fetid mire, rendered still more disagreeable by being the receptacle for the town drainage, in which poor boys and girls were wont to wade, searching for bits of iron or rope, and such other things as might be washed or thrown therein. Notwithstanding the bad odor and filth of the place, fifty children were sometimes seen at once, John Kitto among them, wading up to their knees in the mire, well satisfied if they obtained a penny's worth of old iron in a day. Some of the most dexterous boys could make threepence in a day. Still, John did not lose his love of reading. He borrowed books wherever he could find them, and embraced every opportunity to read them, even appropriating hours intended for sleep for this purpose whenever it was necessary.

Look at this bright lad now with his surroundings! What possible chance for him to emerge from this deplorable condition into an honorable and useful life? He seems to have been shut up to want, obscurity, and

probable ruin. A more unpropitious start in life never became the lot of girl or boy. But the darkest time is just before day. Misfortune often heralds success. Many of the best things are born out of tribulation. John was on the borderland of fortune, and he did not know it. Nor did any of his friends dream of the experience. The change came, however; and it came in a terrible calamity that appeared to finish the boy at the time. What hope for a brighter future for the boy any friend may have secretly cherished was crushed by the dire misfortune. It came on this wise.

John was thirteen years old, and began to assist his father in his work. He could carry bricks and slates, and perhaps mortar, for his father, and thereby earn a few cents in a day. On Feb. 13, 1817, he was carrying slates to the roof of a house in Batter Street, where his father was at work. About four o'clock in the afternoon, as he was stepping from the ladder to the roof, he slipped, and fell to the stone pavement below — a distance of thirty-five feet. He was picked up for dead. But, strange to say, not a bone of his body was broken, though he was as unconscious as a stone. After lying two weeks in this unconscious condition, he opened his eyes one day, and beheld his relatives and friends bending over him with anxious faces and tearful eyes, and he scarcely knew what it meant. He did not remember his fall, nor realize the physical distress through which he had passed. Nor could physician or parents tell until that moment whether he would ever show life again. They discovered that his injury was not fatal, but that he was made deaf for life. On the whole, it was almost a miraculous deliverance.

What next? The poorhouse. Four months he languished upon his bed before he was able to go upon the street; and they were four months of extreme want to the family. Kind neighbors remembered the suffering boy, so that his painful condition was somewhat ameliorated; but his restoration was to greater want; for now he could not assist his father, nor render service to other parties of any account. The only alternative was the poorhouse; and there he was taken, with no other expectation than that he would live and die there. Yet his sad experience was his salvation. His misfortune became his roll of honor. His poorhouse experience introduced him to more than riches. When he was picked up for dead, he turned into the way of life. But for slipping off the roof, he might have shared the fate of drunkards' children generally, — been lost to learning, usefulness, and possibly to honor. It was a strange and unknown way to distinction; but John Kitto travelled it, all unconscious to himself, until the bright goal loomed up in the distance to his astonished vision. The following facts prove the foregoing.

In the poorhouse John learned to make shoes. At the same time his thirst for knowledge was so great that the authorities gratified it to a certain extent. He was allowed time for reading and study, and surprised his benefactors by his progress. Knowledge of this remarkable pauper came to a wealthy gentleman by the name of Harvey, and he sought an interview with the boy. He was more than surprised by his first interview, and he repeated it. Again and again he visited the youth, questioned him over and over, examined him in his studies and acquisitions, and finally concluded that such

a prodigy should enjoy the best opportunity for an education possible. Several of his essays had been printed in the *Plymouth Weekly Journal;* and they awakened great interest in the pauper-author. Mr. Harvey found no difficulty in arranging for his removal from the workhouse, and instalment where he could be instructed and have access to the public library. For this change John was extremely grateful; and he wrote to Mr. Harvey as follows: —

"True gratitude is very seldom eloquent, and never suffers itself to evaporate in words. If, therefore, I fail in expressing my sense of the favors I have received from you and the other gentlemen, it does not imply that I do not, as, believe me, sir, I do, feel grateful, with a gratitude which words are too poor to express, and which shall be displayed, not merely by letters formed by a quill, or by verbal eloquence, but by an earnest *endeavor* to profit by the means which you have placed within my reach of improving my moral and intellectual powers, of maturing my judgment, and of acquiring information."

John fully redeemed the pledge made in his letter to Mr. Harvey, and no one lived to regret the help tendered to the workhouse prodigy. His friends concluded that some definite business should be learned by him, and decided that he should become a dentist. But another and better door of usefulness opened before he became master of dentistry, and he gladly entered. It was to become a missionary, preparation for which he began immediately, with even more enthusiasm than he had taken up any previous work. In due time he became a self-sacrificing, successful missionary in Malta,

and later, in Bagdad. He was thoroughly interested in the work; and the Bible, in connection with it, unfolded a grander and more wonderful revelation to him. He labored six years as a missionary; and then, believing that he could accomplish more good for the world by his pen, he returned to his native land. His future success as a biblical scholar and author is ample proof that the Lord directed his steps.

Three months after his return he was united in marriage to an accomplished lady, who was of great assistance to him in his literary work. He prepared "Uncle Oliver's Travels in Persia," in two volumes, in which the manners, customs, and habits of the people were described — a book for the young. "The Pictorial Bible" followed, and "Pictorial History of Palestine and the Holy Land." "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," in two large volumes, came next. In 1845 he issued a work in two volumes, called "The Lost Senses," in which were shown, as nowhere else, the trials and achievements of the deaf, dumb, and blind. "The Christian Traveller," "Thoughts Among Flowers," "Pictorial Sunday Book," "History of Palestine, from the Patriarchal Age to the Present Time," "Gallery of Scripture Engravings, with Descriptions, etc.," "Ancient and Modern Jerusalem," and "The Tabernacle and Its Furniture," were the products of his pen, all showing close study, thorough investigation, and great industry. From 1851 to 1853 he prepared "The Journal of Sacred Literature," in two series, both of which contained eleven volumes. About the same time, also, three other volumes appeared from his pen, — "Scripture Lands," "Land of Promise," and "Sunday Readings for Christian Families."

But the work that above all others gave him world-wide fame was his "Daily Bible Illustrations," morning and evening series, in eight large volumes, used to-day throughout Christendom. Many magazine articles and pamphlets appeared from his pen also, while he was turning off books at the rate of several in a year. Surely the deaf workhouse boy more than fulfilled the expectations of his benefactors. He died in 1854, at fifty years of age, and, although poor and deaf, accomplished more the last thirty years of his life than many great men of the past did in sixty. He once wrote, "I am not myself a believer in *impossibilities;*" and this fact explains his success.

Professor Eadie said of him, "What he did, he did with his might. It was not a feat and done with it, but patient and protracted industry. He did not spring to his prey like the lion, but he performed his daily task like the ox. He did his work with considerable ease, but he was always at his work. He was either fishing, or mending his nets; either composing, or preparing for composition. From his earliest days he could not be idle; his repose was in activity. The swallow feeds and rests on the wing. Though under the pressure of a calamity which would have broken the fortitude of many, he resolved, not so much to be famous, as to be useful; and though many providences seemed conspiring to thwart him, he boldly acted out his resolution. He often felt exhausted, and sometimes dispirited, on the rugged and up-hill path. But, though faint, he was still pursuing. Every time he fell, he rose with renewed vigor. His stout heart and indomitable perseverance carried him through."

XLVII.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

THE SICKNESS THAT GAVE TO SCOTLAND THE GREAT PREACHER.

THOMAS CHALMERS was born at Anstruther, Fifeshire, Scotland, March, 17, 1780, the sixth of fourteen children. His father and grandfather were merchants, enterprising and successful. All his ancestors were identified with the Church, and religion was a prominent feature in their family discipline. The Chalmerses were thoroughly instructed in the essentials of a Christian life from generation to generation.

At two years of age Thomas was placed under the care of a nurse who treated him with neglect and cruelty. Although so young, he realized that he was abused, and remonstrated against it as resolutely as a child of his tender years could. At the end of a year he was taken away, to his great joy, and placed in a school, where he was not favorably situated. The principal was nearly blind, though he could see enough to flog his pupils severely for very small offences. The school was not particularly attractive to Thomas, nor was he disposed to improve what opportunities it offered as best he might. He was a wide-awake, frolicsome boy, overflowing with energy, in favor of a good time generally, with-

out an appreciative idea of intellectual advantages. He was quick to learn, sharp to observe in worldly things, and might easily have led his school in all branches of knowledge. But his ambition did not lie in that direction. To fail in the class was to be consigned to the "coal-hole;" and Thomas often received that punishment. He dreaded it less than he did to get a good lesson.

He possessed two good qualities, however. First, he opposed falsehood, profanity, and vulgarity among the boys. Second, he denounced all forms of quarrelling, and interposed to stop it, even if he had to whip the parties engaged. He was far more successful as a peacemaker than he was as student; and so far his influence in the school was good. In those days, and in that locality, fighting among schoolmates was not uncommon. Hence, a real peacemaker among the number was a God-send.

Thomas could repeat many passages of the Bible before he could read, and he could read very well at four years of age. He read "Pilgrim's Progress" when five or six years old, and was fascinated with it. He went to the Anstruther school until he was eleven years old, without advancing to the satisfaction of his parents. For this reason he was taken out, and placed in the University of St. Andrews, where he paid as much attention to football the first year as some students do in the universities of to-day. His progress was not satisfactory to his teachers or his parents, and he probably received deserved reproof and warning for his conduct.

For the next year, 1792, he turned over a new leaf, and devoted himself to his studies with commendable

application, especially distinguishing himself in mathematics. His talents appeared in his work as never before. His teachers discovered more ability than they had given him credit for. His parents, who had been disappointed with his school-life, were happily surprised by the proof of marked ability which they could now discover.

When he was fifteen he read Edwards "On the Will," and thought it was the greatest work ever published. He talked about nothing else for weeks, and even months. Its influence upon his future life proved remarkable, as it introduced him to a course of reading and study better suited to his intellectual development. The next vacation he spent with his brother, who was settled in Liverpool, and discussed with him Edwards "On the Will." The work appears to have kindled within him a passion for writing composition. Hitherto he had given little or no attention to this exercise; but from this time he pursued it with a sort of fascination. His progress in the art was phenomenal. In two years he was not inferior as a writer to any student in the institution, and he found inexpressible delight in this use of his pen. It has been claimed that the style of his composition then was very much like his style in the pulpit, twenty years later, when he was classed with the most honored pulpit orators in Scotland.

About the same time, also, he became an enthusiastic member of the University Debating Society. He had a correct idea of its value, and engaged in debates for personal advancement, just as he pursued mathematics. He improved from month to month, so as to attract the attention of fellow-students. As a debater he was sharp, logical, and eloquent.

At nineteen years of age he decided to become a preacher, although he does not appear to have claimed conversion in the sense required by the Scotch Presbyterian Church. He had studied theology critically, and could defend all the doctrines of the creed; but evidently was destitute of that experimental knowledge of the gospel which the Scotch divines insisted upon. Nevertheless, he obtained a license to preach. There was some opposition to granting the license, on account of his youth; and doubtless for this reason, instead of settling as pastor, he spent the next two years in Edinburgh, where he attended the lectures of Dugald Stewart, Robinson, Playfair, and other professors in the university.

Chalmers was now twenty-three years of age, and he was settled over a church in Kilmany in 1803. He did not give himself entirely to pastoral work, however; he spent half of his time in studying the sciences, and in lecturing upon mathematics and chemistry at St. Andrews. He was able and eloquent in the pulpit, but not spiritual. Some hearers thought his discourses were more intellectual than pious. Many of his people complained that his heart was not in his pastoral work; this was probably true. Yet he was honored and beloved, and his great talents were recognized.

But in 1809 a change came over him. Overwork and exposure laid him upon a bed of sickness, and he was brought near to death. For some time his life was despaired of. For weeks the malady preyed upon his constitution. For him it was a serious, and at the same time a glad, experience, as he claimed ever afterwards. For on that bed of sickness he had a new Christian ex-

perience. He saw that he was a sinner, as he had never seen it before; and he hailed Christ as a Saviour from sin and its consequences, and gave his heart to him. He was a new man and minister of the gospel. He arose from that sick-bed thoroughly consecrated to the work of the ministry.

That sickness proved to be the turning-point of his ministerial life. Never afterwards was the complaint uttered that he was more intellectual than spiritual. He returned to the pulpit with new power. His sermons were imbued with the divine spirit. He seemed to realize that he was the mouthpiece of God, and his words were clothed with fire. Henceforth he was a flame of truth in Scotland, and continued brighter and brighter, grander and grander, until his work was done. It was always his declaration that the almost fatal sickness did it.

The author of his biographical sketch in the "American Cyclopedia" says, "It was in a long and severe illness, which brought him near to the grave, that he experienced a great spiritual change. Then, for the first time, he saw the gospel of Christ in its true light, and he emerged from his trials with deepened views of the clerical office, declaring that the history of Pascal — who, after a youth signalized by profound and original speculations, had stopped short in a brilliant career of discovery, resigned the splendors of literary reputation, renounced without a sigh all the distinctions which are conferred upon genius, only to devote every talent and every hour to the defence and illustration of the gospel — was superior to all Greek and to all Roman fame. On resuming his duties, he displayed a fervor in the

pulpit and in his household visitations which was new to his parishioners. All his thoughts were tempered by a deep sense of religion, and made subservient to the highest aims of life. His pulpit eloquence attracted listeners from a great distance, and made him famous through the South of Scotland. He now ranked with the "Evangelical" party. The next two years he organized his parish into Bible and missionary societies, with a view to providing not only for the spiritual, but also for the intellectual and economic, wants of every individual in it. In 1815 he was invited to the pastoral care of a parish in Glasgow; and during the eight years of his residence in that city he enjoyed unrivalled renown as a pulpit orator. His Astronomical Discoveries, a series of weekly lectures on the connection between the discoveries of astronomy and the Christian revelation, were published in 1817, and rivalled the Waverley novels in popularity. Within a year nearly *twenty thousand* copies were sold. His fame had, meantime, spread to London, where he preached first this year. Though a time of high political excitement, all parties thronged to hear him; and judges so critical as Hazlitt, Wilberforce, Canning, Robert Hall, and Foster, could only applaud. Canning was moved to tears; and Wilberforce wrote in his diary, "All the world is wild about Dr. Chalmers."

Before the sickness mentioned, his writings were profound, but appealed only to the intellect. So many criticised him for giving more attention to science than religion, that he published a pamphlet to prove "that the prosecution of science was not incompatible with ministerial duties and habits." But on coming out of

the "fiery trial of sickness," he renounced and denounced the position taken in that pamphlet. Henceforth he appealed to the hearts of men instead of their heads, and was satisfied by the fruits of his labors that in this way only does the gospel become "the power of God unto salvation."

Such intellectual and spiritual power was needed in the universities to inspire and prepare young men for ministerial work. So he was called to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, where he remained five years; in which time he issued his lectures on "Moral Philosophy," and "Political Economy in Connection with the Moral Aspects of Society." Then he was invited to fill the chair of Theology in the University of Edinburgh, where he remained fifteen years, in the meantime his fame spreading over both the Eastern and Western continents.

The writings of Dr. Chalmers have been collected and published in thirty-two 12mo volumes, a remarkable summary of his mental and moral work through a busy life. And yet it is claimed that the fervid eloquence of the man, permeated by his deep spiritual temper from the time he left his bed of sickness, touching and moving all hearts with which he came in contact, did more for the religious life of Scotland than all his writings.

Dr. Chalmers died at Morningside, near Edinburgh, May 31, 1847. Thus closed the career of one of the greatest and best men who have preached the gospel since Paul, the great apostle, "fought the fight and kept the faith."

XLVIII.

ROGER SHERMAN.

THE MEMORANDUM THAT FORESHADOWED THE LAWYER AND STATESMAN.

The subject of this paper began his work-life, like many poor boys, a shoemaker. The occupation never hinders an aspiring soul, and it did not hinder Roger Sherman. He was born in Newton, Mass., April 19, 1721. His father was a farmer, whose character inspired respect. Like most farmers of that day and locality, he was in straitened circumstances, but managed to give Roger all the advantages of the parish school. In his boyhood, Roger manifested a thirst for knowledge; and, as soon as he could read, improved his time in making the contents of books his own. Books were scarce, especially books written for the young: but it made little difference to him for whom they were written; he read them with as great relish as he ate his meals.

As soon, however, as he was old enough to learn a trade (and that was when he was a mere boy), he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, according to the custom of that day. He accepted the change as a matter of course, and proved himself a quick learner and a faithful servant. He was fortunate in being apprenticed to a man

who did not object to a boy who loved to read and study; for Roger continued his familiarity with books. It was the one enjoyment that kept him happy and cheerful. He would place an open volume so that he could read it when at work on the bench, though he never allowed the habit to interfere with his manual labor. An occasional glance at the open page would enable him to read several pages in a day; and, what was far better, the limited amount read proved seed for thought when he was driving pegs.

As he grew older he studied mathematics and philosophy in this way, and was surprised to find how much he could accomplish by an occasional glance at the book before him. His employer was perfectly satisfied with his progress on the bench, and was interested in him also as remarkable for his thirst for knowledge.

Roger's father died just about the time his apprenticeship closed; and now he was forced to act as the head of the family — and no young man of twenty was ever better qualified to assume the responsibility than he. Continuing to work at his trade and look after the farm, he filled his new position loyally. His love for his mother was greater than his love of books, and that is saying a great deal; so that it was no sacrifice at all for him to act in this responsible relation.

In 1743 Roger thought he discovered a much better opportunity for his business in New Milford, Conn., where one of his brothers lived; and his mother acquiesced in his decision, and the family removed thither. He opened his shop, and made and repaired boots and shoes, as he did in Newton. But he was disappointed in the amount of business secured; it was smaller than

he expected. Therefore, he concluded to engage in trade with his brother. In this they were successful; and Roger's intelligence and intellectual acquisitions, together with his unblemished character, won for him the confidence and esteem of all citizens. He had pursued mathematics with more interest, perhaps, than any other study, and now he found daily use for his knowledge of that science. The office of county surveyor was an important one, and he was appointed to fill it. He had given considerable attention to astronomy; and in 1748 a publishing-house in New York City employed him to furnish the astronomical calculations for their almanac.

He married in 1749; and, a few months thereafter, an unexpected change occurred in his plans that decided his future great career. A neighbor had fallen into some difficulty about his property. He mentioned his trouble to Sherman, who had given some attention to political subjects, as well as law. Being eminently a practical man, Sherman had much knowledge of common law; and he advised his neighbor, explaining to him the way out of the difficulty. After much discussion, he wrote down the leading points of the case, with such opinions relating thereto as occurred to him, and said that he should see Mr. —— in a few days, a lawyer in a neighboring town, and he would get his opinion. He did so; and during the conversation he had frequent occasion to refer to his notes. Finally, the lawyer told him that, if he would leave his memorandum with him, he would look up the case and report. On examining the notes, he was surprised at the legal talent he discovered. The whole case was substantially stated in

the memorandum. No lawyer could state it more clearly or directly. The author of those notes must possess a strong, penetrating mind, he thought; and he ought to be a lawyer, instead of wasting his talents on shoemaking, trading, or surveying.

His next interview with Mr. Sherman was a very profitable one to the latter; for it started him out upon a new life. The lawyer advised him to relinquish all of his pursuits, and study law, and be admitted to the bar as soon as possible. "You possess the qualities for a first-class lawyer, — a strong, sharp, clear-cut intellect, so necessary in settling points of law," he said; and urged him, with all the enthusiasm of a personal friend, to fit himself for the bar. Mr. Sherman was not anticipating such an interview, and he had not measured his talents in that way, so that he was taken by surprise. However, the words and earnestness of the lawyer made a deep impression upon his mind, and he promised to consider the matter seriously. The result was, that, after canvassing the subject with his wife and mother, he decided to become a lawyer, and at once began his preparation. In 1754 he was admitted to the bar, at thirty-three years of age. That unplanned and unanticipated revelation of his notes on the case proved to be the most important event of his life. It decided his future grand career.

The next year after he was admitted to the bar he was elected to the Colonial Assembly, and was also made justice of the peace for New Milford. In 1759 he was made judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Litchfield County, five years after he was admitted to the bar. In 1761 he removed to New Haven, where the same ap-

pointments were given him; and he was also made treasurer of Yale College, which conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts in 1765. In 1766 he was appointed judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut, and the same year was elected to the upper house of the Assembly. He was judge of the Superior Court twenty-three years, and State senator nineteen. His rise was rapid and sure. He filled one office as well as another. One upward bound qualified him for another. And yet he had not reached the zenith of his power and fame. It was not until the country approached the great Revolutionary period that Roger Sherman appeared in his true greatness. He was a born statesman. He seemed to take in the situation at once, his country's perils and needs; so that he became, as John Adams said, "one of the soundest and strongest pillars of the Revolution."

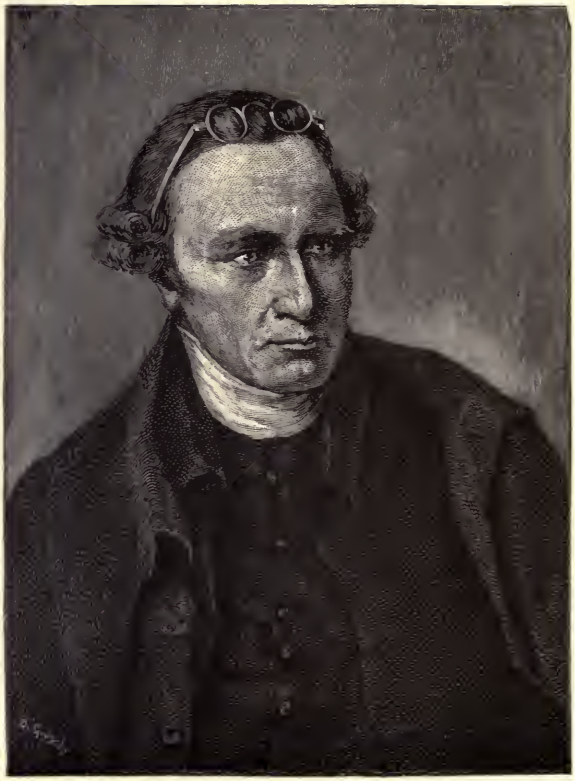
In 1774 he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, and was one of the most able and useful members of that body. He was not a popular speaker, but commanded the respect of all for "his knowledge, judgment, integrity, and devotion to duty." As proof of this, he was one of the five statesmen appointed by that Congress to draft the Declaration of Independence. His colleagues upon that committee were John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and Robert Livingston. To the close of the struggle for American Independence, Mr. Sherman was ever at his post. His sound judgment was frequently called into requisition in those perilous times, and his patriotism was always as reliable as his word. Thomas Jefferson said of him, "He never said a foolish thing in his life." And Na-

thaniel Mason wrote, "Roger Sherman has more common-sense than any man I ever knew." Common-sense proved the best kind of sense for those Revolutionary times. It was the kind of sense that triumphed in that mighty contest. It has been so ever since; common-sense has made our land what it is.

At the close of the Revolution, in 1784, Mr. Sherman was elected mayor of New Haven, and continued in that office nine years, when he died. He was a prominent member of the convention to draft a constitution for the United States in 1787; and it was through his influence chiefly that Connecticut voted to adopt it. Of that Constitution he wrote to a friend, "Perhaps a better constitution could not be made upon mere speculation. If, upon experience, it should be found to be deficient, it provides an easy and peaceable mode of making amendments; but if the Constitution should be adopted, and the several States choose some of the wisest and best men, from time to time, to administer the government, I believe it will not want any amendment. I hope that kind Providence, which guarded these States through a dangerous and distressing war to peace and liberty, will still watch over them, and guide them in the way of safety."

Mr. Sherman died in New Haven, July 23, 1793. His Christian character shone brighter and brighter to the perfect day. He made a profession of religion in his youth, and adorned it to the day of his death. He was as true a Christian in office as out, as consistent abroad as at home. The Bible was his daily companion. He studied it as the chart of life. He purchased a copy of the Scriptures with the opening of every session of Con-

gress, read it daily, and then presented it to one of his children on returning home. His religion was business, not formality, or mere profession. It was everything to him; and his faith in the new-born republic was really because the Christian religion was its foundation.



PATRICK HENRY.

XLIX.

PATRICK HENRY.

THE DECISION THAT CONVERTED THE IDLER INTO THE ORATOR.

PATRICK HENRY lived when stirring times tried men's souls. Patriotism was the regal quality of the day, and was suited to develop the highest elements of manhood. Self-made men were common and strong. Great men sprung up in unexpected quarters — extemporaneous achievers, who never dreamed of power until they found themselves leaders. Patrick Henry was one of them, born at Studley, Hanover County, Va., May 29, 1736. His father was John Henry, a Scotchman, whose ancestors were relatives of Lord Brougham. He came to Virginia from Scotland six years before Patrick was born. He had nine children.

Soon after the birth of Patrick, the family removed to another neighborhood, known then as Mount Brilliant. Mr. Henry was in comfortable circumstances as to property, and was quite able to give his son a classical education. The family lived in a rather aristocratic way; and the mother appears to have found children an encumbrance, for she sent Patrick away to school at a very early age, "to keep him out of mischief;" that is, out of mischief at home, for it was not possible to control his

mischievous disposition anywhere. He continued in this school until he was ten years old, when he was taken home to pursue his studies under the tuition of his father, who was well educated, and practised law.

Patrick was quick to learn — quicker at that than he was to obey; and so, at ten, he was well advanced in common branches, but as full of "mischief" as a nut is full of meat. He was required to study Latin and Greek; but the study he devoted to these classics was not enough to impair the health of any boy. His father found it impossible to make him studious; and the longer he studied, the more he disliked it. Nevertheless, his father kept him at it until Patrick was fifteen years of age, when he relinquished his purpose in utter discomfiture.

Patrick had grown like a weed, and was a tall, awkward, unwieldy fellow, caring nothing about dress or manners. He was idle, too, hating work as heartily as he did Latin and Greek, doing nothing but "mischief" with all his heart. He loved fishing and hunting, loafing and carousing, and was an expert on this line of life. What could be done with the boy? That was the question, a knotty one for even his lawyer-father to answer. He did not seem to be fitted for any occupation in particular: occupation was not what he wanted; he was hankering for its opposite. Nevertheless, he must do something; and, if possible, he must be something.

In these circumstances his father decided to make him a trader, and placed him in the store of a neighbor, to learn the business. At the expiration of a year his father established him in a variety store, in company with his brother William. Neither of them possessed

tact for trade; and in less than a year the company failed. Patrick withdrew, and William remained to settle up the business, which was in a snarl. It took him three times as long to bring the concern to a satisfactory settlement as it did to start and fail; he was three years about it. Patrick drew around him in the store the loosest class of characters in town. He could play the violin and flute much better than he could traffic; and this, together with his social qualities, attracted this class to the store.

At the age of eighteen he fell in love with Sarah Skelton, a farmer's daughter in the neighborhood, and married her, his parents consenting only because they believed that in wedlock there might be a better chance to make a man of him. His father and father-in-law decided to make a farmer of him now, and purchased a small farm, on which he settled. But he was too lazy to work, and, after two years, sold his farm at a sacrifice, and returned to mercantile business. But this last venture turned out even worse than the first; and he was left penniless and homeless, with a wife on his hands to support. He had absolutely no way of earning a cent, and his wife returned to her parents.

Patrick Henry was twenty-four years old at this time, and his relatives had exhausted their patience in assisting him. He was an amiable, jolly fellow, and, after his marriage, acquired a moderate love of reading. But now his prospects were as unfavorable as possible. His father-in-law lived at Hanover Court House, where he kept a hotel; and he sent for Patrick to come and dwell with him, with his wife. The latter lost no time in becoming a member of Mr. Skelton's family, to make

himself useful as bartender and general assistant. It was with no idea that his son-in-law would ever amount to much that Mr. Skelton invited him to his home. He expected to support him in the future.

But this indolent, uncouth, shiftless young man was not as worthless as he seemed to be. When a young man brings up at a bar, whether proprietor or customer, he has reached about the last place where there is hope. But it was not so with young Henry. He had never filled a place before from which he could go up higher, for the reason that he was never in a place before that appealed directly to the best things in him. Here he met many lawyers, small and great. They were patrons of the hotel, and naturally met at the bar. He conversed with them upon law-matters. He listened to some of them in the court-room. That was an age that set a high value upon legal ability. Eloquence at the bar was appreciated and extolled. Patrick Henry caught the enthusiasm over legal talents, and began to ask if he could not become a lawyer. The legal gentlemen who knew him liked him, and they encouraged him to study law, and enter the profession. Mr. Skelton did not object, thinking, no doubt, that he might as well try law as anything. That he had discovered anything in him to indicate ability for practice at the bar, except at the bar in the hotel, was not true. He was willing that Patrick should try to be somebody, though he failed every time.

This was Patrick Henry's one chance of his lifetime. He did not know it, of course, nor any one of his friends. His next step was to go up higher, though it scarcely seemed possible to relatives who had been disappointed

so many times. But he decided to become a lawyer, and began his preparation with a zeal that never characterized him before in anything. He studied *six weeks only*, but they were weeks of the closest application; and then he applied for a lawyer's license. Strange to say, he passed the examination readily, and the license was granted. Probably his knowledge of human nature, which every acquaintance recognized, proved an assistance to him. Perhaps, also, this knowledge had enabled him to lay up much more information than friends had credited him with. Be that as it may, in this incredibly brief period he fitted himself for the bar, and became a practitioner.

What follows will prove that here he turned into the way of success and distinction. At last the change came to him, — the crisis of his life, — and he began a new existence really for himself and a grateful posterity.

Three years from the time he started in the law he was counsel for the planters in the celebrated "Parsons' Cause." The Church of England was the legal church establishment; and the Assembly of Virginia had fixed the salary of ministers by law at sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco, or six hundred and forty dollars in cash. There came a time when tobacco was much higher, and would bring in the market much more than the six hundred and forty dollars; and the clergy took the ground that this rise in value should inure to their advantage. The outcome was a lawsuit; and an eminent lawyer, with Patrick Henry, were the counsel for the planters against the clergy. The importance and prominence of the case caused Henry to study it critically, that his first appearance in a notable suit might prove

advantageous to him. But they lost the case; the clergy won. There remained, however, the question of damages to be decided; and the court adjourned to Dec. 1, 1763. At this time Henry was to make the plea; and it was under peculiar circumstances, for his father was presiding judge, and his uncle, the Rev. Patrick Henry, for whom he was named, was one of the clergymen to be opposed.

Henry rose with fear and trembling, and stumbled through the opening of his plea, appearing awkward and embarrassed; but afterwards he warmed with his subject, and struck out into such a flood of impassioned eloquence, as listeners never heard before. Wirt says, in his biography of Henry, "The people, whose countenances had fallen as he rose, had heard but a few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenence, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands in death-like silence, their features fixed in amazement and awe, all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant."

He closed his plea. The court assessed the damages —"*one penny.*" The clergy were beaten. Henry's burning eloquence did it. The audience shook the court-house with applause. The planters were wild with enthusiasm, and seized the young orator, and bore him

upon their shoulders out of the court-house. That plea won Henry's reputation for life.

From that time Patrick Henry was crowded with business. He came to the front, also, as a public man. He was elected member of the House of Burgesses, and was consulted upon every great question of public good. As the times grew stormy under the British yoke, and Americans began to talk of independence, Henry's statesmanship and eloquence played a prominent part in achieving the results. He was under forty years of age when the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed; and yet he was second to no patriot in his eloquence and influence. On the 29th day of May, 1765, which was his twenty-ninth birthday, he surprised the House of Burgesses by his fearless denunciation of the Stamp Act as "unconstitutional, and subversive of British and American liberty." It was an unpremeditated assault, a purely extemporaneous speech, but of such eloquence and power, that the celebrated George Mason, who heard him for the first time, wrote, —

"He is by far the most powerful speaker I ever heard. Every word he says not only engages, but commands, the attention, and your passions are no longer your own when he addresses them. But his eloquence is the smallest part of his merit. He is, in my opinion, the first man upon this continent, as well in abilities as public virtues; and had he lived in Rome about the time of the First Punic War, when the Roman people had arrived at their meridian glory, and their virtues not tarnished, Mr. Henry's talents must have put him at the head of that glorious commonwealth."

We will not pursue his public career, but only quote

the closing paragraph of that speech which he made in March, 1775, perhaps the most eloquent speech ever made on this continent — an appeal to prepare for war at any sacrifice.

"If we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

Patrick Henry died June 6, 1799. Thus closed the career of one of the most remarkable men who ever lived, "the child" in no sense being "father of the man." He died a patriot, orator, statesman, Christian!

L.

ELI WHITNEY.

THE CONVERSATION THAT LED HIM TO INVENT THE COTTON GIN.

MANY inventions owe their existence to a mere hint. Genius often uses a suggestion to make a great achievement. It is on the alert for such things. Eli Whitney was called a "mechanical genius" even in his boyhood. He found great pleasure in studying machinery, and everything else of curious construction and difficult to manufacture. He was born in Westborough, Mass., Dec. 8, 1765. His father was a farmer of much influence in the town, and a man of marked ingenuity. He had a workshop in which he repaired agricultural implements, and sometimes made wheels and chairs. In this shop Eli learned to handle tools at an early age. He readily acquired a knowledge of such things, and used that knowledge in the manufacture of toy-carts, sleds, kites, traps, and other articles. He was known in the neighborhood as ingenious and handy at work. He made a violin when he was twelve years of age, a handsome instrument, of good tone, and well finished. This proof of his skill surprised everybody who heard of it. People came from quite a distance to see the violin that was made by a boy of twelve years. From that time

he did quite a profitable business in repairing violins and other musical instruments for people.

His father's watch had great attractions for him. He wanted to examine it; but he knew that it would be impossible to get permission, so he did not ask his father, but lived on, wishing that he could look into it. One Sunday morning, when he could withstand the temptation no longer, he feigned illness, so that he would not be obliged to go to meeting with his parents. No sooner were they on the way to meeting than he took down the watch, and carefully opened and examined it. Nor did he stop there; he was tempted to take it to pieces, and he did. It was about the happiest moment of his life when he learned just how that delicate machinery operated. That he did understand it is evident from the fact that he put the watch together correctly, so that his father never knew of the fact until Eli told him after he attained manhood.

Nails were very scarce at that day, — time of the Revolution; and Eli, at sixteen years of age, conceived the idea of becoming a nail-manufacturer. He could carry on the business in his father's workshop. The proposition pleased his father; and he procured proper tools, and set the boy to work. In the summer he worked with his father on the farm, but manufactured nails in the winter. For two winters he followed this business with the utmost energy and industry, and made it profitable. After two years the nail-trade became poor, and he turned his attention to making long pins for fastening ladies' bonnets. He made walking-canes also. He was always busy, never had any idle moments, and never wanted any. Unlike most boys, he loved work for its own sake.

From boyhood Eli desired an education, but his father was able to give him only such school opportunities as the town afforded. He appreciated Eli's love of knowledge, and gladly would have seconded all his wishes in that direction. He approved of his disposition to improve leisure time at home, particularly in the evening. Meagre as his opportunities were, however, Eli acquired a very good education, and at twenty he taught school in the winter season. His desire for a college course ripened into a determination, at this time, to obtain it. Many tried to dissuade him from this purpose, saying, "It is a great pity to spoil such ingenuity by going to college." But Eli thought otherwise. He believed that even a mechanic could not possess too much learning — that mechanical genius is benefited by mental culture. By husbanding his resources, earned by teaching school and manual labor, he was able to pay his bills in preparing for college under Dr. Goodrich, of Durham, Conn., and entered Yale when he was twenty-four. His college expenses were paid by arranging with his father to borrow the money and loan it to him, for which Eli gave his note.

He was a close, industrious student, and stood well in his class. He excelled in mathematics and mechanics, although his application secured good standing for him in the classics. On one occasion his mechanical ingenuity served him a good purpose. Some of the philosophical apparatus needed repairs, and the professor was going to send it away. On learning of this purpose, Eli offered to repair the apparatus; and he did it to the satisfaction of the faculty. He was graduated in 1792, having completed his college course in three years.

Some time before the close of his college course he decided to go South as a teacher. At that time many college graduates became teachers in the Southern States, mostly private tutors in wealthy families. Eli had partially arranged for a situation before his graduation, and he sailed for Savannah a few weeks after leaving college. On board the vessel was Mrs. Greene, the wife of General Nathanael Greene, with whom he formed an agreeable acquaintance. On reaching his destination, he found that the situation he expected to have was filled by another, and he was left in a sad plight. Without money, friends, or occupation, he scarcely knew what to do; but, on reporting to Mrs. Greene, she invited him to take up his abode with them, and recommended him to commence the study of law. Eli accepted the invitation gratefully, and thereby turned into the way of usefulness and renown.

Mrs. Greene was a fashionable, though Christian, lady, and lived in the style observed by the wealthy people of the South. She was making a piece of embroidery in a tambour-frame, and complained that it broke the threads of the work. Within a short time Eli brought her another frame, constructed on a different plan, and it worked to a charm; the threads of her work did not break any more. Again and again he surprised the family by some such proof of his mechanical genius. One day a conversation about the cotton-crop sprang up with some guests in the family. One of the number lamented that there was no mechanical device for separating the seed from the green cotton, thereby largely increasing the product of labor by increasing the profits. "Gentlemen," said Mrs. Greene, "my young friend

here, Mr. Whitney, can make almost anything; perhaps he can make that kind of a machine."

Subsequently she discussed the topic with Whitney; and the result was that he decided to make the trial. A room in the basement of the house was assigned to him, and he proceeded to business. First, he was obliged to manufacture his own tools. Next, to obtain a specimen of cotton and the seed unseparated; for he had never seen either, and it was not the season of cotton-growing. But he secured his tools and samples of cotton, and went to work with the devotion of an enthusiast. It was the work of several months; but near the close of the following winter the machine was ready to exhibit in a temporary building erected for the purpose on Mrs. Greene's grounds. She invited quite a number of prominent men from different parts of the State to examine the cotton-gin on a certain day. All of them were surprised that such a machine was possible. It was wonderful. It would cause a revolution in the South. Now the "*short staple*" cotton could be raised on the uplands of Georgia, and, indeed, throughout the South, to any extent. Hitherto the expense of separating its seed from the cotton was so great that there was no profit in raising it. One laborer could separate only a pound in a day. With the machine, hundreds of pounds in a day could be separated.

The news of the wonderful machine spread widely. Expectation increased a hundred-fold. Men prophesied the great things that would be done, — the immense increase of the cotton-crop and fortunes accumulated. The price of cotton fabrics, too, would be reduced, so that the poorest families could use them. That the people

were not extravagant in their expectations is clear from the following facts. The cotton-gin was completed in 1793. In 1791 the United States exported less than *twenty thousand* pounds of cotton. The production increased so rapidly that in 1828 the amount of cotton gathered was *two hundred and seventy* MILLION pounds; and in 1839 the AMOUNT WAS SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY MILLIONS, FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS. The increase in its use, and reduction of its price, were in proportion to the increase of production. Lowell and Manchester would not have been possible without the cotton-gin. In 1815 the lowest price for cotton cloth was thirty cents a yard. In 1830 it was ten, and in 1840, eight. Now it is five cents a yard. The cotton-gin did it.

Whitney entered into partnership with one Miller and Mrs. Greene to manufacture the machine, agreeing to share the profits between them. Miller and Mrs. Greene provided the money. But, before the preparation for making the machine was completed, his model was stolen; and, by the time Whitney was ready to turn out the machine, several machines of the same kind were on the market. The model was stolen for this purpose. Whitney adopted prompt measures to defend his own rights in the courts, and to suppress all other machines. Lawsuits followed; and through the power of money, the devices of legal talent, and the injustice of courts, the case was continued through years of litigation, until Whitney had spent all but his courage and resolution to fight for his rights. To add to his misfortunes, his factory in Connecticut, where he manufactured his ma-

chines, was burned. But his pluck and perseverance remained. His partner, too, wrote to him, "It shall never be said that we have lost an object which a little perseverance could have attained."

It was claimed that "more than *sixty* suits had been instituted in Georgia before a single decision on the *merits* of his claim was obtained." But finally his claim was established; and the United States government, and several State governments, came to his relief. The benefit of the invention to our country and the world was too great and manifest for duplicity and injustice to resist always. When Whitney renewed his patent of the cotton-gin, in 1812, it was said, "Estimating the value of the labor of one man at twenty cents per day, the whole amount which had been received by him for his invention was not equal to the value of the labor saved in *one hour* by his machines then in use in the United States." And yet six years after his invention was patented he was so doubtful about obtaining justice in the courts, that he took up a new business for support, that of manufacturing firearms for our government.

Now for the turning-point. It was down in Georgia, in Mrs. Greene's house, when the latter suggested that Mr. Whitney could invent a machine to separate seed from the cotton. Had Eli followed his friends' advice in the North, to remain there, and follow some pursuit that would develop his mechanical genius, there would have been no cotton-gin. Had he obtained the situation as principal of the school in Georgia he expected to fill when he left home, he would not have taken up his abode with Mrs. Greene, and hence would not have received the suggestion about the machine. The country

stood in great need of the cotton-gin, and it was indispensable to assist the poor, and God needed it in his plans of human progress; and so young Whitney was not permitted to become an ingenious mechanic in the North, but to go through college, and remove to the South as a teacher, that he might finally take up his residence in the only place where the great invention could be conceived. There his destiny as an inventor was settled.

Eli Whitney died in New Haven, Jan. 8, 1828, at sixty years of age — not an old man by any means. Yet he had lived two or three times as long as many men of culture, counting life by what he brought to pass. President Day of Yale College, in his eulogy at his burial, said, "The higher qualities of his mind, instead of unfitting him for ordinary duties, were firmly tempered with taste and judgment in the business of life. His manners were formed by an extensive intercourse with the best society. He had an energy of character which carried him through difficulties too formidable for ordinary minds. With these advantages he entered on the career of life; his efforts were crowned with success. He had gained the respect of all classes of the community; his opinions were regarded with peculiar deference by the man of science as well as the practical artist. His large and liberal views, his knowledge of the world, the wide range of his observations, his public spirit, and his acts of beneficence, had given him a commanding influence in society.

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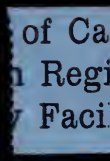
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